

McCALL'S

10¢

FEBRUARY



TYPES OF AMERICAN BEAUTY
DRAWN BY NEYSA McMEIN.
(THE RUSSIAN-AMERICAN GIRL)

The Author of "THE COVERED WAGON" Begins HIS LAST NOVEL *In this Issue*

Bon Ami

for
mirrors,
etc.



THERE! Now I can really see! What a wonder Bon Ami is for cleaning mirrors! And it's so easy to use, too. No complicated directions to follow; no hard tiresome rubbing. You simply apply a little Bon Ami with a damp cloth so that it forms a thin white film all over the glass. You wait a moment till it dries. And then you whisk it off with a fresh, dry cloth.

Three simple steps—child's play, really—and your mirror is clear as air, lustrous as lacquered silver.

You should use Bon Ami for lots of other things, too. For windows, tiles and tubs, white woodwork, aluminum utensils, brass, nickel, etc. You'll find it deserves its name, "good friend." And it never scratches the surface it's used on—never reddens or roughens the hands.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

Principal uses of Bon Ami— for cleaning and polishing

Bathtubs	Windows
Fine Kitchen Utensils	Mirrors
White Woodwork	Tiling
Aluminum Ware	White Shoes
Brass, Copper and	The Hands
Nickel Ware	Linoleum and
Glass Baking Dishes	Congoleum

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

"Hasn't
Scratched
Yet"



The Happy Magazine

A Simple Statement of the Faith That Guides McCall Street

SPRING comes to McCall Street; a snowdrop, that first pale blossom of the year, lifts its pure head from the wet earth; pussy willows venture forth from their polished cradles and a flock of blue birds wings its glad promise across the wind-swept sky. Spring time and happiness!

Gone is the dark winter of our discontent, for the returning year has put a spirit of youth into everything.

There are problems enough, God knows, and sorrows and tragedies and failures—but there are also Spring and Youth and Love and Laughter. These are the great creative forces of life.

And these are the forces which make McCALL's the Magazine of Happiness—the magazine of the healthy, wholesome American home.

For truth is not necessarily grim or gray. Romance does wear a shining cloak. Beauty appears in humdrum lives as frequently as pain.

Because we believe this, because we believe that life as a whole is good and fine and wholesome, because we believe that within the humblest souls lie heroic possibilities, McCALL's selects and brings to you every month, writers whose philosophy is one of happiness. Here are men and women whose wisdom is gilded by joy, whose understanding of the human heart is reverent and sincere. Here are stories of adventure abroad and at home; stories of success; stories of youth and love and healing laughter—illustrations drawn from the great Book of Life itself.

And happiness begins at home. The atmosphere that surrounds a man's hearth is carried with him through the day, coloring his thought and work, influencing him in a thousand subtle ways.

That it may be so, McCALL's dedicates itself to the American home and to the homemaker. More constructive happiness for her, more understanding, careful, scientific help in solving her problems of feeding, clothing and caring for her family, and in making the home in which she lives an altar on which the fires of eternal joy and intelligent faith shall never die.—The Editor.

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Gene Stratton-Porter's Page



Illustrated by
Frank Street

Am I My Brother's Keeper?

By Gene Stratton-Porter

Famous American Author of "Freckles," "The Girl of the Limberlost," etc.

When the wagon rolled on its course, there were apples, potatoes, corn, and garden truck loaded in as gifts

JESUS CHRIST says that I am my brother's keeper, and in the history of the development of the world up to the present time, records of the lives of conspicuous men give detailed history of no other one man who had the clearness of vision, the God-like conception of the hearts of men, the strength of purpose, the moral stability, the tenderness of heart, all the things which combined to make the Saviour the outstanding figure of the well-authenticated history of His time. I cannot help the feeling that it was a little easier to be your brother's keeper during the life of Jesus Christ than it is now. The world is not so very much older as the ages of worlds run, but at that, great changes occur in mental and physical conditions during such a stretch of time and there is always the fact to remember that the land in which Jesus lived and performed His ministry was practically tropical. Moving through the country, one was assured of a living from the luscious grapes that grew everywhere, the melons that ran over the ground, the honey of the wild bee, the milk of the goat and the

ass, the dates and all sorts of tropical fruits growing wild and in profusion.

What the land afforded can be amply gauged by the fact that the Children of Israel started upon a journey, on wanderings that stretched to forty years, with no other provision for food than the milk and the meat of flocks that they drove before them. There is no record of any one having starved to death on this circuitous journey, although there is record that the women folk missed their gardens to such a degree that they wept for leeks and cucumbers. I am thoroughly in sympathy with their deprivations in both respects; certainly I should weep myself if I thought I could not have an onion or a cucumber for forty years to come.

THE point is, that in a land so equipped for sustaining life, with the people whose taste had not been cultivated to the extent of a demand for meringues and glacés and frappés, no one hesitated to start on a journey of any length with the prospect of living from the land, aided

here and there by a bit of meal, oil, or wine and fruit to be secured in villages or at vineyards and cultivated spots. In my time, travelers had a peculiar claim upon the hospitality of every one living beside the highway. This hospitality probably began with the dawn of history and worked down as the tribes of men increased and scattered over the earth, those who had reached a spot and secured comfort shared with those who passed on to push the frontiers further across the face of the globe. The feeling that then developed that each man was responsible for the welfare of his brother, that it was his place to help him to live in comfort, and to gain spiritual light, prevailed in the world up to the days of my youth and probably is in force all over the world at present in varying degrees, though I confess that today I see no one going quite to the extent in keeping their brethren to which my father and mother went.

They had lived through the "49-er days over twenty years previous to my birth, but even in my childhood two or three times a week, from [Turn to page 108]



MARTINELLI
Victor Artist

The forty-three records by Martinelli listed in the Victor Record catalog are the authentic interpretations of this great tenor. They are Martinelli himself—every record carries with it his own personal approval. His selections include:

	Double-faced	
Eugene Onègin—Air di Lenski	6195	\$2.00
L'Ultima Canzone		
Ernani—Come rugiada al cespite	737	1.50
Iris—Apri la tua finestra		
William Tell—O muta asil del pianto	6212	2.00
Traviata—Dei miei bollenti spiriti		



BORI
Victor Artist

There's a charm to Bori's every interpretation that is most delightful, and it is depicted with absolute fidelity on Victor Records. This life-like quality is readily apparent to the artist herself—to every one upon hearing any of her twenty-seven records. Among them are:

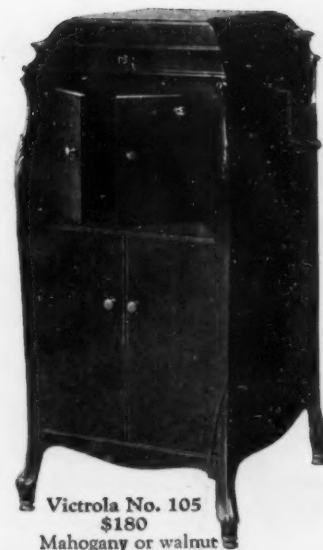
	Double-faced	
Traviata—Addio del passato	543	\$1.50
Don Giovanni—Vedrai, carino		
Malagueña	544	1.50
Clavelitos		



DE LUCA
Victor Artist

Whatever De Luca sings, his performance is perfection itself and he finds every self-same quality reflected in his Victor Records. Thirty-three numbers have been recorded to date. Here are some of them:

	Double-faced	
Barbiere di Siviglia—Largo al Factotum	6077	\$2.00
Ernani—O de' verd' anni miei		
William Tell—Resta immobile	596	1.50
Marriage of Figaro—Se vuol ballare?		
Don Carlos—Per me giunto è il di supremo	6078	2.00
Masked Ball—Eri tu		



The Victor Company originated the modern talking machine and was the first to offer the public high-class music by great artists. Victor Supremacy began then. It has been maintained by the continuing patronage of the world's greatest musicians and by the merit of Victor Products.

In buying a talking machine, consider that you must choose the Victrola or something you hope will do as well,

and remember that the Victrola—the standard by which all are judged—costs no more. The Victrola instrument line includes twenty-one models of the three general types shown at from \$25 up. Ask your dealer or write to us for illustrated catalog.

To be sure of Victor Products, see the following trade-marks—under the lid of every instrument and on the label of every record.



Victrola

Look under the lid and on the labels for these Victor trade-marks
Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.



Lake Placid, one of the most famous summer and winter resorts on the American continent, is a charming village in the heart of the Adirondack Mountains in Northern New York State. In winter, it is the scene of many championship skating and ski-jumping contests, and in summer, of tennis and golf tournaments.

Lake Placid and Cheyenne have one choice in common

TWO thousand miles separate Lake Placid, in the beautiful Adirondacks, from Cheyenne, in the shadow of the Laramie Range of the Rockies.

But ask the women of these two different and distantly separated towns what soap they use for their laundry and household work, and more will say, "P and G The White Naphtha Soap," than any other.

For P and G is the largest selling laundry and household soap in Lake Placid and Cheyenne, just as it is in the United States as a whole.

The distinction of this remarkable soap is well deserved.

P and G is unique

P and G is a white soap, and fastidious women prefer a white soap because whiteness is a symbol of cleanliness.

P and G makes a quick, rich lather in water of any temperature.

P and G is endowed with certain properties which remove soil quickly, with little or no rubbing or boiling, yet do not harm colors or fabrics—*P and G* acts on dirt—not on the clothes themselves!

P and G rinses out quickly and thor-

oughly, too, leaving no unsightly soap particles, no tell-tale soapy tinge, no soapy odor.

P and G makes white clothes snowy white and preserves colored clothes in all their original freshness.

When women can get *all* these qualities in *one* soap, is it any wonder that this soap should out-sell every other soap?

Whether you have your washing done, or do it yourself, you will serve the best interests of yourself, your clothes and your laundress, by selecting *P and G* The White Naphtha Soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

*add finished
here*



Wyoming State Capitol
Cheyenne

'Frontier Days' at Cheyenne!

Once a year the greatest steer-ropers, bronco-busters, bull-doggers, the handsomest cowpunchers, the fairest cow-girls, the wildest horses, all gather in this town at an altitude of 6000 feet, to compete for silver-memorial saddles and such. The rest of the time, Cheyenne is a settled, prosperous city of 12,000 inhabitants, where the Governor and Legislature carry on the business of the State of Wyoming.



Beginning the Last Novel Ever Written By the Greatest of Frontier Story-Tellers



Illustrated by
W. H. D. Koerner

The Ship of Souls

By Emerson Hough

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "North of Thirty-Six," Etc.

Annette only smiled vaguely.
"Come back soon to
me!" she said

IN the vast calm preceding the coming of the Arctic winter a solitary snow flake, slowly spiralling down, fell from a breathless sky upon a silent earth. All the wide Arctic world was waiting motionless for its winding sheet and the first storm after the annual twilight.

A figure not wholly congruous in these surroundings turned up the path which ascended from McTavish boat landing. The nets had frozen under this young man's fingers when he ran them unskillfully. The product of his morning's labor he now carried in one hand, not over thirty pounds of fish: enough for the mouths of the post for one day.

The fisherman was perhaps three and thirty; in figure tall, lean, muscular. Obviously, he was not wholly new to outdoor activities. Indeed, his garb of heavy wools showed him to have been hunter or woodsman at one time. But his tall laced boots spoke him from the lower latitudes, probably from some city. Having done so much of his morning's work, Langley Barnes—so he was known—approached the closely fitted door of the log house in which dwelt Angus Garth, factor at Fort McTavish. As he did so he waved his hand at a tall girl who passed, signalling to her to come and take the fish.

She was of oddly composite costume, half that of the

Here it is—the swan-song of big-hearted Emerson Hough. Only two weeks before his tragic death, Mr. Hough brought the manuscript to McCall's. "This is my best," he said to the editor. "Yes, even better than 'The Covered Wagon'! for behind it lies an ideal vital to all humanity"

white women in the settlements, half that of the native, the whole supplemented by the gaudy blanket of the North Country. Her feet, very small, were neat in their bright moccasins. Her walk, as Langley Barnes before now had noted, was the easy stride, light and effortless, of the wild creature—the walk with red blood under it. And Annette Garth, as the young man had come to know, was half of red blood—her mother was a comely young Loucheux; the last to find favor as mistress of old Garth's log fortress at Fort McTavish. Here was Sixty-seven which is far north of Fifty-three, where law of God and man is supposed to halt embarrassed. A fur post has its own ways.

The girl made him no gesture in return; but the flash of white teeth, the following gaze of full dark eyes was reply enough, had he been aware of it. He did not know

that she often had watched him over the corner of her drawn blanket. Angus Garth himself, factor of Fort McTavish, opened the door. A gray man, carrying the impression that always he had been gray. His hair, a heavy mop, dense now as in his youth, made a high, grizzled mane. His eyes, too, were gray, porched over by the shaggy gray brows of age. His beard was gray, not fully white, but shot with darker streaks. A short man he was, but heavy and powerful of body; seventy-odd at least. Once a year Angus Garth took on a suit of tweeds from the annual Company boat, to carry the dignity of his station as *bourgeois* before the natives. Moccasins he wore of course.

NOT in fifty years had Garth seen a white man other than those in the Company or Constabulary service. He was a king, and a stern one, handling an absolute monarchy of his own, two hundred by six hundred miles in extent, living wholly without reference to the outside world and its laws. And he collected fur, fur, fur! Genius he had, as the Company books showed beyond cavil, year after year.

With a grunt, the old man flung open the door, admitted Langley Barnes, pushed a bottle to him across the nearby table, though the hour was early. He himself had by now



He hurried forward now, covering the guilty man with his rifle. "Drop that!" he commanded

fairly recovered from the annual carouse which always marked the annual boat's arrival, but still occasionally was seeking to drown his annual melancholy. A week after the boat had gone, he had found himself at table in his own house with Langley Barnes, who sat smoking quietly, with now and then a taste of the Scotch, frequent enough to prove him a man of the male sort. Old Angus Garth at first had felt no more than half resentment when Barnes told him he had left the boat deliberately; that he intended to cut himself off from civilization for a year; that he intended to live at the factor's house. Well, now Angus Garth would not have to drink alone!

Having no other place to go, though caring little where he went, Langley Barnes had stayed on into his third month at McTavish. Making it plain that he had abundant means to pay his own way, he made no second offer to do so. Without much of a word on either side, he had dropped into the system of life as well as he could, and tried to be helpful, knowing that here no man could buy his way. He had taken lessons in dog harness. He ran the nets. He felled wood for the fireplaces. He brought in ptarmigan, hares, showed rifle skill enough to prove that he would be safe to send for caribou when the herds came. He began to learn a few words of the tribal dialect, showing strange aptitude at that.

TRUE, he was a Yankee, but he could not be turned out now. And old Angus Garth had lived a living death for forty years—Scotch; and no one with whom to drink, or with whom to argue!

"Well, at least ye were not bare handed," Angus Garth said, commenting on the fishing. "Mayhap more luck tomorrow. Ye're cold?"

"Not at all."

"Ye're aweary?"

"Not in the least. Do you think a man of the Yankees isn't as good as the best Canadian man?" Since his arrival, Barnes always had been truculent, independent, ready to fight—the best possible policy in a land of unending war.

"Well, ye've plenty to learn."

BUT a man does learn if he's got it in him. Some men take to the wilderness. It calls them.

"Aye, it calls!" said old Angus Garth. "And ye've a pretty opinion of yerself about the wilderness, eh?"

Barnes sat silent for a time. "At home I had money, and I made money. A made-beaver skin here may be worth more than a thousand dollars there. I'm no fool, either there or here. But civilization? The American civilization, Mr. Garth, is the thin lid of hell. If I die here, let me—I'll not whimper about it. I failed but did not die, back yonder. That was the worst of it."

Barnes turned to him suddenly. "What brought you here yourself, long ago, Mr. Garth?" he demanded.

"The same as yourself, lad. A woman. And my bread and butter. The two are all there is in life. Which ye hold the first depends on the age of a mon. I was young, then." He did not look to see the red flush rise on the face of Langley Barnes, who made no reply.

"Aye, it calls!" mused the old man. "And ye asked me what brought me here! Why not be true with ye? It was the Chasse Galère?"

"The Chasse Galère?"

"Aye, the Great Canoe that rides the storms, lad, paddled by its crew of the lost souls! It runs but the one way—to the North! It ne'er goes back again. 'Twas at old Mc'reaw—that the Great Canoe picked me up."

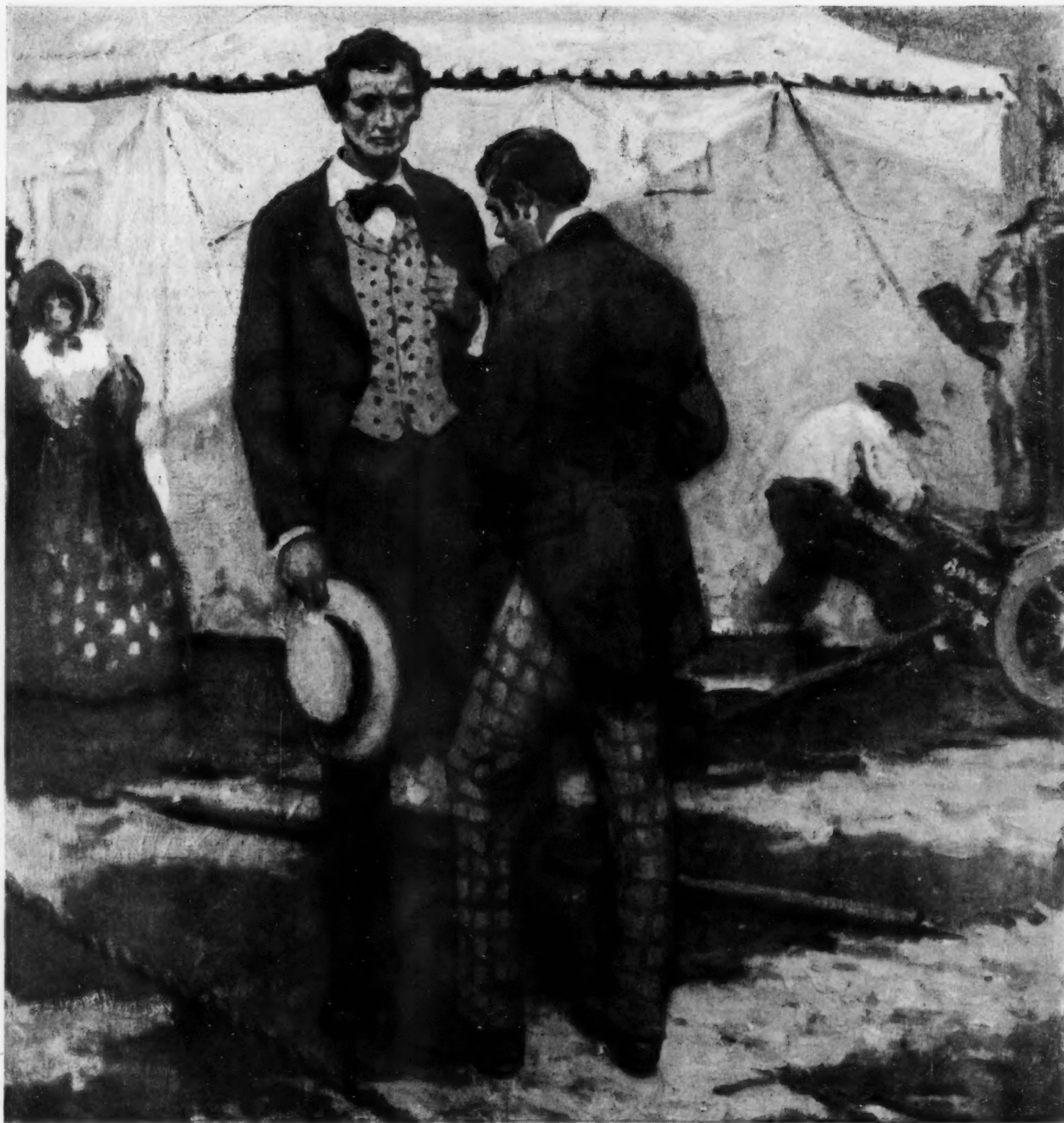
Barnes nodded, gravely. Garth went on. "Ye've never

heard it—the song of the Chasse Galère? Always in a great storm she comes, riding low under the clouds. Ye can hear the paddlers laugh, miles far, and their chantey whiles they paddle. They swing low, and the bowman has an eye out for what's ahead, whiles the steersman leads the song. Ye know the story. Since the first fur boats left Mc'reaw, the tale's been known."

His shaggy head sank on his breast for a time before he continued. "Ye'll know it, lad. Always the Great Canoe has twenty paddlers, or places for twenty, but never the thwarts will be set full. Always there'll be one seat empty. She maun have another paddle, do ye mind? Hah! When the crew sweeps doon over the forest top, the bow man reaches out his hand whiles the crew roars laughter. And the boat goes on—and all her seats are full! And the place that knew that young mon knows him nae mair. The North has him then. Who knows where young Angus Garth went when he was a lad? And I was young! Ay, alas! Somewhere, 'tis usual, there was a woman!"

"Christine!" called Angus Garth, suddenly. He and the young man long had sat silent.

A BLANKETED door rustled. There stepped into the room a girl; not Annette, the young half blood whom Langley Barnes had seen just now, but a young white woman, and one of startling beauty. She made no fitting part of this rude picture. Her garb, certainly not very rich, but certainly very neat, was within a year at least of current styles as Barnes had seen them last. It had no trace of the savage. She did not even wear moccasins. It was known to a few men, a very few, wise enough not to talk, that within the same box with Angus Garth's annual suit of tweeds, [Turn to page 30]



Illustrated by
Robert W. Stewart

Abe Lincoln's First Circus

By Bernie Babcock

Noted author of "The Soul of Abe Lincoln"

Abe Lincoln was at hand, nor
was his face smiling as he
asked, "What are you
doing here?"



BE LINCOLN! Abe Lincoln!

The rising sun was casting its first ruddy rays over the heavy logs of Rutledge Inn when the horseman who shouted the familiar name drew up at the gate. After a moment's pause the word rang out again: "Abe Lincoln! Abe Lincoln!" only to come back in subdued voice across the smoothly flowing Sangamon and be gathered into the noise of water falling over the misty mill dam. That somebody was up, the horseman at the gate knew by the wreath of smoke rising from the big inn chimney, and again the lusty call rang out.

"Who's there?" was the response from an opened door. "You, Harvey Ross? You're an early bird."

From a packet of old letters and the yellowed pages of a long-forgotten diary the world's foremost authority on Lincoln has unearthed a true and hitherto unknown story of the great American when he was just Postmaster Abe, the most generous, witty and beloved man in Illinois

"Yes. I've traveled all night to get here. I want to give this Salem mail to the postmaster."

"What's up?"

"Business in Springfield—important business. Got to make it by noon."

IMPORTANT business at Springfield? Got to be there at noon?" and a hearty laugh followed the questions. "There's a lot of us got business in Springfield today—same business you have, like enough."

"I'm not saying, but I must find the postmaster."

"Don't see how you are going to do it, not around these parts. You know Abe Lincoln's doing some surveying now. He's got quite a job [Turn to page 28]

The Money Monster

By Ethel M. Dell

Famous Author of "Charles Rex," "Tetherstones," Etc.

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

Is money the goal of life—or is Love? In this poignant two-part story of country life in post-war England, the most popular of novelists reveals the struggle that goes on in a mother's heart when necessity forces her to choose



"He never realized that he was a horrible monster—a money monster." The magician's voice had a sad ring

WONDER if everybody lives happy ever after," said the bride's page thoughtfully, as he wiped a crumb of wedding-cake from his white-satin clad knee.

"Don't be silly, Billy!" said Betty, the smallest bridesmaid, aged seven. "Of course they do!"

Billy, however, did not look wholly convinced. "I shall ask my mother," he decided finally. "She's been married."

"Yes, but she's a widow. She can't be happy."

But still Billy remained unconvinced. "Some widows are," he said.

"Oh, no, they're not. They only pretend. They always marry again if they can," said Betty.

"My mother wouldn't," said Billy.

"Ho! Wouldn't she just?" said Betty, whose worldly knowledge was largely gathered from an under-nursemaid. "You wait till somebody asks her, that's all!"

"I don't believe she would," said Billy.

"That's because you're only a boy," said Betty.

There was obviously no answer to this, and Billy attempted none. Betty never failed to impress upon him the inferiority of his species, and it was not his habit to dispute the point. He considered it gravely, as he sat

apart from the wedding-crowd. Aunt Ivy, the bride, certainly looked triumphantly happy at the present moment. He was not so sure about the bridegroom, whose inane laugh somehow struck a discordant note. But then Lord Harfield always did laugh like that, so it was probably the only means of expressing his happiness. Aunt Christabel, on the other hand, who had been married for eight years, carried no pretence of happiness in her somewhat florid countenance. This was Betty's mother, and tolerated by Billy for that reason. She was always cross, and Uncle Sandy, her husband, was always imploring everybody not to upset her.

BILLY'S private opinion was that he was afraid of her, and yet he seemed fond of her, too; which was odd, since her attitude towards him was wholly lacking in any sign of affection. And yet, presumably, being married, they were included in the magic number of those who were living in a state of supreme and permanent happiness. It was certainly puzzling. Whereas his mother—that beloved being of sunshine and sweetness—had been a widow as long as he could remember. And surely she was happy!

Her quick laugh came to him now, as he sat wrestling

with his problem. He turned to look at her where she stood close to the bridal group. She was the loveliest person in the whole world to him. Slim and dark and very exquisitely made, she had a charm of which her small son was acutely conscious though he had no idea wherein it lay. There was about her a daintiness and a bird-like grace that marked her as a being apart in every gathering.

"Billy! Billy!" It was his mother's voice. He pushed his way without ceremony to her side, eager to perform her slightest wish. She bent down to him, whispering, her sweet face close to his. "Billy boy, don't forget to wish Aunt Ivy every happiness!"

She had prompted him over this before and he had forgotten. Billy flushed hotly at his remissness. He turned instantly to the bride, breaking in impetuously upon her circle of well-wishers.

AUNT IVY! Aunt Ivy!" His young voice rose with shrillness. "I hope you're going to live happy ever after." He turned to the bridegroom with a hint of curiosity that was not untinted with commiseration. "You too! Do you think you will, I say?" Everyone laughed, Lord Harfield most of all, and Billy turned even redder with embarrassment. What was there to laugh at? He had only obeyed his mother's behest. He turned to her with indignant inquiry. She took his hand in a moment and held it. She was laughing also, but there was no ridicule in her eyes, only a great tenderness.

"That's right, my Billy," she said. "No one could wish anything better than that."

Again the problem arose in his brain. "Mother," he said, in that clear, boyish voice, "Mother, you're ever so happy, aren't you? You do like being a widow?"

There was an instant's hush, and he saw an odd look in his mother's face, almost a hurt look. But it was gone in a moment, and before the inevitable, senseless laughter came again she answered him, "Of course I am happy, darling. We can all be that if we try."

Billy was glad when an hour later the bride and bridegroom took their departure, and the crowds began to thin. There were a good many people staying in the house, but they would be leaving the next day, and then he and his mother would be alone again. He was looking forward to that, for she was the most wonderful companion in the world. But until then he could not count upon her, and so he had to content himself with Betty, who was but a poor substitute, but for whose entertainment his mother held him responsible.

"We'll go and fish in the lake, shall we?" he said to her, when the last car had departed and the house-party had drifted to the terrace.

Running down through the trees to the lake, both their advantages and their drawbacks were forgotten. The lake was a very quiet spot, surrounded by fir-trees.

Then they went out through a lane of ripples, and Betty laughed with delight. "Do let me paddle!" she begged. "I do want to paddle."

"Wait till we get into the middle," said Billy, "and I'll show you how!" His own paddling was somewhat erratic, but he had been across the lake before with Wilson, the keeper, so he knew enough to coax his little craft in the direction in which he wanted to go. They slid away from the bank toward the center of the lake where the water was deep and still.



"Mother," he said, in that clear, boyish voice, "Mother, you're ever so happy, aren't you? You do like being a widow?"

He did not want to let her paddle, but Betty was one of those who know how to get their own way. He gave her the paddle, and she began to use it from her place in the stern with vigor, and with a certain measure of success. The boat did not travel straight, but it went at considerable speed across the lake and towards the rushes on the other side. The reeds received them before they realized their proximity. The whirling paddle was caught from Betty's grasp and splashed into the water a couple of yards away.

"Oh, Billy!" said Betty, and turned to him with round eyes of dismay.

Billy stared back for a moment, equally at a loss. Then he pulled himself together. "We must get the paddle back," he said. "It isn't far away. Just let me get into the bows, and we'll soon pull her out of these rushes!"

He scrambled into the bows and grasped firmly at the oar-stems. The leaves of the osiers were like swords, and he tried to avoid them, but they found and cut his

hands notwithstanding. It became impossible to maintain his grip.

"The paddle's floating right away!" cried Betty, in wild agitation. "Oh, do be quick, Billy, or we shall never get it!"

Billy set his teeth and tried again, but with the same result. At length in desperation he leaned right out of the boat to grasp the stems below the water. For the moment it seemed that he had succeeded. The boat swayed, began to move out towards the open and the floating paddle. Billy shifted his grasp, pulled again with greater determination, and the next instant fell head first into the dark water.

BETTY'S wild shrieks for help sent all the water-fowl fluttering forth from the rushes, but for a space there was no other sign that she was heard. Then from across the lake a man's voice shouted in answer, and turning she saw a figure running swiftly through the trees.

There came a great disturbance in the water, and then, from the opening in front of her, a voice—an unfamiliar, but curiously reassuring voice. "Was it here?"

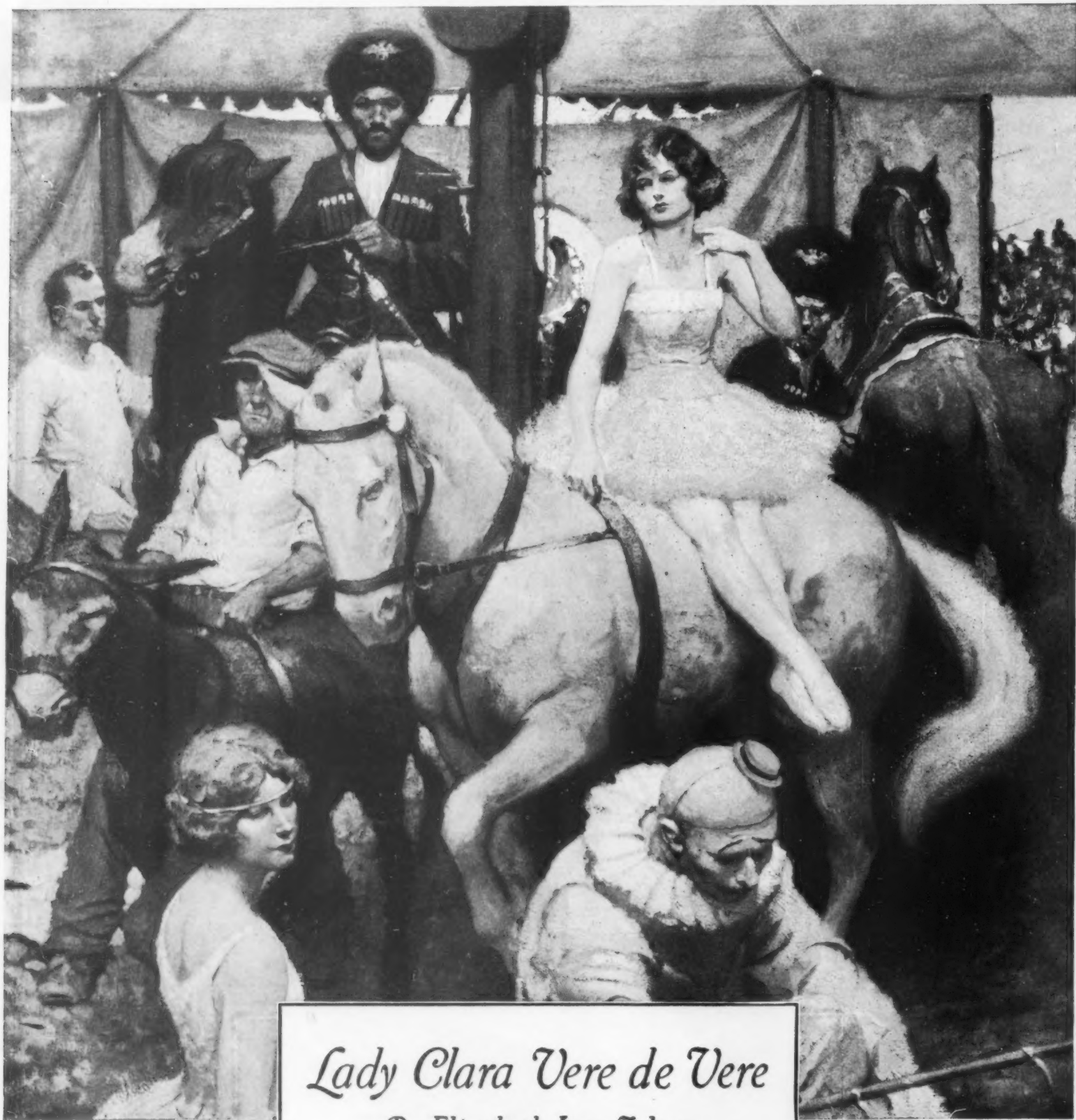
Betty's answer was a piteous cry: "Yes, here! Just here! Oh, do you think you can save him?"

She caught sight as she spoke of a black head in the midst of the churning water, and a pair of arms that beat it into foam; then everything disappeared and she saw only the troubled water again. She waited gasping for the outcome.

Very suddenly the boat also swayed so that she was nearly thrown into the water. She fell forward, gripping the thwart, and as she did so the black head bobbed up out of the reeds.

"I've got him," said the stranger.

Then she saw Billy; he hung inanimate in the stranger's grasp, and his face was livid and ghastly. "He's dead!" she cried. "Something's killed him!" [Turn to page 45]



Lady Clara Vere de Vere

By Elizabeth Irons Folsom

Illustrated by G. E. Giguere

"At every stop, the town sports were crazy about Mad Molly, the show's head rider"

TWO hundred horses (two hundred and one to be exact) a motley, kicking, biting mob, the group that Howe had taken over to cover a debt that Bucks would not pay in money. Howe did not like Texan horses; they were suspicious, unfriendly; they exasperated him with their never ending search for food . . . animals of one idea; sharp eyes on constant watch for evasive grass tufts. It got on his nerves, the feeling that the world was made to eat in.

This herd had been corralled and were fairly high-spirited but now that they were his and he was to drive them through the sand and the dust, they would be again

the seekers; the hanging headed, aggravating things that western horses seemed to him.

But he had got something out of Bucks; he set his jaw in a grim smile. For once in Bucks' maneuvering career he had been made to come across. Better to have an unwelcome payment from him than no payment at all.

SO he had gladly enough annexed the two hundred and one nuisances and was ready now to start driving them north from town to town, auctioning them at each place with as much of a flourish as he could manage. He would drive them over a country flat, thick with hot dust, rough with mesquite clumps, alive with rattlesnakes,

under a sun that left a temperature of one hundred and twelve after it had been long below the horizon.

"Damn country!" he said under his breath as he surveyed his restless property with a scowl. He turned sharply as a man rode up beside him. The rider lurched in his saddle and grinned down at Howe with a leer. He was leading a saddled horse that pulled back until his long neck was one line with his thin, ridged back.

"Where's Henry?" demanded Howe.

The new comer lurched again. "He's that drunk it would be a pity t'disturb him."

"Isn't he coming?"

"Not 'less y'want t'hol' him in y'arms." The grin was

a spread one, showing both rows of yellow snagged teeth. Howe swore. He looked back at the town. He had combed it for help: for two men to drive with him. It had been a rich joke to the town loafers that Howe expected to auction a bunch of horses and make the project pay. His own horse was standing, bridle rein thrown before him. He mounted slowly: sat down hard.

"We'll start alone, Steve," he said doggedly. "And pick up some one at Willow Creek."

"Gonna herd all them horses with two men?"

YES. Until I can get some one. I'll take the heavy end." "Gawd knows y'will," answered Steve firmly. "I hain't never seen it did: herdin' with two. But o'course of y'takes th'heavy end—" He salaamed ironically, waving his wide hat and swaying perilously in the saddle. Howe's reply was to point to the loaded pack mule, standing head to the ground dejectedly. He gathered up his own reins and rode off into the plain, circling widely. One horse pricked up his ears and turned to look; the others followed suit and under the stare of four-hundred eyes, he gathered in a stray, and the aggregation moved slowly north. The sun had long since set.

It was twenty miles to the nearest town: he would drive the herd about three miles an hour, arrive at the town at day-break, corral the horses, have his bills printed and posted, fix an early day for the auction. He rather liked that part of it. It added to his never-ending interest in the country and the people. He had been born out there; spent his youth there, then from an eastern college had come back, "ruined for life," as he put it sardonically. His college life had marred the reaches of the rough life for him. He had lost the speech; did not know how to live; longed for sophistication and yet was pulled by the grasp of the open into which he had been born. His father had been all west: big hearted and big bodied; rough in speech and gentle in understanding; reading few books but knowing what the country said and meant. He had brought up his son on his saddle; tried to teach him what the western mystic knows and cannot tell. His father had died and his mother had married again, had forgotten all else for love; packed her belongings and her son back to the eastern sea coast and plumped the boy into school there. He liked it. He dreamed of the plains and breathed deep in his sleep the clean high air, but adopted the east as home.

It was ten years before he came back and tried to fit himself into the property and place that his father had left.

IT was the square peg and round hole process as might have been expected. The country pulled: he loved the free life, the rollicking badinage that fell from all lips, but somehow it did not seem home. It seemed an interlude to something not understood nor expected. The country was in his heart and not in his reason; the east in his reason but always outside of his affection. He swore at the country and at himself for being there: yet he always found a solace in the long, still, hot night, where nothing spoke nor moved, where silence was absolute. But he wished his speech were more rough, his knowledge of the men more keen.

He might have gone back. He would have gone back but for one experience—he pulled himself and his horse up sharply; he was forever dragging that old experience into the foreground when he rode alone. Most men did not take a false sweetheart so seriously. He was built that way, he supposed. He shifted savagely in his saddle and his horse responded with a remonstrative fidget. Howe looked long at the far-stretching country clear in the moonlight; at the slow-moving, tuft-hunting horses; at those who strayed and stood hunched and silhouetted.

A long, faint, clear call took his attention. It was Steve's halloo from far-off where he was dawdling along behind his part of the herd. It came again. Howe answered it. It was fine to send his voice as far and as

free as he cared to, with nothing to get between. The call came again. Peremptory. Steve was wanting something that would not wait. Howe wondered what ill luck might have caught him. He turned his horse and cantered over the sand in the direction of the call.

Steve showed up plainly in the moonlight. His horse was standing over a dark hump on the ground.

"There's a young feller here," said Steve with an introductory wave. "who sorta wants t'drive with y'."

"Oh, I ain't s'crazy about workin'," put in the hump without stirring.

"That's it," said Steve aggrievedly. "He's willin' but not anxious."

Thought I'd better

"When I see 'em."

"Now look here, young man. If you want a job at driving and can do it, I need you bad enough to take you. But I have no time for you to be smart in."

"S'that so?" remarked the stranger indifferently. He got up casually, stretched, "S'that so?"

Steve swung around the saddle horse that had waited for the carousing Henry. Howe did not see the boy get into the saddle: he was just there: maybe a hand had touched the horse's flank, maybe not—but the youngster was sitting straight, swaying easily as the animal backed and floundered.

"Take charge a mile west," directed Howe shortly. "I guess you know horses all right."

Howe did not speak to his new helper that night, nor when they came into Willow Creek in the early morning. He saw him at a distance trying to make his astonished horse do circus stunts but it was not until the business of the day was over that he thought again of the new boy. It had been a satisfying day: the date agreed upon for the auction was a special-bargain day which the merchants had arranged to attract people from the surrounding country. He had secured a corral near town

and the little hotel looked as if it might have a real bed to sleep in. He was, therefore, in good humor when he went out to the herd. Steve was girding up preparatory to a night among the local white lights. The boy was hanging over the fence. He met Howe's gaze squarely and did not change his position.

"I'll advance for your room tonight," said Howe. "You can bunk in with Steve."

"S'that so? Many thanks," drawled the boy. "Me for



The lure of a woman again: that boy, wholesome, too young for twenty, had been talking in his sleep to a woman

get y'at him afore he's too tired t'work. He's that kind." Howe looked down. The hump looked up. Howe could see that a lad was returning his stare from under a slanted hat brim and that the stranger did not take the trouble to unclasp his knees or cease a gentle rocking motion.

Only Howe's present need made him say, "Want a job?"

"Oh, I don't care s'much."

"What are you doing out here on the desert?"

"I'm settin' on it. Got any objection?"

"What's your name?"

"Tim."

"Tim what?"

THE hump unclasped his hands and spread them.

"He's gettin' up a city direct'ry," he sighed.

Steve vouchsafed, "He's from the Peel circus. I asted him. Steve busted. Guess he's walkin' 'cause he has t'."

"Savin' cab fare," said the hump still rocking. "But I really oughter walk t'reduce me."

"Do you know horses?" asked Howe.

the open. I might like four-legged society here better'n Steve's."

"Better go in when you can. You may have to sleep out later on."

"S'that so? Than-nks. I'm used to the out. I shan't do no cryin' t'be tucked in."

Howe looked at him. The youngster was tall, slight, although his shoulders seemed hard and firm under his loose shirt. There was strength and health in his brown hands and his round brown neck; his hair, not close-cropped but worn rather long, stood out around his face and the back of his neck, thick and brown, bleached on top by the sun. He smiled at Howe and his eyes were dark blue and big, with a wide black line about the iris.

Howe hooked himself over the top rail of the fence to finish his pipe. "So you were with the circus," he said.

"Yes."

"Did you like it?"

"Why not?"

"What did you do?"

"Rode a horse in th' parade."

[Turn to page 51]



Illustrated by
E. F. Ward

*Each day he must rise in
time to greet the
morning sun*

The Eternal Youth of Thebes

By Robert Torrest Wilson



AMONG the many rare and often strange-looking objects of antiquity removed from the tomb of King Tutankhamon in Egypt last winter were several pieces which struck the American tourists as familiarly as did the Fords that had carried them out to the Valley of the Kings' Tombs from their hotels in Luxor. These were the chairs and other pieces of household furniture which the dead emperor had taken with him into eternity to make comfortable the mansion of his soul.

Despite its hoary age, Tutankhamon's easy chair looked as if it might have come recently from some good furniture factory in Grand Rapids, Mich. The similarity exists not only in design—in grace and lightness of line without sacrifice of strength or the appearance of strength—it exists also in the principal elements of construction. The 1923 factory hand has made no essential advance over his Theban predecessor of 1350

The excavators are now unsealing Tutankhamon's treasure tomb. And McCall's Egyptian correspondent is on the spot to give McCall readers all the details of that remarkable historical revelation. Here is a vivid picture of the city in which Tutankhamon reigned

B. C. There was this difference: the modern joiner has the advantage of machine lathes, of steel tools with razor edges, of modern abrasives and polishes; the Theban worked painfully with adze and with flint and bronze cutting tools. But when his work was done he had produced perfection.

STOOLS were more numerous than chairs in ancient Egyptian houses, and only the rich owned either. When we see antique Egyptian stools for the first time another illusion goes—the fond one that the common folding camp stool of the excursion steamer's quarter-deck is a modern invention. The Thebans had the identical thing—

crossed legs, bottom rungs, and braided cord seat substituting for the modern canvas. The camp stool taken from Tutankhamon's tomb was just exactly the sort of camp stool an Egyptian emperor would have, for its legs were of ebony inlaid with ivory, its hinge pins were of gold, and instead of a collapsible top it had a seat of ebony representing a leopard's skin thrown over the stool, the animal's spots being inlaid ivory stars.

Not only in the furniture of the Egyptians but in a score of other ways they were surprisingly modern. It is not impossible to discover in them a likeness to Americans. Consider some of their national traits set down here at random:

In temperament they were nervous, volatile, and sarcastic; they were devoted to the pursuit of pleasure, restlessly seeking entertainment wherever it might be found; we see them enthusiastic for innovations, especially foreign innovations.

[Turn to page 52]



Illustrated by
Daniel Content

Double and Re-Double

By Margaret Culkin Banning

He found her sitting on the side porch,
alone, watching the last bit
of afternoon sun

THEY put their wraps in Ruby's room, where Ruby had laid out a new box of powder and a bowl of little balls of cotton. Gossiping and laughing, they came up the stairs in groups of two or three, all young women, of thirty years on an average, most of them married and wearing the early air of marriage—that ease and self-confidence and slight weariness that characterize young matrons of the class who do much of their own housework and get up in the night with their babies and are still amazed at the love of their husbands.

It was the Bridge Club, the organization which they had formed to "keep themselves together" and also to furnish an occasion which would demand their presence fortnightly.

With children and a home as his responsibilities ought a woman allow her husband to gamble in business? This is the question that faced Ann Maldon—just as it faces thousands of American wives today. And her experiment provides a unique study of the very soul of our modern institution of marriage

Most of them were girls who had grown out of childhood in each other's companionship and whose earliest memories were shared. It was a friendly, homogeneous group.

Everybody knew about what Ruby's pretty house had cost and they all admired her Madeira bedspread every time the club met there. As they knew about Ruby so each knew about the others—which ones had inherited money or would inherit it, which had promising husbands.

"Everybody's here, I guess," said Hazel at the mirror. "That's a good-looking comb, Grace."

Grace tucked it in at a better angle. "Present from Peter. I'm crazy about it. Did you hear, by the way, what Jerry gave Ann?"

"Mansion in the skies, I suppose." Louise Elder stood her goloshes together at the side of the bed and put in her word: "Jerry's flying awfully high, it seems to me. What did he give her?"

"Just that—only a mansion on earth. He bought the corner of Elder Road—that upper lot—and presented her with a set of architect's plans."

"I shouldn't think that Ann would let him," said Louise.

"It's an awful thing to build this year with everything at top notch. We gave it up and we're glad

that we did. And if Ann builds on Elder Road—why, all the houses out there cost thirty thousand and up! Jerry can't have that much money."

On the stairs they met Ann, hurrying in, the last one as usual, breathless and excited.

"I'll be down in a jerk. Don't wait for me, Ruby. Hello, Louise—"

HELLO—for the life of her Louise could not make it quite normal. Her afternoon had begun wrong somehow. Ann had that effect—Ann and Ann's doings. It was madness, building that house. Dave had told her that Jerry was hanging on by a shoestring! And giving Ann a new house—and Ann to look all brilliant and untroubled as she looked this afternoon. . . . It disturbed Louise's sense of justice and morality. She chose a card from the plate of tally-cards on the hall table, went past Ruby to find Table II, Couple I. Marjorie Ellington was her partner. The chair opposite Marjorie was empty.

"Ann plays here, evidently," said Marjorie, shooting the cards out for the cut for deal. "I'll cut for her."

"We ought to have a good game. Ann always makes it snappy."

"She always overbids awfully," Louise commented. Grace dealt rapidly.

"Well, that's Ann, you know. She loves a gamble. And she makes it exciting, anyway."

"If you're going to play bridge, you ought to play bridge," said Louise. Ann joined them just then, and the bidding was delayed while they talked about the dress she was wearing, admired it and appraised it, and possibly, somewhat secretly, criticized it. She was pretty, was Ann, but not more pretty than many of the others, nor was the dress alone the thing which distinguished her in spite of the beauty of the soft black crepe and scar-

let heads. It was in the vividness of her interest in everything, in the intensity of her vigor, that her charm which always made her the most conspicuous figure in her group of friends.

"I hear you're building a castle, Ann," said Grace.

"Nonsense. It's just going to be a nice house. Jerry was getting crowded by his children and they made him cross. We shall have space out on Elder Road—space and a foundation anyway, if we run out of money."

"Awful year to build," commented Louise. "All years are awful, says Jerry. He says that we have had miserable years ever since the war and he's tired of waiting for things to get better. We might as well go ahead, he says, before we die or something."

"No trump," began Grace. At the end of the third hand the score was very small. Louise and Ann had been playing hard and holding the score down.

"Rotten score."

"Well, let's bid up. We can't do more than get set, Marjorie."



"When he was so ill I used to read to the poor old man for hours at a time."

"Can't bid if you haven't cards."

"Oh, can't I?" laughed Ann. And then, "Two spades."

"Two without," said Louise. Marjorie passed.

"Three spades."

"Three no trump."

ANN hesitated. But only for a minute. "Four spades," Marjorie sighed.

"Double," said Louise in some satisfaction, regarding her ace and queen of spades and two other aces. "I guess you'll not make game this time, Ann. Went a bit too far, didn't you?"

"Redouble," said Ann. Her color was high. There was something in Louise's tone that irritated her—and she was not easily irritated. She hoped against hope that

Marjorie would have those missing honors, in spite of the fact that she'd passed. Marjorie's hand came down, and Louise, regarding it, smiled again. Ann became swift and definite as she began to play.

"I like a snappy game even if I do get set," she argued. As she was.

"Four down—redoubled! Pretty nice for us," laughed Grace, making up the scores. Ann looked a little rueful.

"Sorry, Marjorie. I thought there was a chance."

"You overbid that hand terribly, Ann!"—from Louise.

"Well, you must admit that that last hand was the only one we played that had any pep in it. And you won—you've nothing to worry about. Thank me nicely for giving you such a shove toward the prize."

"I simply can't gamble," said Louise, rising. "Good-by, everybody. Winners move."

"Well, there's four hundred to make up, Marge. We'll have to speed," laughed Ann. All

through the afternoon, while scores went up and down, there came bursts of laughter most frequently from the table at which Ann happened to be seated. And there were tense moments when Ann put some coup over or missed in it.

SHE always had astonishing scores and cared nothing for them. It was not that anyone cared who got the prize, but it was the excitement of seeing which one would that kept the players agog for the moment when Ruby came into the room with her single, beautifully wrapped package.

"To them that hath," she chanted, "shall be given. Here, Ann."

"Not me?" cried Ann. "After that awful start? Are you sure you have the score right?"

"Quite. Louise was next high and she probably deserved it a lot more than you did." It was a luster bowl of soft mauve. Ann held it high for everyone to see.

"I'll gotten gain. Sorry Louise. It's stunning Ruby. I'll keep it for the living-room in my new house and tint the walls to match it."

Louise made a valiant effort to recoup her temper. But it was hard, for it was not her covetousness that was affronted. It was her sense of justice. Ann played bridge according to no authorized method, and she did overbid. And she got away with it, just as she got away with everything. She felt the dislike which had been simmering all afternoon, simmering for longer than that as she looked back on childhood rivalries, suddenly boil over. She couldn't stand Ann much longer! Yet of course she must. She had to see Ann dominate the group as usual, to see people turn toward Ann as the center, to hear her offer to take four or five girls home in her big car, and climb into her own close-curtained runabout as Ann shot off at the wheel of her high-powered sedan. Even the way Ann drove was maddening. It was skiddy on that corner and by rights she should have gone into the telegraph post, taking the corner at that speed.

WHAT she did not see was Ann's face as she turned the car away from the door of the last of her passengers and drove toward the city to meet her husband. All the animation that had lit it seemed to go suddenly. She became thoughtful and absorbed in whatever she was thinking about. Even when she met Jerry, though she responded gaily enough to his greeting, the heavier mood had not left her.

She did not suggest looking at the plans for the new house after dinner. She showed him her bridge prize and went into some detail in describing Louise's point of view on her bidding. Then, as if that had suggested something to her, she drummed for a while on the arm of her chair.

"What's on your mind?" asked her husband. He was glancing over some financial journal and intermittently looking off into space as if his thoughts would drag him away from it. "Why so pensive?"

"No reason. I was just thinking. Do you suppose we really ought to go on with our plans for Elder Road, Jerry?" "Why not?" She quoted Louise. "It's such a bad year for building. Everything at top notch."

"I thought we'd been over all that once, Ann." Jerry's voice was irritated, and his thin, handsome face frowning. "Who's been at you? Your mother again?"

"No—no one. Only I just thought it seems hardly fair to pile all that on you now. It's such an awful burden to carry. We'll be paying for that house for years, won't we?"

"No, foolish. Of course we won't. Your friend Louise is bad for you. She and Dave Elder are two of a kind. Dave is one of the sort that makes hard times by talking about them so much. He's not much of a friend of mine, either."

"What's he doing?"

[Turn to page 68]



Illustrated by
W. E. Heidland

*The light died suddenly out of
Lady Mary's face. "Oh, my
dear, he has been the
tragedy of our lives"*

The Barbarian Lover

By Margaret Pedler

Famous Author of "The Vision of Desire," "The Lamp of Fate,"
"The Moon Out of Reach," Etc.

AS PATRICIA descended from the train at the little station of Ravenhurst, a footman in quiet livery approached and accosted her respectfully.

"Yes, I am Miss Luttrell," she replied.

The man touched his hat. "His lordship's car is here to meet you, miss," he said.

She stepped into the car, the tall footman tucked the rug around her knees, and a moment later the limousine was purring smoothly along the winding road past woodland and undulating pasture-fields.

Patricia gazed out of the window, feasting her eyes upon the sloping meadows. Oh, the green—the glorious, translucent, tender green of it all! To eyes that had looked so long on the parched lands of the East, there was something almost miraculous in each quivering blade of young, shooting grass, in the shimmer of pale green leaf which was just beginning to clothe the trees. If only the Sahib had been there to see it with her—to drink in the freshness of this English spring!

What Has Happened So Far

WHEN Commissioner Luttrell died in India, he asked Kerry Lorimer, known as "the Commissioner's mystery man," to see his beautiful butterfly daughter, Patricia, safely back to England. During the voyage Patricia finds a strange pleasure in Lorimer's companionship—strange, because always she has hated him for his barbaric philosophy and primitive mode of life. On their last night at sea they part forever and it is with grave misgivings that Patricia Luttrell faces her new life with Lord Marchdale, her dead mother's old admirer, the god-father she has never seen

Patricia caught her breath with a touch of fear at sight of Strangways Castle. All at once she was acutely conscious of the fact that the people amongst whom she was henceforth going to live were total strangers.

STIFF with shyness, she descended from the car when at last it drew to a standstill, and mounted the short flight of shallow granite steps which confronted her. Above, the great front door of ancient oak, studded with giant nails, stood wide open, and she was vaguely conscious of two or three figures grouped around the threshold. Then someone darted forward with a whispering swish of skirts, a pair of soft arms encircled her, while a pair of softer lips pressed themselves warmly against her cheek.

"Welcome to Strangways. Welcome home, my dear!" She found herself looking into soft, lavender-blue eyes with a gentle sadness in their misty depths, yet brimming over with loving-kindness—and in a moment all her shyness vanished. No one could possibly feel shy with Lady Mary Wynsborough. She was so small, so fragile, so like



Somehow, she sensed in those tender notes an emotion which could not be mistaken

an old-world picture with her powder-gray hair and faded roseleaf skin, and the friendliness of her radiated that out towards you like the fragrance of a flower.

"You must be very tired," pursued Lady Mary. "Come in, my dear, and we'll have tea at once."

Then she was aware that two figures, waiting in the background whilst Lady Mary greeted her, had come forward—one, a big, gay person with fair, close-cropped, crinkly hair and blue eyes full of lazy good-humor, the other, a little, shriveled old man with stooping shoulders and a thin face like old ivory.

"THIS is my nephew, Kit," said Lady Mary, laying her hand on the arm of the former. "And this"—drawing the old man forward—"is Jonathan, Mr. Mathers, my brother's secretary and librarian. And one of our oldest and most valued friends," she added kindly.

Kit was Lord Marchdale's heir. From the time of his parents' death, during his early childhood, he had made his home at Strangways.

Looking across at him while Lady Mary busied herself pouring out tea, Patricia felt glad of his presence. Someone of her own generation to laugh and be young with would make a considerable difference to life at Strangways.

"Well?" There was an interrogative inflection of amusement in Kit's voice as he spoke. "Do you think you are going to like us?"

Patricia started and blushed. "How can she tell if she's going to like us yet, Kit?" protested Lady Mary. "People can't decide things like that all in a moment."

"Oh, yes, they can," he replied irrepressibly. "I've quite decided that—Patricia"—he hesitated laughingly over her Christian name, then plunged—"and I are going to be the most excellent pals."

PATRICIA smiled across at him. "I shouldn't be at all surprised if we were," she acknowledged.

"My revered uncle will find two of us much more diffi-

cult to cope with than one. Aunt Mary mine," pursued Kit, with unabated cheerfulness.

"I suppose he is out?" suggested Patricia. She had been inwardly a trifle puzzled at her godfather's absence.

"No." Again the little trace of nervousness evinced itself in Lady Mary's voice. "He is in his own special sanctum. He wants you to go to him there when you have had tea."

PATRICIA looked slightly alarmed. "It sounds somewhat awe-inspiring," she said.

"Not at all, my dear," Lady Mary assured her hastily. "You see," she explained haltingly, "your mother was an old and dear friend of my brother's, and perhaps he thought that seeing you might bring back the memory of former times."

Patricia, who knew the story of that long-ago romance divined as clearly as Lady Mary herself the reason behind the earl's desire that she should go to him alone. A

feeling of intense pity for him rushed over her. He must have cared very deeply for her mother if, even at this late date, he dreaded the first meeting with her daughter. So that it was with a little warm glow of sympathy at her heart that she at length accompanied Lady Mary to the door of his room, and, having been bidden to come in, entered alone.

It was a large room, the walls lined with crowded bookshelves. As Patricia entered, Marchdale, who had been sitting by the fire with his gouty foot resting on a stool, rose slowly with the aid of an amber-headed stick. What Patricia saw was a tall old man, with white hair and moustaches, and an eagle nose that spoke of old Norman ancestry. Shaggy brows frowned above eyes like gray steel, eyes that gave Patricia a sudden shock, they were so extraordinarily like other eyes she knew—like Kerry's. In one of them was a monocle, where it reposed with the facility of long habit.

What Christopher

He gave vent to an unwilling chuckle. "Oh, you'll do!" he said. "I expect I shall be able to put up with you all right—if you're able to put up with me?" There was a note of interrogation in his voice—something that to Patricia's ears sounded a thought anxious. It was as though this tall, arrogant old man were covertly asking her to be friends with him.

A glint of mirth showed in her eyes. "I'll try," she said demurely.

He nodded, a responsive twinkle gleaming for an instant in his own eyes, and turned away, and Patricia, feeling herself dismissed, made the best of her way back to the great hall, where she found Lady Mary.

Together they went up to the large room which was to be Patricia's. They talked while the guest's clothes were being unpacked. Presently Lady Mary said, "It will

just when the birth of her first child was expected and the shock was too great for her. The child, a boy, was born the same night, and Lynette died without seeing him."

A little ejaculation of pitiful dismay escaped Patricia. "Oh, how sad! How sad!"

"Yes. It was terribly sad. Blair was nearly out of his mind. We did not know what to do with him. And then an idea occurred to me. I took Lynette's baby—such a dear baby it was—and laid it in his arms."

Lady Mary paused a moment. Her eyes were misty. "I think that saved Blair's reason. From that day onwards he thought of nothing and nobody except the baby. By will he had been appointed guardian—Lynette's husband had arranged it all as soon as he knew that a child was coming, in case anything should happen to him out in India. He had the baby brought to Strangways, and his one regret was that Lynette's son could not inherit. He has always grudged Kit's inheriting. Both the boys were brought up here, you know. But there was never any question as to which of the two was Blair's favorite"—smiling a little wistfully.

"And where is he now?" asked Patricia with interest. "I mean Lynette's son?"

The light died suddenly out of Lady Mary's face. "Oh, my dear, he

Blair Wynsborough, Earl of Marchdale saw was a slim young woman with smooth dark hair waving back from a white brow, vividly blue eyes set between very black streaks of lash, and a scarlet mouth curling up at the corners in a smile half-shy, half-friendly, and wholly charming, which struck away the years at a single blow and carried him back to the days when Barbara herself had stood and smiled at him just so.

For a long, long moment Marchdale stared at his god-daughter, and his thin, aristocratic old face grew a little grayer as he stared. At last he spoke. "So!" he said slowly. "So you're Stewart Luttrell's daughter! I'm glad you made up your mind to give us a trial here. I was afraid you might funk it."

"Why should I?"

HE smiled grimly. "It all depends on what you've heard about us. I haven't the most savory reputation for sweet temper, I believe."

She smiled back at him. "I don't think I'm at all afraid."

He regarded her thoughtfully. "No," he said. "You don't look as if you'd be afraid of much. I knew your mother once. You're like her, but not a tenth part so good-looking. Your mother was a beautiful woman. You'll never hold a candle to her."

Patricia nodded her head composedly.

"No, I know I shan't," she replied. "But I can't help it, can I? I'm afraid you'll have to put up with me just as I am."

Marchdale looked startled. As a rule, people became frustrated and a trifle incoherent when he flung one of his frequent uncomplimentary speeches at them, and it amused him to see them floundering. But this god-daughter of his remained perfectly cool and unruffled

be nice for Kit to have you here. He is not very happy, you know. My brother resents Kit's being the heir."

"But why on earth should my god-father resent his being the heir?" exclaimed Patricia in astonishment. "Surely—his own brother's son—who could have a better claim?"

Lady Mary hesitated a moment. Her cheeks grew pink and her pretty, lavender-blue eyes became sorrowful and troubled.

"It's an old story," she said at last, a trifle nervously. "I wonder—perhaps it would be better if you knew—if I told you—"

"Don't tell me anything you don't wish me to know, please," begged Patricia quickly. "I haven't in the least an inquisitive disposition. It was only that—well, quite suddenly we all seemed to be at cross-purposes"—smiling ruefully.

"I know," Lady Mary nodded. "And it will be like that sometimes. I think it would be better if I told you, after all. It means going back—going back a good many years." She paused, seeming to seek for words. Then at last began to speak, in a low, nervous voice as though she were afraid of being overheard. "It's true no one has a better right to inherit than Kit. He's the only child of our only brother. But there were four of us altogether. There was another sister, Lynette. She came next in age to Blair, and he simply worshiped her. I don't think"—rather pathetically—"that ever brother and sister were so devoted to each other as Blair and Lynette. She married, and within the first year of her marriage her husband was killed, fighting in India. The news came

has been the tragedy of our lives. We both loved him so. He did something"—her voice dropped—"something very disgraceful. My brother couldn't forgive, and there was a terrible quarrel between them and Kerry went away. That was ten years ago, and we have never seen him since."

"Kerry?" exclaimed Patricia involuntarily. "I knew a man named Kerry out in India—Kerry Lorimer."

LADY MARY uttered a little strangled cry and all the color drained itself away from her face. "Kerry Lorimer?" she repeated in sudden frightened tones. "Why, that—that was Lynette's son!"

For a moment Lady Mary and Patricia gazed at each other in mutual astonishment. Then the former gasped out incredulously: "You know him? You know—Kerry?"

Patricia nodded. "Yes, I know him quite well. He used to do a lot of work for my father out in India. I said good-by to him in town only this morning. My father had asked him to see me safely back, and he came as far as London with me."

"As recently as that?"—impulsively. "How was he looking? Did he look—much older?"

Lady Mary's eagerness held all the hunger of the long, starved years through which she had ached for news of her nephew.

"He was looking splendidly well," she answered. "But surely," she added, "now that he is home from India, you'll see him yourself?"

Lady Mary's slight figure stiffened. [Turn to page 35]

"No," he said quietly, "I was driven from home for something I didn't do"



The Duchess and Her Daughter

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger

*Only a dream it was, the gossamer phantom
of a romance that might forever elude her
and fade, and pass her by, yet better that
—by far—than to have had no dream at all*

*She was sitting
in the shop, wait-
ing for the Duch-
ess to have done
with a customer*

I FORGET who first called her the Duchess. Some one of us, no doubt, twinkling over the rim of a gossip ten-cup in the pleasant emptiness of a Greenville afternoon.

"Have you seen the new fitter at Greene and Markham's? I got a little organdy there day before yesterday and it had to be altered; the clerk called this woman in to do it. Never, in all my days, have I been so amused! Mrs. Lester, I think her name is—but, oh, my dear! Rings, on every finger; a complexion you couldn't remove with a trowel; permanent wave done in deepest henna; black satin frock that looked as if she had been welded into it—the airs of a duchess!" Idle women are cruel. There were those who actually dropped into Greene and Markham's and tried on clothes they never meant to buy, in order to have a look at the Duchess. Inside six months, half the women in town had adopted that ridiculous name for her.

The oddest part of it was that the very women who laughed at her came in no time at all to depend upon her skill—refused to have the garments they bought, in the one big shop of the town, altered by anyone else.

"I'll wait for Mrs. Lester," became a common formula.

"Where's the Duchess?" inquired more casual spirits. She knew they called her that. She told me so, herself, on her knees at my feet, one day, with her hard, sensual mouth full of pins, the black satin frock straining across her heavy shoulders.

"Not that one objects—in the least," she added elegantly.

"How did you know, Mrs. Lester?"

"Oh, I have overheard them talking together while I pinned up a change in a gown."

I TOLD her eagerly, not knowing if under that lofty air she concealed a hurt or not: "I'm sure they mean it for a compliment, Mrs. Lester. You see, you have—well—what actors call a good stage presence."

"I know what actors call it," said the Duchess grimly. Then, as if she had made a slip of one sort or another, she simpered hurriedly, assured me that from a child she had always been devoted to the theater.

The harsh, metallic red of her hennaed hair showed streaks and webs of gray, looked down upon, that morning. She must have felt my compassionate eyes upon

it, for suddenly, there on her knees, she put up a fair white hand, glittering with grayish diamonds—if diamonds they were—and patted her intricate puffs and coils for reassurance.

We had many pleasant conversations of that sort, the Duchess and I. She had, from the beginning, the interest of her customers and, as I said before, in no time at all, their sartorial respect. Greene & Markham promoted her steadily. From fitter she went to forewoman; from forewoman, to buyer; then all at once, when she had been about a year and a half in Greenville, she left the big shop on Main Street and opened a little place of her own, on the first floor of the Palace Hotel, with a window looking out upon the Square. A wide, gleaming plate-glass window it was, on which appeared in flowing gold script (to the well-nigh hysterical amusement of those who had named her so), "Duchess"—on a line by itself; beneath it, simply, yet somehow grandiloquently, "Gowns."

Everybody laughed. And everybody flocked to look.

Enough remained to buy to make the Duchess' venture a success. There in a little, stuffy room, ornately done in black and white by the town's one interior decorator, the Duchess displayed, and shrewdly and profitably disposed of, a small, but from time to time cautiously replenished, stock. She had the name of being able to sell you something you didn't want, in less time and with less apparent effort, than any other saleswoman in town. You sometimes cursed her when the purchase came home, but few were brave enough to suggest to her a refunding or even an exchange. Beneath that air of Vere de Vere, she had a tongue in her head, had the Duchess.

She was already a fixed character in the simple pageant of Greenville when, for the first time, one windy afternoon in

April, I encountered her daughter.

A slim, frail little creature with great dark eyes and a flaming aureole of hair, a sweet sensuous mouth and a babyish softness. She was sitting in the little shop,

waiting for the Duchess to have done with a customer, and from under long shadowy lashes she regarded me, also waiting, with obvious impatience. I, on my side, was instantly curious as to who she might be. The girls of Greenville bore for the most part a sturdier and less exotic stamp. The Duchess explained, in good time, with a flowing gesture.

"Miss Fitzgerald, this is my Rose-Marie! Now, dear, what is it? Mother's very busy this evening. . . ."

Rose-Marie gave me a fleeting smile, sweet and shy and faintly sullen. "I thought," she reminded the Duchess reproachfully, "that we were going to have an early dinner to-night and go to the movies. You promised. . . ."

"I had not forgotten," said the Duchess. "I have the tickets in my pocket."

We left her gazing out of the gold-lettered window into the darkening street and proceeded to our fitting.

"Why, Mrs. Lester," I said, directly the gray burlap curtains fell to between us and that

fairy-tale figure, "I never knew you had a daughter. . . ."

"Few people do," said the Duchess calmly. "I don't like to have her about the shop."

"But how pretty she is!"

ROSE-MARIE, said the Duchess, smoothing a fold of satin over my rather obvious hip, "has chic, I do think." She put a 'k' in the word, of course, but with a detached grandeur which made you wonder if that might not, after all, be the correct way to say it.

"The child's a beauty! How old is she?"

The Duchess melted, like any other mother. "She's eighteen, just, and a perfect baby—about life. I've raised her like a flower."

"You can see it," said I. "She—she looks like the work of an artist."

"You should hear her sing. She has the softest little voice. One of those voices that—gets you—if you'll pardon the expression. I've had her taught," said the Duchess, shifting gathers with practiced, work-hardened



There was Rose-Marie, lovelier than ever, crossing the square with Bob Kilmaster, the most delightful, the most dangerous youngster in town

fingers on which the diamonds still grayly glimmered. "She speaks French, too—quite a taste for languages."

"What is she going to do?" I inquired innocently.

"Do?" said the Duchess coldly. She sat back upon her heels and looked up at me, as from the window of a coach-and-four. "What do most girls do?"

"I mean," I very nearly stammered, "will you—does she—want to come into the shop?"

"There is no reason why she should," the Duchess assured me, and added aloofly, "no reason that one can see."

"If she sings," said I clumsily, "perhaps the stage—with her lovely little face. . . ."

"She does not sing that sort of thing," said the Duchess, and rose to her feet magnificently. "Merely the classics."

Merely the classics! Dimly it dawned upon me that I was offending.

"She must have heaps of—suitors," said I weakly. "She is so—incredibly pretty."

"I have never allowed Rose-Marie to run around with boys," said the Duchess, unsheathing me swiftly. She

finished, with the last deft pin, "and she does not care for them, anyhow."

Not care for them—Rose-Marie? With the eyes of Lady Hamilton, the mouth of the young Salomé? It takes an old maid, of course, to see just how much another woman cares.

"Oh, I see!" said I. Upon an unpardonable but overwhelming impulse, I asked her crassly, "Does your husband live here in Greenville, Mrs. Lester?"

"My husband," replied the Duchess without the flicker of a mascaroed eyelash, "is a great traveler and does not care for—small-town life."

Definitely, thus, she put Greenville in its place.

I SAID good night to Rose-Marie as I went out through the black-and-white waiting-room. With a freshly sharpened eye I took note of her garments. Unimpeachable! No henna there, no welded black satin, not a touch of rouge—not even the flicker of a diamond. She wore a simple little gray frock and the simplest and smartest of gray straw hats, with a ribbon about the crown.

"Good night!" said I.

"Good night, Miss Fitzgerald!" murmured Rose-Marie with just the right amount of indifference.

I went home thinking furiously.

Rose-Marie and the Duchess! Mother and daughter, in the dog-eared phrase. Dry garish autumn leaf, and just-opening rose . . . yet . . .

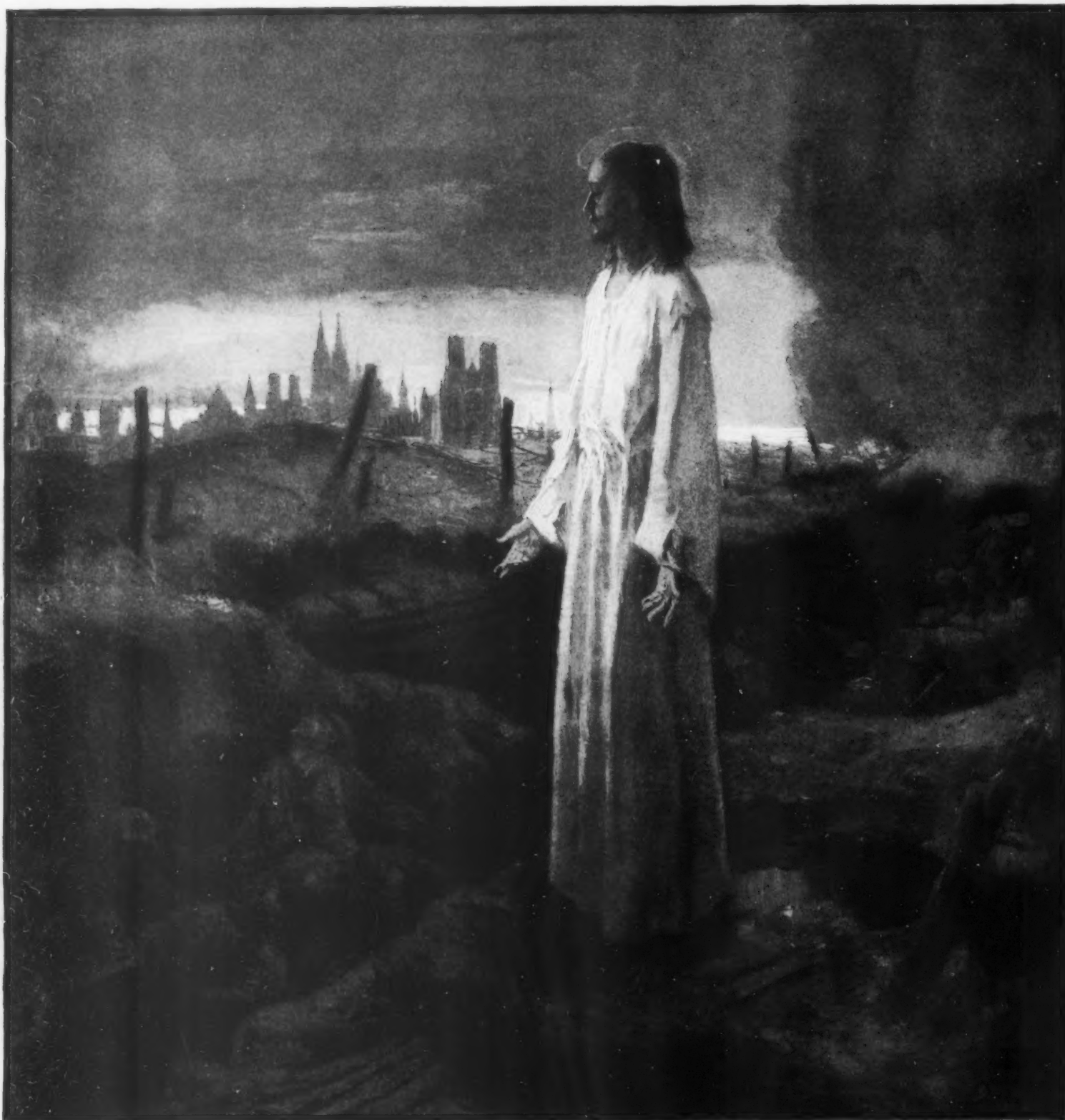
Wasn't it the Duchess that had somehow achieved Rose-Marie? Hadn't that hard and withered woman painted the picture, turned the tune, dreamed the dream-in-the-flesh that was her daughter? And having got her picture and her song and her dream, what—in Greenville—was she going to do with it?

I thought of the young men who hung about on Main Street corners waiting for the Rose-Maries to go by. I thought of the fat, red-faced commercial travelers who sat in the green-plush chairs of the Palace Hotel waiting for the Rose-Maries to go by. Might not the shop or the stage be a kinder fate?

And where else could Rose-Marie look? After all. Because, safe as the world may be, these days, for democracy, still, the Duchess had never seen the interiors, so to speak, of the Greenville

[Turn to page 65]

Is Religion Going Out of Style ?



Illustrated by
Arthur Becher

Can anyone believe that Christ was mistaken? Or is it that the churches have failed Him?

By A. Maude Royden

The Author of "Prayer as a Force" and Many Other Religious Books, Addresses Us with the Amazing Brilliance and Christian Courage That Have Brought Thousands of People Flocking to Her Great London Church

IF RELIGION is going out of style, it deserves to. For only those things go out of style which meet no real human need. Different ways of clothing go out of style, but not clothes; different articles of food and different ways of serving them, but not food. If, therefore, religion is going out of style, there is no need to worry about it. It cannot if it is necessary to the human spirit; and those mournful prophets who claim that it is departing from a back-sliding generation are really, if they only realized it, condemning religion itself rather than the generation.

But in fact—and just because it is an eternal need of the human spirit, religion never can go out of style. All that is happening is that the need for religion, which is simply the need of God, is changing its forms.

There has been no exception to the almost universal rule that every tribe and every nation has had some

belief in a God or gods which must be called "religious." In fact, Voltaire was right when he said that mankind was "incurably religious!"

How then does the question at the head of this paper come to be asked at all? Just because, in America as elsewhere, the forms of our religion must change. The change, in this generation, has perhaps been accelerated by the war. There is an uneasy wonder whether a religion that has proclaimed for nearly 2,000 years a God who is the Prince of Peace ought to have been able by now to put a stop to war, at least between those nations who profess belief

[Turn to page 57]

To eighteen million American women who do their own work

Read what President Harding said about you:

"The greatest single industry in America is the management of the American home, where twenty million women toil every day of the year, eighteen million of these women doing their work without help. We are going to have such advancement as will represent a real emancipation for these women."

Every day in countless homes throughout the land Campbell's Soups are helping to bring this emancipation to the women of America—better food with less work.

Let Campbell's famous kitchens help you to-day! Let our French chefs relieve you of all the trouble it takes to make soup that is really delicious.

How many housewives have the time to make a soup with thirty-two different ingredients—the choice of the whole world's markets?

Yet, thousands of American families every day eat just such a dish when they eat Campbell's Vegetable Soup—wholesome, nourishing, delightful! Enjoy it today!

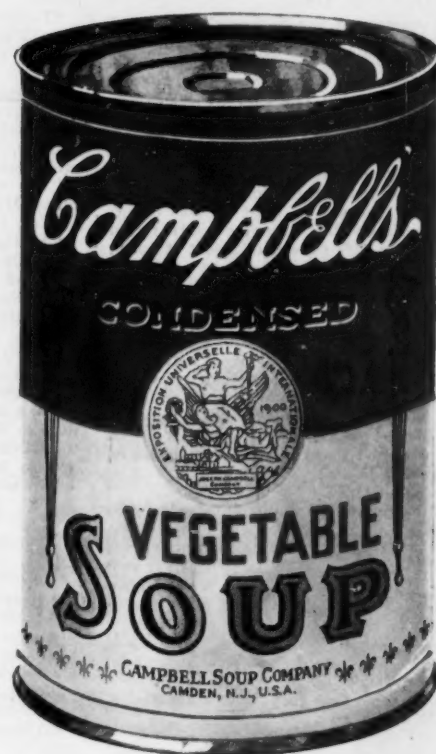
21 kinds

12 cents a can



I am cook to all the nation—
Proudest cook in all creation—
Sending out with Campbell's label
So much sunshine for your table!

Campbell's Vegetable Soup is the hearty and delicious blend of fifteen different vegetables, strength-giving beef broth, substantial cereals, fresh herbs and dainty seasoning. It's a meal!



Soup for health—every day!

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

The Jolly Roger

(The Hi-Jackers)

By Robert W. Chambers

Famous Author of "Cardigan," "The King in Yellow,"
"The Firing Line," "The Maid at Arms,"
"The Fighting Chance," etc.

Illustrated by James H. Crank

What Has Happened So Far:

RUDOLPH GRAY has been commissioned by the government to find a certain MARIE HALKETT, suspected murderess and rum-runner, in whose innocence he firmly believes, despite her persistent refusal to confide in him and despite circumstantial evidence proving her a close associate of SKIPPER NOAKES, alleged captain of the piratical rum-running schooner, "Black Flag." At last, defeated in every effort to solve the mystery, Gray decides to visit the New York shop of URIAH GRAUL, Noakes' sinister lieutenant.

A LATE afternoon sun blinked dimly over New York's Eastside slums, over Fourth Avenue and the dingy thoroughfare beyond. Crossing toward this, and near the middle of the block, Gray discovered a tarnished sign which read:

URIAH GRAUL
EVERYTHING ON EARTH
FOR SALE HERE

Gray crossed the street and gazed through the soiled windows at objects innumerable and gray with dust. Tired as he was from yesterday's experience at Halkett's Ferry, he yet felt an unabated determination to finish his job, and so, at John Macdonald's suggestion, he had come to see Graul.

Behind a dusty counter, in the dimness at the rear of the shop, he recognized him from the description. Mr. Graul paid him no attention. He was fussing over heaps of colored wool which covered that particular counter, and seemed to take a lively interest in what he was about. Now and then, and with startling abruptness, Mr. Graul burst into song, beginning each time with a sort of howl:

"Ow, the ship's in stays
Like a lady oughta be!
Ow, there's ways and ways
For to sail a ship at sea
With a helm to port and a helm to lee,
And a lovely lass for to ship along o' me!"

Gray glanced at him furtively. Never had he seen so false a face on any man, never age so sinister. Wandering along the counters, Gray finally paused to gaze upon an ancient green-glass bottle upon which was blown a portrait of Daniel Webster and the American eagle balanced upon a shield, bearing the legend: *Whiskey*.

"How much?" inquired Gray.

Graul came from the rear of the shop and looked. "Two dollars," he said.
"All right," Gray said, smilingly, "too bad it's empty."
said Graul. "Fill it up," opening

the case to remove the bottle.

"That's a sad joke, remarked Gray.

"You want some good stuff?"

"Certainly," said Gray.

"What's your name?"

"Josiah Endress, The Mercier, Park Avenue," said Gray.

"You want to start a cellar, Mr. Endress?"

"Yes, I haven't much good liquor left."

"All right. Here's a sheet o' foolscap. Come back here where there's a desk. You sit there snug and comfortable and just think out what you'd like to smack your lips over. Say, do you know wines?"

"I think so."

ALL right: go on and make out your list. And keep an eye on the shop while I'm in the coal-hole—" Even while speaking, Graul hoisted a trap-door and ran nimbly down a stairway; and a moment later the square aperture in the floor was illuminated by some bright light turned on from below.

Gray began his list:

Ten cases Champagne

" " Claret (Chateau bottling)

" " Burgundy (best to be obtained)

Five cases old Port (best)

" " Sherry (best)

He had arrived so far when he heard Graul ascending the stairs. The old man came carefully over to the desk and placed upon it two glasses of red wine. "Smack your lips over that," he said, leering obscenely. "That's the kind you can have if you want it." He rolled it under his tongue, and finally swallowed it very slowly. Gray imitated his example. At that moment the street door opened and a young woman came in.

"After six!" shouted Graul. "Shop's closed. Come tomorrow!"

Then a singular thing occurred to Gray: for, although the daylight had become dim in the outer shop, and, although he had never seen her in

He was fussing over heaps of colored wool and seemed to take a lively interest in what he was about

woman's dress, he believed he was gazing at Marie Halkett. A strange wave of

joy and fear swept him as he sprang to his feet or tried to before he pitched forward on his face, his paralyzed legs crumpling under him.

As he fell heavily to the floor, setting the junk in the whole shop rocking, rattling and tinkling, the young woman who had entered stopped short. Graul's small black eyes darted from Gray's recumbent figure to the form in the dim light of the shop—the lithe, swiftly crouching figure of a young girl, panther-like in its poise for either flight or attack.

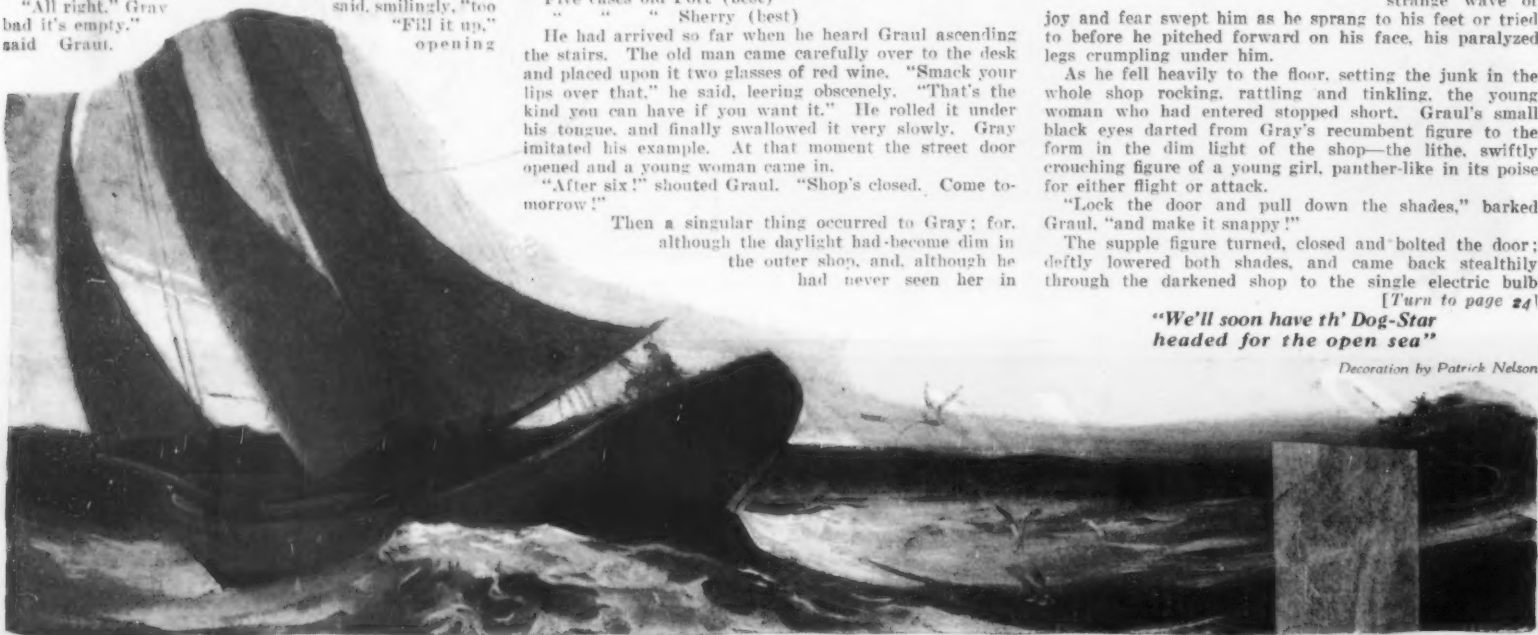
"Lock the door and pull down the shades," barked Graul, "and make it snappy!"

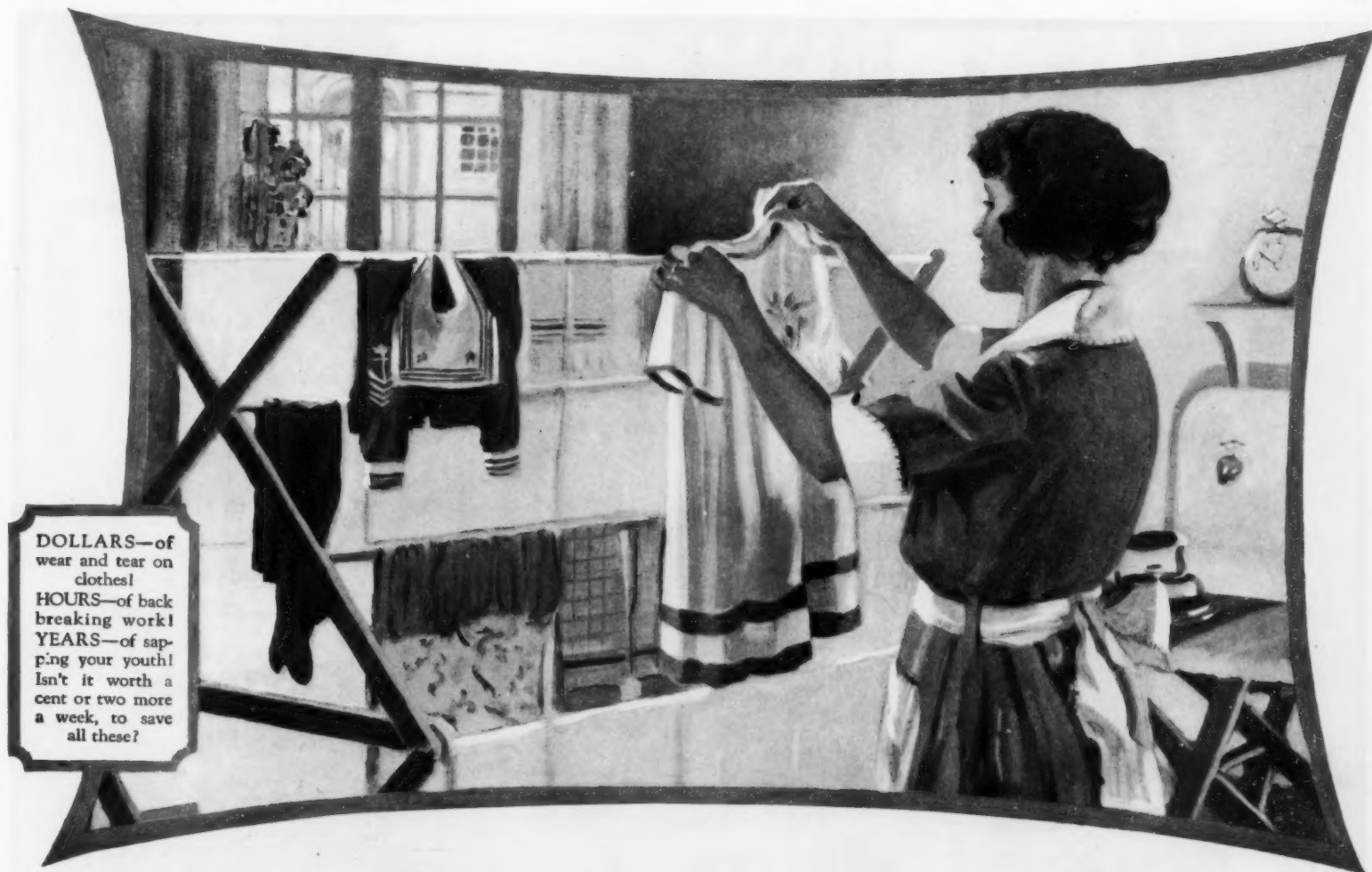
The supple figure turned, closed and bolted the door; deftly lowered both shades, and came back stealthily through the darkened shop to the single electric bulb

[Turn to page 24]

"We'll soon have th' Dog-Star headed for the open sea"

Decoration by Patrick Nelson





DOLLARS—of wear and tear on clothes!
HOURS—of back breaking work!
YEARS—of sap-ping your youth!
Isn't it worth a cent or two more a week, to save all these?

How much do you pay to get clothes clean?



Real Naptha! You can tell by the smell



The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

An awful price—some women do! Hours of exhausting, overheating work, using their strength to rub, rub, rub the dirt away. Don't they know they can save it by using Fels-Naptha Soap?

And what about the clothes?—the children's rompers, blouses and dresses that take so much of your time and effort to make, or your money to buy. When they get the dirt ground in, as they quickly will, do you rub them clean at the expense of the fabric and colors?

Hard rubbing costs too much in both health and clothes!

The better, easier, and cheaper way is to put Fels-Naptha at work. The wonderful dirt-loosening ability of the real naptha takes the place of hard rubbing. It not only saves your strength—it saves the wear and tear on clothes because it safely makes the dirt let go by soaking.

And you have that deeper, sweeter *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness!*

Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha. It is more than soap. It is more than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blending of splendid soap and real naptha that gives you the benefit of these two great safe cleaners at the same time, and in one economical bar.

Get Fels-Naptha for cleaner, more healthful clothes. It pays!

PROVE the saving value of Fels-Naptha. Send 2¢ in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR © 1924, Fels & Co. Philadelphia



"Lock the door and pull down the shades," barked Graul, "and make it snappy!"

which burned above Graul's head. From the girl came a cool but shockingly masculine voice: "Who in hell's the guy?"

They looked down at Gray, who lay face-downward, unstirring.

"I dunno," said Graul; "a bull mebbe." Bending down he seized the unconscious man by both shoulders and flopped him over on his back. The light fell on a stark face.

The youth in women's clothing squatted to examine the features. "Never saw him before," he concluded. "Is he gone?"

NAW; doped. He come in here and he stalls around like a lot o' them antique-chasers does. We got talkin' about whiskey, he claimin' he needed booze. Then he gives his name and address. Then I tell him he can write out a list of gilt edge stuff and I'll send him all he wants on approval. So while he was writin' I goes down into the vault for a coupla glasses o' Port. And then, of a sudden, came one o' them scares like a hunch. Thinks I, I'll just tellyphone this guy's flat. I dunno what put it into me to do it, seein' that vault tellyphone mebbe, I

dunno. So I close the iron door and I call up the number this guy gimme, and I asks if he's at home. Then comes a snappy voice. 'Joshiah Endress speaking. Is this Police Headquarters?' And I hung up in his ear. I did, and I dosed this guy's Port. I did, and now I'm gonna croak him," he added with a ferocious glance at the insensible form on the floor.

Suddenly there came the muffled sound of the telephone ringing in the cellar. Graul disappeared quickly beneath the trap door. In a moment he returned carrying a flabby bundle beneath his arm and shaking excitedly.

"Who was it?" cried the boy nervously. "Skipper!" Graul said. "He's got word them enforcers is on their way here. I gotta croak this guy quick. You help me, Stuart." He laid the bundle beside Gray and began unfolding it. "This rubber sheet 'll hold th' blood fine and dandy."

"Do you have to do this? Why?" "Can't leave 'im here to wake up and talk." They dragged Gray's limp form onto the clammy sheet.

"When do we sail?" the boy asked. "Tonight, so Skipper says. This dude—" A metallic clash from the further end of the shop

checked him. *The bolts of the street door were being opened from the outside.*

"Gawd!" barked Graul. "They're here! There's a way out through the cellar!"

WITH the agility of a rat he scuttled across the shop and landed on the trap-door with a thud. The boy followed. As Graul lowered the scuttle and bolted and hooked and locked it, he heard his shop door opening.

Suddenly into the shop slipped a shadowy shape; the door closed clashing behind it; for a moment or two the newcomer merely listened; then slowly stole forward, reconnoitering the dusk with poised pistol. And now the slim intruder caught sight of the body on the rubber sheet; and crept forward and stood looking down; then dropped on one knee, laid a hesitating hand on Gray's face, on his breast; bent a curly head close and rested one ear against the inanimate breast. Then Marie Halkett sprang up and ran to the door and tore back the bolts. Just outside, facing west, a taxi-cab waited.

"Billy! Billy!" she called. A burly fellow, dressed in a jersey reefer and peaked cap hurled himself out of the taxicab. [Turn to page 26]

After Thirty—can a woman still gain the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch"?

SOME women have a better complexion at thirty or thirty-five than they ever had in their twenties.

The reason is simply that they have learned to take better care of their skin.

At twenty, contrary to popular tradition, a girl's complexion is often at its worst.

Too many sweets—late hours—and, above all, neglect of a few simple rules of skin hygiene, result in a dull, sallow color, disfiguring blemishes, and ugly little blackheads.

By giving your skin the right care you can often gain a lovelier skin at thirty than you ever had before.

Remember that each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. Whatever your complexion has been in the past—by beginning, now, to give this new skin the treatment it needs, you can gradually build up a fresh, clear, radiant complexion.

What is your particular skin problem?

What kind of a skin have you? Is it dry or oily? Fine or large-pored? Pale or full of color?

You will find a special treatment for each different type of skin in the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Follow the special treatment indicated for your skin, and see what a marked improvement even a week or ten days of this regular care will make in your complexion. Faults that have troubled you for years will disappear—the whole tone of your skin will become fresher, clearer, younger.

The cause of blackheads and blemishes

Blackheads are caused by dirt and oil collecting



Often the best of life doesn't begin for a woman until she is thirty. Often it is only then that she begins to realize herself and her own possibilities. Don't think of your age, whatever it is, as a limitation—think of it as an opportunity! Use the knowledge you have gained from life to overcome past faults and disadvantages. Make up your mind to be lovelier every year—and you will be!

in the pores of your skin. A large-pored skin, or one that is much exposed to dust and soft-coal smoke, is especially susceptible to blackheads. Blemishes are generally the result of infection from bacteria carried by dust into the pores.

Don't neglect defects like blackheads or blemishes. They can easily be overcome by the following two treatments:—

To Free your Skin from Blemishes

Just before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes, then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment until the blemishes have disappeared, then continue to give your face, every night, a thorough bath in the regular Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap

and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water. In this way you can guard against a reappearance of the blemishes.

A Special Treatment for Blackheads

Every night before retiring, apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in this treatment. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

Follow the treatment you need regularly and see how much clearer your skin will become, and what a world of difference it will make in its attractiveness.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 25-cent cake

of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Three Woodbury skin preparations—guest size—for 10 cents

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
1502 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1502 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English Agents: H. C. Queich & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

Name

Street

City State

Cut out this coupon and send it to us today

The Jolly Roger

[Continued from page 24]

"Oh, Billy," she said, "I don't know what Ury Graul has done to my man. He's back here lying on the floor. But I think he's alive—" While she spoke they were striding through the shop toward the dim light at the end of it; and when they came to Gray's body the hulking sailor took one look and nodded.

"Knocked out, Marie. Drink done it. That's how I get this layout. I can't see he's shot up none. No, nor stuck, neither. It's booze—or mebbe drops. Mebbe Ury done him dirt. Say, is *this* your fella? I didn't know's you had one, Marie!"

"I have," she said. "He's mine. Get him up into your arms, Bill. Can you do it? Don't let his head roll that way!—Let it lie on your shoulder. Is he very sick, Bill? He isn't dead, is he?"

"No, but he's damn sick. What'll I do with him now?"

"Get him out of this place. This bloody place! He was crazy—crazy to come here alone like that—with such a man as Graul. *Graul!* My God, what was he thinking of—"

At the door: "Into the taxi with him?" whispered Bill, breathing hard.

"Yes." One or two slouching wayfarers peered at the group, but went on, too satiated with such scenes to linger and see a drunk pushed into a taxi by his friends.

"Now what?" demanded Bill, with a heave of his huge chest. Gray lay in his arms like a child limp with sleep.

"Bellevue—I guess," she whispered, "—if it's drink or drops."

"Not me."

"Do they know you?"

SURE. I done a job, once, and got shot up, and I wa, at Bellevue till they sent me up the River. Say, sis, you wanta hurry, too. We gotta be aboard in an hour, and it's a hell of a ways through Brooklyn—"

"Bill, I've got to go aboard. And I've got to look after my man! I can't do both. I've got to do both! What am I to do?"

"Well, then, we better take him with us. . . . Take him aboard. . . . He's got to ship with us aboard the *Dog Star*. I figure you ain't agoin' to leave your fella flat."

"All right," she said breathlessly, "get him aboard, Bill. You know how to fix people who've had a shot of drops, don't you?"

"Well, I kinda know—"

"I've got to do it," she said aloud to herself. Then her head thrust from the window: "Oh, Jerry; take us to the landing; and drive as fast as you dare without getting us pinched."

"All set, girlie," nodded the fat, red-faced driver; and he threw in the clutch and started his vehicle across Fourth Avenue toward Lafayette Place.

Marie Halkett looked out of the cab window where, in the starlight, the flat Long Island landscape was flying past. For awhile she rested so; then turned her pale, boyish face and gazed curiously at Gray, who lay sagging in Captain Cinders's arms.

"Breathing good," nodded Cinders. "I hope to Gawd he ain't sick in here."

"Bill—shall I hold him for awhile?"

"Yeh, if you like. I got a cramp—"

He hoisted Gray in his powerful grasp and laid him neatly in Marie Halkett's arms. "Take him like he wuz a baby," he suggested.

Marie Halkett drew the unconscious man's head against her shoulder and held it so. A delicate color had come into her face, deepening sometimes, sometime waning. There were strange emotions stirring in the heart of Marie Halkett.

Captain Cinders stretched his limbs, inflated his lungs, grunted relief, peered from the taxicab window, lowered the sash, and, thrusting forth his head, held converse with the chauffeur for a few moments; then resumed his seat. "I wisht I wuz safe aboard an' standin' for Montauk Light," he growled. "They's a bunch o' rube bulls actin' up down to Syosset."

Marie Halkett said in a low voice: "This man Gonzalez

"He was schooled by Noakes in every form of dissipation and rascality—breaking the law for Noakes' profit"

they talk about—who is he, anyway?"

"Arturo Gonzalez? He's some kind o' smoke, I guess—one o' them Cubians or sun'thin. It's Arturo Gonzalez & Co.; them big guys in Salvador. They got all kinds o' money and all kinds o' ships. I guess we load outa some o' them ships o' his'n, too."

"Did you ever hear," said the girl, "that Gonzalez owns *The Black Flag*?"

"Some say so, but they say it kinda soft like. Yeh."

"The skipper is named Lindsey, I

hear."

Captain Cinders looked sideways at Marie Halkett: "Sometimes," he remarked, "any name is all right. What d'ye know, girlie?"

"Bill, I'll tell you this: I do know that Graul is friendly with a man named Noakes. Noakes is my enemy, Bill. So, if Graul really does go to sea sometimes, I believe he sails with Noakes. And Noakes runs rum. I don't know what his ship is. But if Graul really is a Hi-jacker then Noakes is, too. And—I am wondering whether *The Black Flag* is his ship."

"You think Lindsey may be this here Noakes?"

"I don't know. That's what I was trying to find out when they got me at Norfolk. You remember?"

"Yeh."

"I have another reason for thinking so. I had an uncle who was in the importing business. He had had business with Arturo Gonzalez & Co. for many years. My uncle became wealthy, and had retired from active business; but once a month a confidential representative of Gonzalez went to Tarrytown to consult him. This man's name was Herman Noakes. I was working for a living in New York at that time. This Noakes, pretending that my uncle had requested him to do so, called upon me in New York. I was young and ignorant. Noakes made himself attractive to a very lonely girl. He did me great injury. The greatest injury he could have done me."

"You fell for him?"

"Yes—" but suddenly Marie Halkett's face flamed—"I don't mean that kind of injury," she said. "It was worse. I'll tell you. I've never told a soul in all the world. Bill, whatever else you do you keep your word."

"Yeh."

"So I'm going to tell you. Because I know that what I tell you is going to die with you."

"That's right, girlie."

"Bill; when my brother was only a school-boy he ran away to sea. I worked as a riding-mistress in New York and supported my mother who was bed-ridden. My uncle who lived near Tarrytown gave us a little money now and then—not enough to keep us alive unless I worked. We never expected anything from him—never dreamed that he meant to leave us a penny. What happened was this: he left the bulk of his fortune to churches and public institutions. To my brother and myself he left two hundred thousand dollars in cash, deposited in the Provincial Bank of Hobasco, which bank was, and I believe is, owned by Gonzalez & Co. My mother and I knew nothing of this. I could not make a living except as riding-mistress in New York. I understood horses.

INTO this situation came Noakes. I was poor and lonely. He was clever, attractive—and a devil. I don't know what dirty work he did for Gonzalez & Co.—perhaps for my uncle, also. And I never dreamed that this man, Noakes, had long known my brother. Afterward I found out that my brother had worked for Gonzalez & Co. on one of their lines of steamers—The Green Crescent Line—and that there he had met Noakes. Always inclined to be wild, he was schooled by Noakes in every form of dissipation and rascality—breaking the law for Noakes' profit and taking a commission—utterly wrecked, morally, by Noakes, who gained complete control of the boy." Her voice broke. She sat in silence for a while, biting her lip and clasping Gray to her breast as though he had been this erring brother.

"I guess I'm getting you, girlie," said Captain Cinders.

"Well, this is what Noakes did to me. He—made love to me. I didn't know *anything*. My mother wasn't likely to get well. I was *lonely*! Oh, do you know what that means in New York! And Noakes seemed almost a family friend. And he lied and lied. He said he was—in love with me. He said that my mother needed his wealth for her comfort—her very salvation. He said that with his ample means we could institute a world-wide search for my brother. Think of it, Bill!—this man who knew where Stuart was all the while!—who had debauched and ruined the boy—" Tears blinded her again; she waited until she could control herself; then: "Bill, I thought I liked him. I thought it m-my moral duty to marry him. Bill, I promised him I would. He said his business relations made it necessary for him to set the date; that it must be a quick affair; that I must be ready to go with him before a justice as soon as he telegraphed me. So we procured a license. Oh, Bill!—"

"All right, girlie. Spit it."

YES, I want to tell you. The telegram came from Tarrytown one evening. We were married at ten the next morning. I had a little room and parlour in a cheap hotel on the West Side. We went there. We were going to Niagara—a week's trip—before we sailed for Salvador. He had a suit-case and a little morocco bag full of letters and documents. He had been telling me it was necessary for me to sign several papers—that the laws of Salvador required it. I was an absolutely ignorant girl. We had just entered my little lodging when there came knocking at the door a dark, horrid man who spoke with a foreign accent and kept bowing to me. Noakes said he was the Consul General from Salvador and that I must sign the papers he offered. I signed them. I signed several blank cheques which Noakes said he would fill in. And then they went into my bedroom to talk together while I waited in the parlor. They had private matters to discuss, they said. Several times Noakes came and rummaged in his morocco satchel and carried papers back into the bedroom. He scarcely noticed me while he was hurrying to and fro. I was sensitive. Once I ventured to touch his sleeve as he was rummaging among his papers, and he shook off my hand quite roughly. By and by the man who said he was Consul General from Salvador came out in haste. He bowed to me but gave me such a strange look as he left the apartment—a dreadful sort of sneering grin.

Noakes came hurrying from the bedroom after a while, put on his hat, told me to wait for him and not to receive anybody or answer the telephone until he returned.

"I sat and waited. I still had my hat and wrap and gloves on. I waited where I was, seated on the sofa, scarcely stirring. Somehow or other I was feeling almost frightened. Perhaps it was from being married—and his rather strange manner and not knowing what train we were to take. His morocco satchel lay open on the floor. Two or three times I glanced down at it. It never entered my head to violate his privacy. I suppose it was because I had nothing to do that my glance reverted to the scattered papers in the satchel. I could see some writing here and there, and, idly, I amused myself by trying to read.

"The page of a letter lay upside down. Because time was beginning to hang heavy I occupied myself by attempting to make out the writing which was reversed. And presently—and all of a sudden I realized I was reading my own brother's name at the bottom of that reversed page—Stuart Halkett!" The girl clutched the unconscious face of Gray closer to her breast and her voice trembled with excitement.

"Bill! You've got to hear the rest, now! I snatched that letter from the satchel and read it—forced myself—made myself understand. It was a horror. I had never heard such words—never heard of such wickedness—the depths of such degradation. *My own brother!* He bragged of what Noakes had made of him—of the dreadful scenes they had witnessed together—of law-breaking, of every form of dissipation, of swindling, theft, perjury, violence aboard ship and in foreign ports—oh, Bill, I never knew, *then*, there were such [Turn to page 110]

100 Years to a Day

HOW wonderful it would be if our bodies were like the "one-hoss shay"—if we kept on going until we just collapsed from old age! What joy to live a life free from pain and illness, filled with pleasant activities and followed by a natural passing away—just the simple stopping of a worn-out heart!

Heart disease is another matter. Today more people die from heart disease than from tuberculosis or cancer or pneumonia. And many of them die needlessly. Heart disease is so little understood and so greatly feared! There has always been a hush whenever the dread words were mentioned—always an air of awe and mystery. The person who had heart disease was supposed to be doomed—with the sword of Damocles hanging by a hair above his head.

It was thought that nothing could be done about heart disease. Those who had it were afraid to exercise, afraid to work, afraid of this—afraid of that. Relatives watched with terror, ready to open the window or bring a glass of water.

But it need not be so. Heart disease is not the tragically incurable and unpreventable affliction it was thought to be.

Nature, in most cases, makes the heart strong enough to serve faithfully for a long life—there are few bad machines turned out of her work shop.

Day and night, year in and year out, this most wonderful machine in the world does its work. It has no rest, from the day you are born to the day you die. It has no time off for repairs—it knows no holidays and observes no union hours.

Steadily, steadfastly, second by second and minute by minute, this marvelous muscle contracts and expands—contracts and expands—pumping the blood all through

your body. More than 30 million times a year this action is repeated.



"Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, *****

All at once the horse stood still
—First a shiver, and then a thrill
Then something decidedly like a spill,—

—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
** It went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst!"

We are grateful to Mrs. Howard Pyle and Houghton Mifflin Company for permission to reprint Howard Pyle's historic picture of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' wonderful "One-Hoss Shay."

Treat your heart fairly—protect it from the things that may injure it and you have little to fear. Heart disease has grown to such alarming figures as the greatest life destroyer in the United States, simply be-

cause people have not dealt intelligently with it.

Many damaged hearts can be made to do their work through proper rest and care. The heart has amazing recuperative powers and often will mend itself if given a chance. But even though you have some serious organic heart trouble, there is no reason why you should despair. Some of the busiest, most useful people in the world, are heart sufferers.

If you have heart disease do not lose hope. A noted heart specialist said: "The cases in which people drop dead from heart disease are comparatively few. If those with impaired hearts will follow the instructions of their physicians they can live practically normal lives—and will most likely die of something else."

Find out how to live so you will not over-tax your heart. Learn the kind of occupations that are safe for you. Let your doctor tell you what you may do and what you must not do. Exercise is often a part of the treatment of heart disease but your exercise must be directed by your physician.

A lot of people are suffering from imaginary heart disease. Don't try to decide for yourself. There is scarcely a sensation associated with heart disease which may not be caused by some other disorder. The most important thing is to live hygienically, to keep yourself strong and well, so that disease germs will have little chance to attack your body. When you are ill put yourself at once in your doctor's care and obey his orders.

Have your heart carefully examined after every attack of serious illness.

Aim for "A hundred years to a day."



It has been estimated that 2% of the population of the United States, or more than 2,000,000 have organic heart disease.

Statistics show that one industrial worker in every fifty has a serious heart defect. And one out of every 13, so suffering, dies.

The annual death toll of heart disease in the United States is 150,000.

Prior to 1912 tuberculosis caused more deaths in the United States than any other disease. Since then, heart disease leads. The reason is that the death rate for tuberculosis has dropped, while the death rate for heart disease has remained almost stationary.

In the communities where people have learned how to fight tuberculosis, it

becomes less of a menace each year.

As fast as people understand what can be done to prevent and relieve heart disease, there will be not only a decrease in the number of deaths, but also a splendid increase in the number of lives completely transformed—from dependence and anxiety to usefulness and happiness.

HALEY FISKE, President.

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Abe Lincoln's First Circus

[Continued from page 7]

pounding at the door of Lincoln and Berry's store, and Billy Berry's name was the burden of the outcry. But no Billy Berry answered, and after half an hour of shooting and pounding, of rattling the door and poking at the keyhole, the persistent young mail-carrier mounted his horse and turned to the Springfield road.

Was ever a servant of the public in greater predicament than this youth who carried the mail twice a week between Lewiston and New Salem? It was not his pleadings and arguments that had moved his father to let young Harvey Ross leave the farm and carry mail. Rather, permission had been given the son that he might be associated

original snake that ruined Adam's prospects?"

"Adam who?" the circus man asked. "Where did he live?"

"In the Garden of Eden," the countryman answered, laughing.

"His wife fell a victim to the wiles of the serpent."

"We didn't ketch this in no garden, and he never ate no

with Abe Lincoln, who, though scarce more than a youth himself, was considered the best man in Sangamon valley for a boy to be with. Nor had Harvey Ross forgotten that the postmaster had said to him: "You are a public servant now. Don't let anything interfere with your duty. Your business is to deliver the mail according to law. Life-and-death messages will sometimes travel through your hands."

And now he was on the way to Springfield with the mail that should have been left at Salem. He could not carry it to Springfield. What should he do with it?

As he jogged along the right thought came to him. He would leave the bag with the postmaster at Sangamon. The next forenoon he would pick it up, take it back to Salem and have it waiting when the postmaster arrived. This being settled he quickened his speed. Not only was he going to the circus but he might not go alone.

Never but once before had Springfield been thrown into such excitement as it was the summer of 1833 at the coming of the first circus to this section of the then far west. The other equally exciting time had been when the *Talisman*, a steamer out of Cincinnati, made her way up the Sangamon piloted from Beardston by Abe Lincoln.

NOW again was the pioneer populace at large concerned. Even with the posting of the first show-bills interest was aroused—not any third-rate sluggish interest, but the first-quality, feverish kind—and scarce were the gay red and green and blue and yellow advertisements pasted on the smooth side of Iles' store and at conspicuous places around the village square, than crowds began to gather.

First the town folk came to gaze upon the strange pictures of beasts and reptiles, of horsemen in daring acts and acrobats in hair-raising feats. They crowded about, some to question, some to deny, some to admire, some to condemn. Fat Sam Scoggen gave out the information that Parthena Blevins' cousin Susie, who came from away back East somewhere, said a clown killed a man.

"Killed a man? How?" nervous Jim Tucker questioned. "The man laffed hisself to death. The clown was that funny he got started and couldn't quit—busted a blood-vessel."

"I believe in laffin', but I say its runnin' things into the ground to cause a human bein' to laff hisself to death."

"Clowns may be dangerous," an interested bystander said, "but what about the elephant? They do tell that he eats a stack of hay at a meal—a stack. Heaven knows, I hope he don't git into my field."

A couple of days after the bill-poster had finished his job in Springfield, as he was pasting the picture of an impudent-looking snake on the smooth side of a barn at a crossroads near Havana, he heard an approaching horse and a moment later a thin and unusually tall young fellow with big, inquisitive nose and deep-set, dark eyes, came riding around the corner. "Howdy," he said lifting his hat and mopping his brow with a big tanned hand. "Go ahead. Stick his tail on. I want to see what sort he is."

The bill-poster, who had paused with a yellow sheet in one hand and a dripping brush in the other, hastily added the last section to a coiled serpent with a double row of black mottles down its back. The newcomer looked on a moment. Then with a broad smile he said, "Is that the

him. Greatest animal hunter on earth. Went on to Africa, he did, to ketch more snakes and elephants and such like. I got enough of snake-hunting and joined the show."

"Pretty hot work posting bills. Let's cool off. I do a little surveying around these parts. Not long ago I ran into a plum thicket with fruit like honey. I brought some along. Let's juice up and maybe you'll tell me how you caught that boa constrictor. Make yourself at home." And suiting his action to his advice, the surveyor rolled his plums on the grass and stretched his long body beside them. An hour they visited in the shade, during which the countryman listened to such thrilling stories as he had not before heard.

"You'll be at the circus, won't you?" the bill-poster asked when they were about to part.

"Wouldn't miss it for a fortune. And now, since I've heard your story, I'll enjoy it more than any ten men. I can't thank you enough."

"Thank me? What for? I don't need thanks for telling about my tribulations and escapes. Now that I'm out of the jungle and back to civilization I like it. But before I go let me say you're the funniest fellow I've ever seen."

I THOUGHT you fellows had the funniest man on earth in your circus. Says so on the Springfield bills—and the tall man laughed.

"I don't mean that kind. I've been about some and seen some people, and you're the homeliest one I ever seen—and yet I'll be hung for a thief if you're not the best-looking I ever seen. If that's not funny, what is it?—and I'd like to know what your name is."

"Lincoln. They named me Abraham, but it takes too much time to get it out, so I'm Abe—just plain Abe Lincoln."

"I'll not forget the rest in the shade nor the sweet plums, nor you, Abe Lincoln. You're the first one that's done any more than stare at me since I struck Illinois. Good-by."

Among the early arrivals was a slender and unusually tall young man who, after securing his horse, went to the store of Elijah Iles to leave his saddle bags.

"Good morning, Abe Lincoln," was the greeting.

"Biggest day Springfield has seen since you piloted the *Talisman* this way."

"Biggest day? Yes, a rip snorting big day it is. Likely the biggest Springfield will see until she celebrates her first birthday as capital of the state of Illinois."

"Still got the idea Springfield will be the capital of Illinois some day?"

"Yes, and if the people would give me a chance I'd do my best to hurry the time."

"Maybe they will."

"Maybe—and

Then it came—the band, the horses, the elephant wagging the tail on his nose as merrily as he did his regular tail

again maybe they won't. But what the people want goes. That's our kind of government—the people are the big thing. Even today the people is a bigger show than the circus."

While Abe Lincoln had been visiting in the store, his mail-carrier, Harvey Ross, with rosy-cheeked Jennie, joined the crowd in the square followed by an elderly female squinting through flannel-bound glasses.

"Looks like every man, woman and child in Illinois is here," the girl said, giggling with delight.

"I know one that's not," her companion answered. "It's Abe Lincoln and I'm thankful of it."

"Why?"

I carry mail for him. Yesterday he was out surveying and I couldn't separate the Salem mail. Couldn't leave it, either. So I took it to Sangamon. I wouldn't have him find me here for a hundred dollars. But no danger."

"How do you know?"

"Two dead sure ways. First, he only lately got the surveying job and when he gets working at it he don't let anything stop him, especially if he promises to get done at a certain time. Second way I know is that he won't spend money."

"Stingy is he?"

"No. He gives away all he makes. Gives it to his step-mother, they say."

"Step-mother! Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Abe Lincoln," and they both laughed. "But don't you worry. My word on it, he won't be here."

"What a tall man—look, yonder!"—and Jennie pointed across the corner to a figure standing alone whose head was above the shoulders of the crowd.

"Gosh and hemlock!" Harvey Ross exclaimed. "It's him! Let's get back, Jennie. He's not looking for us. We can lose ourselves. I'll stand in behind Aunt Prudence, and we won't yell nor clap nor create attention when the clown and the monkey come by."

There were tight rope walking and acrobatic feats. The spangled lady standing on one toe rode the proud white horse. Silence fell on the gaping crowd as the keeper let the big snake glide up his body. Silence gave way to a shudder and to exclamations of fear as the keeper moved nearer the edge of the ring. But it was not until he stopped in front of Aunt Prudence, that the climax outcry came.

"Let me by, Harvey Ross! It's lickin' its chops for a meal this minute! I don't intend to get et alive! Come on, Jennie—your uncle John's second cousin died from a snake bite!"

His attention drawn to Aunt Prudence by her uprising, the postmaster of New Salem caught sight of his mail-carrier. And when rosy-cheeked Jennie had gone home, Abe Lincoln was at hand, nor was his face smiling as he asked, "What are you doing here? Was the mail delivered?"

"No, sir. You were gone and I couldn't wake Billy Berry up to take it. I left it at Sangamon. I'll go back early and have it at New Salem by noon."

"Have you had a good time today?"—and the searching eyes of the postmaster were on his delinquent carrier. "There'll never be another day like it."

Their habitual kindly glow was coming back into the eyes of the postmaster. "Taint in my heart to put a thorn where a rose is blooming," he said slowly. "Maybe you've caused the postmaster of New Salem to lose his job. But he's not going to do anything to make you lose yours."

"Thank you! Thank you! I'll never forget."

An Interview with Mrs. O.H.P. BELMONT on the care of the skin

"A woman who neglects her personal appearance loses half her influence. The wise care of one's body constructs the frame encircling our mentality, the ability of which insures the success of one's life. I advise a daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

Alma Belmont

IT was in the beautiful great hall of Beacon Towers on Sand's Point, Port Washington, Long Island, that I first talked with Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.

I was excited and eager for the interview because I knew that Mrs. Belmont not only has given lavishly to women's causes from her colossal fortune, has been and is a tremendous worker, but also is particularly interested in woman's special problem of how to keep her force and her charm throughout her whole life.

From all this I expected to meet a very commanding woman the day I visited Beacon Towers. But Mrs. Belmont, on the contrary, is quiet and gracious and sweet. She could not have been a more charming hostess.

She herself opened the grilled iron door and I stepped into the big hall with its impressive mural paintings of the life of Joan of Arc and its wide doors opening straight onto Long Island Sound.

Here, I felt instantly, is the spirit of beauty strengthened by sincerity.

After we had admired the glorious view she showed me the pictures of her two sons, and of her grandson, who will some day be one of England's dukes, and—very proudly—the latest snapshot of her very young Ladyship, a small great granddaughter.

"How fine textured and fresh her skin is," I thought. "And she has just acknowledged herself a great grandmother!"

Begs Women not to Neglect Themselves

"**N**OW," she was saying, smilingly, "I suppose you want me to tell you what I think is the relation between a woman's success and her personal appearance."

"Yes," I admitted. "Just how important do you think personal appearance is?"

"It is vital. That is just as true for the woman at home or in business as for those who are socially prominent."

"A person may have great intelligence and yet make a very bad impression if her appearance is careless. So we do ourselves a great injustice if we do not give our bodies great care. It is very wise in every way to cultivate the knowledge of how to keep ourselves presentable and young."

"Don't you know," she said, "how often the woman with an unattractive face fails in the most reasonable undertaking? Nothing is so distressing. Neglect of one's personal attractions generally comes from ignorance and as I am greatly interested in the success of women in every possible way, I urge them not to neglect themselves."



The library of Mrs. O. H. P. BELMONT at BEACON TOWERS on Long Island Sound, where this interview was signed. Mrs. Belmont, President of the National Woman's Party, is known all over America for her active services in securing the suffrage for women. Mrs. Belmont is also interested in better conditions for women, is strong for the abolition of child labor, and for the improvement of Children's Homes.

On the artistic side, she is a trained architect, and her three magnificent residences—Villa Isoletta in France, the famous Marble House at Newport, and the imposing country home Beacon Towers on Long Island are the products of time not devoted to politics and business. After years of the burden of great public and private interests, she has marvelously kept her freshness.



Pond's Two Creams
used by the women who must keep their
charm, their beauty, their influence.
EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS

Frenchwomen say, Cleanse and Protect

"**Y**OU spend a part of each year in France," I said. "Are Frenchwomen more beautiful than American women?"

"Certainly not, but American women can learn from them. It comes naturally to them to care for their appearance from youth until they are eighty years old!—and they never lose their influence with society or the individual."

"Do Frenchwomen use creams much?" I asked Mrs. Belmont.

"In France," she said, "they have had this knowledge for generations. They have always used cleansing creams and protecting creams, knowing that water is not enough and that the face cannot stand much strain and exposure."

"Then you think women should use two creams?"

"I know they should. That is why I advise the daily use of Pond's Two Creams, so that women can keep their charm and influence as long as they need them—and that is always," she smiled.

Use this Famous Method

GIVE your skin these two indispensables to lasting skin loveliness—the kind of cleansing that restores each night your skin's essential suppleness, and the freshening that, besides protecting, brings each time the beauty of fresh smooth skin under your powder.

For years the laboratories of Pond's were devoted to the development of two preparations that were to meet these two vital needs. Finally two distinctly different face creams were perfected—Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Every night—with the finger tips or a piece of moistened cotton, apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it is able to penetrate every pore of your skin. Leave it on a minute. Then remove it with a soft cloth. Dirt and excess oil, the rouge and powder you have used during the day, are taken off your skin and out of the pores. Feel how your face is relaxed. Do this twice. Now finish with ice rubbed over your face or a dash of cold water. Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple again. If your skin is very dry, pat on more cream, especially where wrinkles come first—around the eyes, the nose, the corners of your mouth—and leave it on over night.

After every cleansing, before you powder, and always before you go out—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream very evenly—just enough for your skin to absorb. Now if you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels to your hand. Nothing can roughen it. When you get up in the morning, after a dash of cold water, this cream will keep your skin fresh and untired for hours. And it will stay evenly powdered.

Use this method regularly. Soon your face will be permanently fresher, smoother and you can count on the charm of a fresh, young skin for years longer than would otherwise be possible. Begin now. Buy both Pond's Creams tonight in jars or tubes at any drug store or department store. The Pond's Extract Company.

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

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270 Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

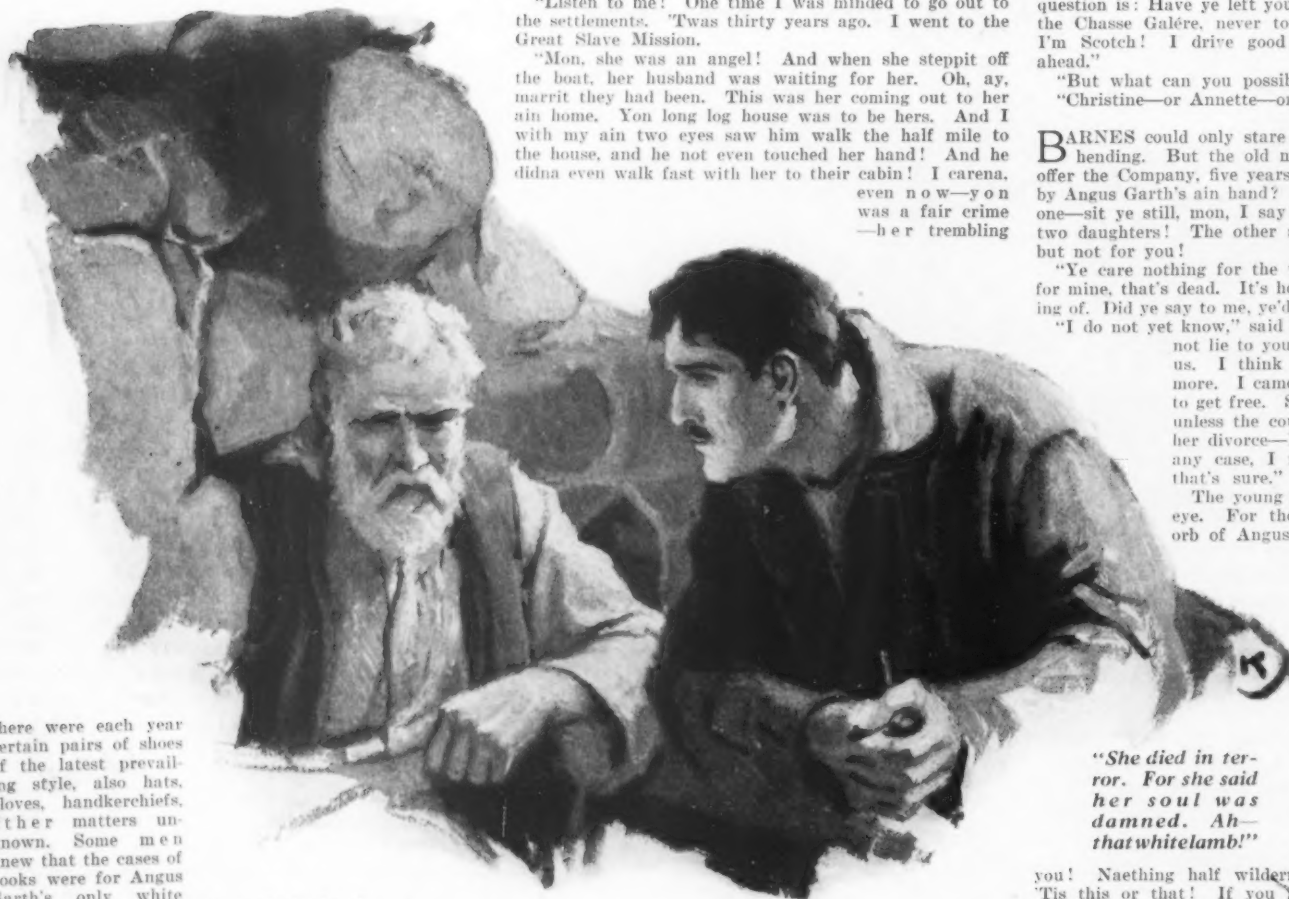
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The Ship of Souls

[Continued from page 6]



there were each year certain pairs of shoes of the latest prevailing style, also hats, gloves, handkerchiefs, other matters unknown. Some men knew that the cases of books were for Angus Garth's only white child; the one thing in the world he loved.

This young woman seemed perhaps three and twenty years of age. Of good height, of strong auburn hair, fair skin and blue eyes—eyes in which dwelt a continual question—on Edinboro Hill in Scotland of a Saturday, she would have passed for a beauty none too well turned out. Here, she seemed a beauty very well clad. She had a great personal dignity. Why not? She was one of the best educated young women in the Dominion of Canada, although she never had been inside a school and had never seen a white woman in all her life—with one exception, long ago; twenty years; her mother. The North had never swallowed up Angus Garth's white child, whatever it had done to him.

AS the apparition of this wholly civilized young woman sprang to his feet, turning his eyes first to the girl and then to old Angus Garth. He never had dreamed of such a being, although he had been in the house for months!

"My daughter, Christine Garth," said the factor, gravely. "Christine, this is Mr. Langley Barnes. He was left by the boat. We turn no man away. I have not made him welcome, but I now have told him he maun stay." The girl lacked the social education. Her life had been a blank in many regards. She hardly had seen a white man, certainly never a gentleman. True, she did not tell her father that often she had looked out her window at Langley Barnes, wondering, speculating. She could not tell why she had looked at him.

"Tea, please, Christine," said Angus Garth. She departed. Barnes was wise enough to wait silent.

Christine did pour the tea for them now, and could offer sugar with it. But she herself did not drink with them, and soon left the room. She had not spoken a word.

"Ye did not know of Christine," said Angus Garth. "I had hoped ye never would. Ye've thrust yerself into a place where ye had no right. 'Twas only the tradition of the Company's hospitality that made me open door to ye. Ye're not welcome. Ye're not guest in my house. Ye're no more than traveler accepting the Company's hospitality. That is to say—unless!"

Again he did not see the temples of the young man redden. He went on presently in his own direct fashion. "But ye are here! And I, Angus Garth, am sax-and-seventy. And Christine is three-and-twenty, maylike. And Annette is now by way of eighteen."

He sat motionless now for many, many moments. "A Mission woman she was, the mother of Christine, yes. And God save Angus Garth, who doesna ken even now whether he damned two souls, or one, or mayhap saved the two! 'Twas by no grace of mine, whatever came in any case.

"Listen to me! One time I was minded to go out to the settlements. 'Twas thirty years ago. I went to the Great Slave Mission.

"Mon, she was an angel! And when she steppit off the boat, her husband was waiting for her. Oh, ay, marrit they had been. This was her coming out to her ain home. Yon long log house was to be hers. And I with my ain two eyes saw him walk the half mile to the house, and he not even touched her hand! And he didna even walk fast with her to their cabin! I carena, even now—yon was a fair crime—her trembling

with fright and longing to be loved and comfortit. And so, to love and comfort her myself I swore then and there, the first time that I saw her.

"Well, lad, that was the ane time Angus Garth had danger of losing his poseetion at McTevis. As it was, McTevis had no more than a clerk for factor for six months. We came up on the first spring boat and she brought her little dog with her."

"It is all! I have told ye. She came with me. Here she lived then, and none dared say nay. And here she died. And if it be love and care of mon a woman craves, she had that. She lacked nothing I could get till she died. For two years she made fair pretense. The bairn, Christine, came late for us. Then she was content a space; then glad to die. She died in terror. For she said her soul was damned. Ah!—that white lamb!"

"Marrit, I said. How could we be in truth? No courts, no officers, no meenister—I'd not allow one here. First was the divorce, and how could we get it here—the wife of an Anglican meenister? No, no! 'Twas simple, the way I did, and the only way. And all I ever will know of heaven was Alice at her cradle singing. Her voice was fair wonderful. So now there's Christine. She never smiles. She reads."

"And Annette?" interrupted his hearer.

"Annette? Annette never reads. She smiles. Which one then, Mr. Langley Barnes?" He turned, his eyes lit by so somber a fury, he might well have seemed half mad. His hand, heavy and hard as iron, fell on the other's arm and gripped it. "Because, do ye mind, it will come to one or both of these two! And the two are my ain! I'm a mon, and I know!"

OH, I know well enough the eye the red woman—or the black or the yellow—has for the tall white mon! I'd rather have died than have had ye come here. But ye've come. I could kill ye. Yes, but 'twould be too late, now! They both have seen ye. Who can call back the spark that starts from man to woman, from woman to man? 'Tis youth, 'tis the blood of youth!

"But—well, let us reason. Aweel, I'm old now. When Angus Garth dies, who takes his place?"

Barnes bent his head, pondering the story of this savage man. Before his own mind came the picture of a cold, beautiful, slender, elegant and faultless woman, dainty, garbed exquisitely, radiant with gems—the most beautiful and the coldest woman in the city where they made their home, the last product of the world's highest civilization—his own wife, Alicia. He had given her much. After ten years he realized that she had given him nothing and had nothing that she could give. Flower of civilization she was, no more than orchid, no fragrant

blossom of good, normal, human soil. Langley Barnes shook his head once more, his lips close. Garth began again.

"Ye're marrit? But that matters not here. The ane

question is: Have ye left your world and come North in the Chasse Galère, never to go back again? So now, I'm Scotch! I drive good bargains!—and I see far ahead."

"But what can you possibly mean, sir?"

"Christine—or Annette—or both! If both—ye die!"

BARNES could only stare at him, not at all comprehending. But the old man went on. "Now, say I offer the Company, five years from now, a factor trained by Angus Garth's ain hand? The new factor is marrit to one—sit ye still, mon, I say!—to one of Angus Garth's two daughters! The other still lives on at the post—but not for you!"

"Ye care nothing for the wife ye've left. I'm caring for mine, that's dead. It's her girl, my lamb, I'm thinking of. Did ye say to me, ye'd left your ain wife for aye."

"I do not yet know," said Langley Barnes. "I would not lie to you. There is no love between us. I think she cares for another man more. I came away to give her a chance to get free. Still we are man and wife—unless the court meantime has given her her divorce—I think it has, by now. In any case, I never will go back to her, that's sure."

The young man looked him fair in the eye. For the first time the hard gray orb of Angus Garth grew softer. "For 'tis this way, ye see, lad. The giving of your soul might rest the soul of a good woman that's gone. It might save—it might bring to living beauty and happiness—an soul that's still here sleeping—Christine! Shall we damn her, boy? And if it be not you, who then? No one comes here. She must have her equal, body and mind. What chance has she?"

"Oh, there'll be no playing between her and you! Naething half wilderness and half civilization! 'Tis this or that! If you marry Annette you save a fur post for the Company for more fur comes to a factor with a native wife. If you marry Christine, you save a soul to God. You lose your own." He sat moody, his hands twitching, for some time before he raised his head in decision and went on.

"She died in terror. For she said her soul was damned. Ah—that white lamb!"

"Now then, uninvited and unwelcome mon, there is the one way ye may be welcome! Ye might step into your fortune here. I'm rich. Ye can't spend much here, and if ye could, I'm rich. Ye've done with your old life. Step into a better one more fit for a mon. Are ye a coward, Langley Barnes?"

"I don't know."

THEN probably ye are not! But a test ye maun have. Listen, I'll name it for ye. Up river a hundred miles are two white men, independent hunters. I've allowed them to stay in my country because they're good hunters. They bring more fur than any three families o' my natives. Since they buy here and sell here, ay, and make no attempt to trade in fur, I allow them in my district. Yankees, they are. But this summer they did not come in to meet the boat. There's no news of them. I've sent my natives aside from their country, so I've had no word from them. And in their country, lad, is mair fox—silver and black and dark cross—than in all my reaches! I could have counted on four or five thousand in their hunt this season. But I got—nothing at all! Hensley and Durgin—that's their names. Now, I want their fur. I also want word of them. Ye'll be runnin' down there for me?" The old man's eye narrowed, glowing like a coal.

"How far is it?"

"A hundred and five-and-twenty miles."

"And how do I find the place where they live?"

"The cabin is on the right bank of the river. It can not be missed by a real woodsman. None but a real woodsman will ever be factor at McTevis!"

"The snow is coming."

"'Twill be beginning now."

"I should take sledge and dogs and I've never driven a dog team yet."

"The factor of McTevis will have done so!"

"I can have no guide, no native?"

"None whatever."

"I may die."

"It may be. Yet, so lies the test for the next factor o' McTevis! They'll be expecting me to name him, soon."

"Annette!" he called sharply. There came now into the room, silently in her moccasins, the compellingly beautiful breed daughter of Angus Garth—tall, dark, ripely appealing to any young man's eyes; enough to carry off his feet any young man in whose veins ran hot, unscrupulous blood.

[Turn to page 32]

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Consider the evident high quality of this all-year family car, and its remarkable price—then you can understand why it has been necessary for us to double our production facilities this year.

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pride in the ownership of this distinguished car, which is nevertheless so easy to buy and maintain.

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Five United States manufacturing plants, seven assembly plants and two Canadian plants give us the largest production capacity in the world for high-grade cars and make possible our low prices.



The Ship of Souls

[Continued from page 30]

"Take away!" He motioned to the tea things. The girl complied, smiling. Her dark eyes were fixed on the clean, strong features of Langley Barnes, almost the only white man she had ever seen thus close, excepting her father, for when the boat came the factor's daughters were pretty much prisoners in their rooms. Garth said a sharp word or two in some Indian tongue. Annette hurried away.

Barnes after a time rose and began to look around the room. "May I?" he asked. The old trader nodded, guessing his intent and watching him keenly. He took down two blankets of woven rabbit fur, a pair of caribou web snowshoes, a caribou parka faced with wolverine fur; a pair of great fur mittens; an axe; a rifle; harness for a dog team. The trader himself reached to the mantel and handed him a box of great matches, each a foot long, as thick as a pencil. "And when was ye starting?" he asked.

"Now."

"Not waiting on the weather, eh?"

"No. The weather will be the weather. Have the women pack the sled with plenty for the dogs and something for me—meat, tea—"

"Ye speak somewhat like a man! Perhaps I should ask your pardon. I'll say, God speed ye! I'd be sore to lose ye, now. Ye're not afraid?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"Ye speak the mon, my lad! So God guide ye! If ye come back—it may be two weeks—three—ye'll tell me what ye've seen, what ye've heard—what ye've felt—so I can tell if ye're a mon?"

"Why, yes," Barnes laughed. "Chasse Galère?"

"Chasse Galère!" replied old Angus Garth.

And presently he closed the door on Langley Barnes, who passed out into the open. He had spoken very little. He now seemed to have the way of going direct to the first essential thing.

"Marie!" called out Angus Garth, now left alone; and this time the old Indian woman who came brought with her another bottle, a spoon, a tankard of precious sugar. As recompense, her lord and master gave her a handful of sugar. The Scotch he kept for himself.

ANGUS GARTH stirred and stirred in his glass a quarter of an hour, a half hour, gazing into the fire. Then he set down the glass upon the table, untasted. He did not even look out the window. He was pondering this matter of a trade in souls.

In the open space before the cabin, Langley Barnes finished his preparations for his first journey in the North. Presently Annette came around the corner of the house, smiling. She tossed on the sled load three pairs of moccasins with the accompanying squares of duffel cloth. She added a pair of Eskimo mukluks, oiled seal boots. "Good when wet," she said. And Annette helped her brother, another half breed, to arrange the load of fish for dog feed, the supplies for the man, his robes and such other impedimenta as they held fit; enough for all, not too much of anything.

The fall had even now begun, white and dense. Beyond him lay a blurring wilderness. This was his initiation. Laughingly, Annette stepped between the guide poles, back of the gaudy hind sack which her own hands had embroidered. Between them they got the dogs down the bank to the water's edge. And, since he really never again expected to see Annette, nor ever to get back alive, he could see no reason why he should not kiss Annette goodbye, as farewell to women and to life. He did so, much to Annette's surprise, by no means to her resentment. Even in the snow her sudden lips were warm, her clasp warm.

"God, girl!" said Langley Barnes, laughing amusedly. "where did you learn that?"

But Annette only smiled vaguely. "Come back soon to me!" she said.

The runners cut through to the gravel of the beach for half an hour, but then the snow deepened. He staggered on, leading his team on a leash, not trusting himself to drive. In some way, he got on some four or five miles before darkness grew too dense and he resolved to encamp.

THE sledge dogs obviously did not recognize him as master, and they were very close to home. They might desert. Trusting to no thongs, easily cut, he found a few lengths of copper wire, and after feeding each dog his two white-fish, he wired each securely to a tree before committing himself to sleep. He made his bed as he often had done before on winter moose hunts—scraping away the embers of his fire, and throwing down on the hot ashes the boughs which were to make his mattress. On this, his blankets; over him, his rabbit robes; under and over all, his canvas square. He racked up some green back logs, split some dry wood for the front, but made no double fire, for the temperature was not extreme.

Snow enough by morning he had, but the fall had ceased. His bed was a grave, his dogs so many snow heaps. But he made shift with breakfast, made shift to get his dogs in harness; and now was off on the first full day of his real journey.

He knew nothing of dog work, but his charges were well trained and willing to follow, though for a time he held to the wire leash of the lead dog, breaking trail on the snowshoes. Marked trail there was none. The river's

reaches were like lakes or arms of the sea at the greater bends. The great river had not yet fully frozen, so he must hug the beaches and make every foot of the shore line, his journey being at precisely the most difficult time of the year. He pushed on, bravely, stubbornly, till the light grew very dim. He camped, as he supposed, some

Now the snow lay soft and white over all the world, two feet deep and trackless in the forest, blown thinner over the wide reaches of the river, now frozen across. It was the third day out, and though Barnes knew little of sledge and shoes, he did know that he was afoot ten hours daily and thought he must average at least three miles the hour.

He never could recall whether it was four nights or five that he lay out, and it became matter of indifference to him at what hour it was that he first smelled smoke. It was two miles ahead up the wind, when his dogs put up their noses and began to trot; and presently he himself caught it, the scent-association quickening his pulse. Man, man, his fellow, was near.

He saw a tree, felled at the water's edge; made out a snow-covered canoe, bottom up under the spruce fringe. The vague thinning of the dark forest line spoke of an occupancy by white men. He pulled in at the dug path

of the landing, followed up to the open space, his dogs tugging ahead, toward the low cabin from whose chimney

faint smoke rose. This was the cabin of Hensley and Durgin, whom he had set out to find. Well, at least someone was alive. He had not failed. He could get back to McTavish too. He heard no sound of axe nor voice as he approached; no dog answered his own call or the keen and excited yelps of a young member of his dog team.

not full blood Husky. Why no reply? Why then the smoke?

There broke upon the air the sudden sound of strangling, cursing—the mad, inarticulate, brute sounds made by



Drawn by Frank Street

twenty-five or thirty miles from McTavish.

That night, after his hour of work and his meal of meat and tea, he smoked by his fire, thinking of the warm corner of the house at McTavish where his bed had been. He dreamed also of other matters. Again he could see the luxurious interior of his own home in the far-off city. It was rich in rugs, in pictures, works of art.

HE could recall the cushion-piled divans, the soft backed davenports, the period furniture he himself had carefully selected. In fancy he carried himself to the great Georgian dining hall of his mansion, with its ancient silver, all so different from the firelight, the tin cup and plate he but now had used. His own couch room, the marble bath, the boudoir of his wife—all rich, elegant, modern, the best—one by one he analyzed all these things, asking what of it all was really needful to a man's comfort. It came to a cup and plate, a knife, an axe, a roll of blankets, a fire. He could not have dispensed with any of these.

He flung himself back on his blankets in the snow in a roar of sardonic laughter that made his sledge dogs whine and look at him.

Or was that it? Came again what he fancied he had heard before—faint sounds, wild, high and far, mocking like men's laughter broken with ribald song. "The last of the laughing geese, going south!" he said. "The storm's driving them down from the Arctic islands. So! That's all there was to that yarn of the Chasse Galère."

But again, past midnight, as he supposed, he found himself awake, alone in the white wilderness. His dogs were standing, hair erect on their shoulders, whining—not growling. The leader raised his head and gave vent to the very voice of the mysterious, unconquered, terrible North—the howl of the Northern dog, gifted with a sixth sense, feeling the menace of an unseen world.

"My God! What was that that passed!" Barnes caught the bedding about him. He had spoken aloud, as men sometimes do in the wilderness. Had it not been for the howling of his dogs he would have been sure that he heard, passing out over the forest, a sound like the far laughter of reckless men—the lost souls of the Chasse Galère.

"We came up on the first spring boat, and she brought her little dog with her."

men in combat. There burst out from the cabin, into the trampled open space before it, the figures of two men, struggling, locked, wrestling, shouting like maniacs. They did not see him. It would have been fatal for either of them to have turned his gaze.

The dogs instinctively halted. Before Barnes could intervene, or indeed could tell whether this was drunken sport or actual battle, the men broke apart. Then could be seen the gray gleam of steel. The shorter of the two men—both bearded, rough clad like the customary white tenants of that far land—held in his hand a great knife.

At the instant, the hand of the fleeing man struck a weapon, the long killing-pole carried by the trapper as staff in his daily snowshoe rounds—seven feet long, heavy, thick as a child's wrist at one end, better weapon than nothing, at least, with which to face a madman's knife. Barnes called, but they did not hear him.

FIERCER than ever, now that his hand held something, the taller man sneered, mocked at the other's offense, as, lightly, confidently, the staff sometimes slanting in both hands as in quarter-staff play, he parried or caught the knife blows rained at him blindly. Once he swung the staff overhead, swift as a flash, and brought it down against the other's neck in a staggering blow.

It was an unfortunate blow. The wielder heard the snap of the fibres of the light spruce pole. Again he ran back, again went on the defensive. Came then a downright swing of the knife's edge, and the heavy blade shore the pole in two. Before the yielding man could rally to the need of greater agility, his antagonist made one more sweep, quartering down, full arm.

The edge caught him full force at the base of the neck and cut half through the spine. The jolting shock, the loosened muscles cut off, sent the head oddly, grotesquely sidewise—it was a man's head no more, but an object, belonging nowhere. All in a few seconds, Langley Barnes was not thirty yards away when the murder was finished. He hurried forward now, covering the guilty man with his rifle. "Drop that!" he commanded.

[Continued in March McCall's]



It is not a new dish, a slice of Premium Ham baked with scalloped potatoes; yet one with an appeal that never lessens. For in this tender ham there is a subtle delicacy of flavor which satisfies with every taste—and calls for one taste more

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon



Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice



Premium Ham with Scalloped Potatoes

Fill a buttered baking dish, three-fourths of its depth with sliced potatoes, sprinkle generously with flour, season with salt and pepper and pour in milk to cover. Place a slice of Swift's Premium Ham over the potatoes and bake in a moderate oven 45 minutes

Swift & Company
U. S. A.

Proud of his Wife



FROM across the room you see them. She, poised—confident; warm cheeks and slim shoulders; the woman clever enough to stay young with her husband. He, with pride of possession in every unconscious action; the husband who is proud of his wife.

Yet how few women realize this simple subtlety of life! Too many of us believe the need of beauty caution ceases at the altar.

Youth! Enchantment! The radiance of school-girl days. We need no longer lose them.

The means are simple, as millions will tell you—just soap and water; the balmy lather of palm and olive oils as embodied in Palmolive.

The correct method

Use powder and rouge if you wish. *But never leave them on over night.* They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away. Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse

thoroughly. *Then repeat both washing and rinsing.* Apply a touch of cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

The world's most simple beauty treatment

Thus in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty, charm and Youth Prolonged.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and Nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be the problem as the years advance.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap represented as made of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. Palmolive is a skin emollient in soap form.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

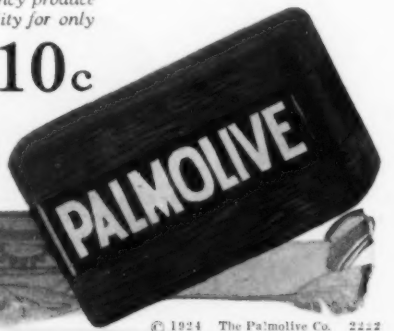
Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.



Volume and efficiency produce
25c quality for only

10c



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The Barbarian Lover

[Continued from page 17]

"Oh, no, I couldn't see him," she said, with a sudden odd hauteur. "Blair would never allow him to come to Strangways again. You forget—he dishonored us."

Patricia's loyalty rose in instant protest. "I don't believe it," she said bluntly. And then into her mind darted the sentence she had overheard as she passed her father's room: "You've known the whole truth about me and believed in me in spite of it."

Lady Mary's eyes filled suddenly with tears. "Oh, my dear, I wish you need not! Often and often I've told myself that it was impossible, that I couldn't believe it. But it's true. It's that which hurts so. That Kerry should be guilty—" She broke off, her voice failing her piteously.

"Of what was he supposed to be guilty?" asked Patricia gently.

"That I cannot tell you," replied Lady Mary, with a sudden strength of decision unexpected in one so frail and sensitive. "Thank God, only Blair and I and Jonathan ever knew the truth. We were spared the whole world's knowing of our disgrace. You mustn't let my brother know that you've met Kerry," she said hastily. "It would upset him terribly. He won't even allow his name to be mentioned. But what must you think of me, my dear, saddling you with my troubles the very first evening you are in the house?" She glanced anxiously towards the tall grandfather's clock in the corner. "Why, it's nearly half-past eleven! And you must be dreadfully tired after your journey. I'm going to carry you straight off to bed."

PATRICIA found only Lady Mary and Kit waiting to greet her in the sunny morning-room where breakfast was served—for Lord Marchdale invariably breakfasted alone upstairs.

"Did you sleep well?" demanded Kit, as he pulled a chair out for her. "Or were you troubled by any of the family ghosts?"

Patricia smiled faintly. She rather thought she had been troubled by one of them. "I didn't know Strangways was supposed to be haunted," she replied lightly. "Is it?"

"Oh, no more than any other place of the same age," returned Kit. "I believe there's supposed to be a chap who loafs round in chains in the Tower Room and clanks them at odd moments for the benefit of unsuspecting visitors, but as you sleep at the other end of the house, I don't imagine he'll trouble you much."

The two chatted away gaily while Lady Mary sat at the head of the table and beamed on them. The meal over, she disappeared to confab with Mrs. Merrifield, the housekeeper, while Kit volunteered to show Patricia the castle. It was a wonderful old place—the oldest part, which included the ghost-haunted tower, dating from Norman times. Since then, successive lords of Strangways had added to, and pulled down, and rebuilt, on the original grim Norman fortress.

"You must be very proud to feel that all this is yours—or will be yours, some day," said Patricia as they wandered from room to room, Kit exhibiting the special treasures of each. They were passing through the hall on their way to the picture-gallery beyond, where suits of old armour glistened as the sunlight flickered across steel plate or buckle.

"Proud? Oh, I don't know," answered Kit. "I'm fond of the old place, of course. But for sheer, overflowing pride in Strangways and everything belonging to it, there's your man!" And he nodded towards Jonathan Mathers, who was at that moment approaching with a large folio clutched tightly under his arm.

The librarian hesitated upon catching sight of them, as though uncertain whether to beat a retreat or not, and a pleased smile overspread his rather wistful old face as Patricia stopped and held out her hand.

"You are going up to the picture-gallery?" he inquired a trifle timidly.

"Yes. I'm looking forward to seeing the portraits," she replied eagerly.

"Yes, yes. There are some beautiful paintings there," Mather allowed, but there was a grudging note in his voice. Kit burst out laughing.

"Only they're not to be compared with the treasures in the library, are they, Jonathan?" he said chaffingly. "That's what he means, you know," he added, turning to Patricia.

THE old man's eyes glowed with sudden enthusiasm.

"Yes, that's what I mean, Mr. Christopher. There are many pictures by Reynolds and Gainsborough, but there's only one complete manuscript in the world illuminated by Fra Angelico, and that manuscript's in the Strangways library." He had drawn himself erect while he was speaking, but as he finished his shoulders drooped and he shrank back as though overwhelmed by his own temerity.

Patricia smiled kindly at him. "If you have such treasures as that in the library, you will show them to me some day, Mr. Mathers?" she asked.

"I shall like to show them to you," he answered simply, and there was a flash of gratitude in his eyes as he continued on his way back to the library.

"His heart seems quite bound up in his books, doesn't it?" observed Patricia, smiling.

"It's bound up in Strangways altogether," answered Kit. "I think if he ever had to leave here, he'd die."

The picture-gallery was approached by a spiral staircase, its steep, high steps worn with years of usage. Narrow slits in the ancient walls admitted the only light, and Kit uttered a hasty warning.

"Wait a moment! I'll strike a match. These stairs are beastly dangerous and uneven."

By the flickering gleam of matches they climbed to the top without accident and emerged into the long gallery where hung the portraits of dead-and-gone Wynsboroughs. Beruffled gentlemen and ladies, gay cavaliers with laughter in their eyes and love-locks on their shoulders, pompous-looking Georgians, Early Victorians—down to the present holders of the title and his two sisters.

Lady Mary looked very simple and sweet and lovable in hers, but Patricia's glance passed on rapidly to the neighboring portrait of Lynette, involuntarily searching the lovely face for any likeness to that son whom she had brought into the world and died without seeing. It was rather a sad face, as though some premonition of the sorrow which was to end her life so tragically, already shadowed the young eyes that looked out of it. There was no very definite point of resemblance betwixt mother and son, Patricia decided. You could not pick out a single feature that was common to them both, but none the less, there was an unmistakable likeness, and Patricia turned sharply away from the picture, conscious of a sudden pang of remembrance.

Kit glanced at the portrait casually. "That's Aunt Mary's sister," he vouchsafed. "She was the beauty of the family, and died quite early in life."

"Yes," replied Patricia soberly. "I know. Lady Mary told me last night." Something in her tone seemed to rivet Kit's attention. He regarded her curiously. "Do you mean she told you about—about my cousin?"

"About Kerry—yes."

He emitted a low whistle of surprise, glancing round instinctively as though to assure himself they were alone.

"That's rather odd. You know, my uncle won't allow his name to be mentioned."

"So she said. But, you see, I happen to know him quite well. I met him in India. That started it."

"Great Jehoshaphat! [Turn to page 36]



Why Any Child Can Have Beautiful Hair

How to Keep Children's Hair Soft and Silky, Bright, Fresh Looking, and Luxuriant.

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Any child can have beautiful hair. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it. Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

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While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, their fine young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

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A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This

should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in the hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water, and even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy, and light to the touch.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can, and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

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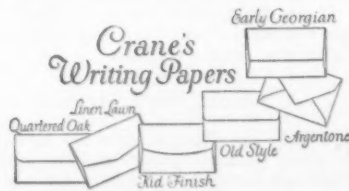
The letters you write are all part of your social life. If they do not show that you know what is correct, they handicap your other efforts. The effect of the smart new gown you wear to a reception may be spoiled by a dowdy letter of acceptance. The impression you make at a house party or din-

ner may be seriously marred by the "bread-and-butter" letter you write on "the only paper you could find."

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Two Hundred Twenty-five Fifth Avenue, New York



Style is a greater social asset than Beauty

The Barbarian Lover

[Continued from page 35]

Fancy your knowing the family black sheep!"

"You'd better keep mum about your acquaintance with him in front of Uncle Blair. The mere mention of his name is like a red rag to a bull. It knocked the stuffing out of the old man when the crash came, and Kerry went away, though he'd die by inches sooner than admit it."

"I suppose you were here when it all happened?" A curious look of restraint passed over Kit's face. Whatever he knew, Patricia felt sure that he was not going to confide his knowledge any more than Lady Mary had.

"I was only a young shaver at school when Kerry actually left Strangways—he was five years older than I, you know," replied Kit guardedly. "And neither my uncle nor aunt ever chose to enlighten me as to what the actual quarrel was about. It must have been a bad knock for my uncle," he went on, more easily. "He idolized Kerry. I was never anything more than second-best"—laughing good-humoredly. "I shouldn't have had a look in at all but for the fact that I happened to be the heir! If Uncle Blair could have swapped us over and made old Kerry the heir in my place, he'd have done it any day of the week."

"You take it very philosophically," observed Patricia. He shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, well, it's natural, after all. Kerry's mother was Uncle Blair's favorite sister, you see, whereas he and my father used to quarrel like blazes. Besides," he added, with a short laugh, "if you stay here long enough, you'll find it's advisable to cultivate a philosophical attitude. Everything and everybody is offered up on the altar of family pride."

HE spoke with so much harshness that she turned and looked at him in quick interrogation. This was no mere generalization. This sprang from some individual fount of bitterness.

"Why, Kit," she began uncertainly.

"Do you mean—"

He interrupted hastily, as though anxious to deflect her thoughts. "I was thinking of poor old Kerry," he said awkwardly. "And Aunt Mary."

"Lady Mary?"—in surprise.

"Yes. Everyone knows that her poor little romance was knocked on the head by Uncle Blair thirty years ago."

With a throb of sudden pity Patricia recalled the look of gentle sadness which lay in Lady Mary's eyes. "Tell me about it?" she said.

"Oh, there's nothing much to tell. She was in love with a young doctor—just a general practitioner. And of course, Uncle Blair considered he was far too insignificant a person to marry into the Wynsborough family, so he simply stamped on the whole affair. And poor Aunt Mary gave in."

"But, good gracious, how antediluvian!" exclaimed Patricia, aghast. "Exactly," agreed Kit. "But Uncle Blair has extremely old-fashioned ideas about being 'head of the house' and so on. No one gets his own way here—unless it happens to be his way, too. You're not even expected to have an opinion of your own."

Patricia's eyes danced. "I'm afraid I've got quite a lot of opinions of my own," she suggested.

Kit glanced down at her with some amusement. That pointed, little chin of hers premised a good deal of self-will. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," he observed mischievously. "We're rather run on the lines of the feudal system here. Perhaps you'll effect a reformation."

And Patricia, thinking of the man who had wandered in desert places for so many years, answered earnestly, "I wish I could."

June was in the air. Overhead, filmy white clouds floated gaily against the blue of the sky, like fairy banners proclaiming the coming of summer. Even

Queenie, Patricia's chestnut mare, caught the infection of general light-heartedness, for she threw up her head, snuffing the air enjoyably.

Riding with the ease of one to whom good horsemanship is almost second nature, engrossed in her own thought, she paid little attention to the mare's ebullition of spirits. Her thoughts kept returning irresistibly to that night, more than a week ago now, when, from her bedroom window, she had seen Kerry Lorimer standing alone in the moonlight.

OR did she only think she had seen him? To this moment she had been unable to decide whether it had been really Kerry whom she had seen, or whether a superficial resemblance had deceived her.

With a feeling almost akin to panic she realized to how great an extent he was still dominating her thoughts. Since she had said good-by to him in London, it seemed as though everything in the world had combined to keep him in the foreground of her mind—the unexpected discovery of his kinship to Lord Marchdale, the secrecy which shrouded the happenings of ten years ago, and now, that vision of the night when it seemed to her she looked straight into Kerry's eyes.

With an impatient movement she gathered up the reins more firmly, and with a nod and smile to the lodge-keeper, passed through the gate, crossed the highroad, and turned down one of the wide, grassy tracks which led into the depths of the forest.

She had been riding through the sun-flecked shade of the trees for some time when suddenly the mare snorted and swerved, and in an instant Patricia's hand had tightened on the bridle, steadying her. Glancing round to discover what had frightened her, she saw a green-painted caravan standing in a grassy space between the trees, its shafts empty, while the horse was tethered a few yards away. On the steps of the caravan, with the stem of an unlighted pipe clenched between his teeth, sat Kerry Lorimer, while beside him lay an Irish terrier, his moist black nose quivering to every fascinating scent the breeze brought his way and with one adoring paw just touching his master's foot.

For an instant it seemed to Patricia that her heart stopped beating altogether. Stuffing his pipe into his pocket, he rose and came towards her.

He was coatless and hatless, wearing a khaki shirt, carelessly open at the throat, and a pair of breeches which had unquestionably seen better days. He was as disreputable a figure as on that memorable occasion when he had so unceremoniously presented himself in the middle of the Residency garden-party at Coomara.

"What are you doing here?" asked Patricia unsteadily.

A glint of humor showed in Kerry's eyes at her question. "As you can see, I am caravanning," he replied.

"But I thought you had left England," she stammered uncertainly.

"I did intend to. But"—looking at her deliberately—"something kept me."

"Oh." She avoided meeting his gaze. Catching sight of the Irish terrier she asked hurriedly, "Is that your dog?"

"It is. Paddy"—calling the terrier to his side—"we are being visited by one of those superior beings who live in houses built of stones and mortar that I've sometimes told you about. Come and make your salams to the lady."

He lifted him up in his arms, and Paddy wriggled ecstatically and licked Patricia's glove with an excited pink tongue as she patted his head and spoke to him in the language which every self-respecting dog understands. But he would probably have greeted her with equally riotous enthusiasm in any case, having a blind faith in his master's powers of discrimination. [Turn to page 38]



My, but they're good!

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My Favorite Recipes

Cream of Vegetable Soup

2 tsp. salt, slice onion, 2 cups water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup carrot, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup turnip, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup celery, 1 cup potatoes, 2 tbsp. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt, 3 cups water, 1 tsp. parsley, 2 tbsp. butter, 1 cup Carnation Milk. Wash and pare vegetables; put through food chopper or cut in small cubes; cook in two cups of water until tender. When done beat with fork to break vegetables and add to sauce made by melting butter, adding the flour, then milk, diluted with water, and cook 5 minutes. Add seasonings and parsley. Serves six people.

Creamed Chipped Beef

$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt, 2 tbsp. butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Carnation Milk, 1 cup water, 2 tbsp. flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. chipped beef. Melt butter, add flour, stirring constantly until thoroughly blended. Add the liquid, salt and pepper. Let boil until thickened, stirring occasionally. Add beef and continue cooking until beef is heated through. Turn onto hot platter and garnish with toast points. This recipe will serve four people.

No Egg Mayonnaise Dressing

$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt, 2 tbsp. Carnation Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. paprika, 1 tbsp. lemon juice or vinegar. Put salt and paprika in a bowl, add Carnation Milk and mix thoroughly, add oil slowly, stirring constantly. Then add the lemon juice or vinegar. Makes $\frac{3}{4}$ cup salad dressing.

Cream Tapioca Pudding

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup pearl tapioca, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Carnation Milk, $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. salt, 3 tbsp. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. vanilla, 2 eggs; beaten separately. Soak tapioca one hour in enough cold water to cover. Combine milk and water and cook with tapioca in a double boiler until transparent. Add sugar, salt and egg yolks slightly beaten. Combine by pouring hot tapioca slowly on egg mixture, return to double boiler and cook until it thickens. When thick remove from fire and fold in whites of egg; beaten stiff. Add flavoring and chill. This recipe serves six people.

Carnation Pumpkin Pie

$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. ginger, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup brown sugar, 1 tbsp. cornstarch, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked and strained pumpkin, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt, 1 cup water, 1 tsp. cinnamon, 1 cup Carnation Milk. Mix in order given and bake in one crust until firm. This recipe makes one pie.

Cream White Sauce (For Creaming Vegetables)

2 tbsp. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Carnation Milk, 2 tbsp. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water. Melt butter or butter substitute, add flour and stir until thoroughly mixed. Add the milk, diluted with water, and cook about five minutes or until the mixture thickens, then add seasonings. This recipe makes one cup of White Sauce.

All vegetables may be creamed. The vegetables should be cooked by either boiling or steaming. After cooking with salt, drain and add cream sauce.

Carnation Biscuit

2 cups flour, 4 tsp. baking powder, 2 tbsp. shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Carnation Milk. Sift dry ingredients together. Mix in shortening with knife or fingers; add liquids, mixing to a soft dough. Roll lightly to one-half inch in thickness, cut and bake in hot oven about 15 minutes. This recipe makes about eight biscuits.

Mary Blake

Domestic Science Dept.

Carnation Milk Products Company



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The Barbarian Lover

[Continued from page 36]

"That's a nice little mare you're riding."

"Yes. My godfather gave her to me," answered Patricia. And all at once her cheeks flamed scarlet, as she recollected the embarrassing relation he occupied towards Lord Marchdale.

Kerry watched the color surge up into her face with coolly ironical eyes.

"So you know?" he said quietly.

She nodded. "I'm my own mistress," she said, with a little touch of hauteur. "I can do what I choose. Besides—" She broke off.

"Won't you finish what you were going to say?" he asked.

She hesitated, then spoke impulsively. "I don't believe you did—what they think."

HE had been stroking the mare's satin neck as they talked. Now he dropped his hand abruptly to his side. "Thank you," he said. "That's very kind of you. I'm sure I shall find your belief in me very sustaining."

The palpable sneer in his voice brought the color flooding to her face.

"I—oh, how can you speak like that?" she burst out stormily. "You always misunderstand—you always did! And then—then you jeer at me." With an effort she checked the trembling in her voice. "I'll go," she said more quietly.

But before the mare could advance a step a hand descended on her bridle.

"No. Don't go," said Kerry with a sudden disarming smile. "I'd no right to say that. Forgive me—and stay and have tea with me here instead."

"It was horribly unfair of you," she returned hotly. "And I don't want to stay with you any longer."

Once more she made as though to go, but the hand that gripped the mare's bridle never altered its position by a hair's breadth. Into Kerry's eyes had come a look of definite purpose.

"Did you hear me?" said Patricia.

"I heard you," he answered composedly. "But, you see, I want you to stay."

"I'm afraid your wishes don't interest me," she replied distantly. "Will you please release my horse's bridle, Mr. Lorimer?"

She waited for him to comply, but he made not the slightest movement towards doing so. With an impatient shrug of her shoulders, she raised her crop and struck the mare lightly on her flank. Unprepared for the blow, Queenie made a sudden bound forward—a bound which would have flung most men off their feet. But Kerry was as tough and pliant as whipcord. His grip of the mare's bridle tightened instantaneously, and after one or two nervous, protesting plunges she stood still.

Patricia's whole spirit rose in wild rebellion. She recognized, with a sudden unerring consciousness, that he was again asserting his mastery over her, just as he had asserted it a dozen times during the course of their acquaintanceship in India. With an impetuous movement she lifted her crop once more and brought it down with all her force on his wrist.

The mare jumped violently as the crop slashed past her head, and tried to rear. But Kerry's grip on the bridle did not relax in the smallest degree, although an angry weal rose on his wrist. He soothed the frightened animal.

"Well?" he said in unmoved tones. "Will you dismount now?" He spoke precisely as though nothing had happened.

And then she realized that he was not waiting to see which she would do—whether go or stay. He was simply waiting until she yielded her will to his and obeyed his wish.

Suddenly her glance fell on his wrist with that long, purplish weal scored across it where she had struck him. It made her feel rather sick. She looked at him appealingly, but there was no sign of relenting in his eyes. Their glance was keen and bright and hard as a hawk's, and as concentrated. Slowly

she let the reins fall from her hands. "You'll stay?" he asked.

She nodded silently, not daring to trust her voice. Without a word he lifted her down from the saddle and set her on the ground beside him, and as he led her horse away to tether it, she stood watching him, conscious of a strange intermingling of feeling—of wonderment at her own sudden and utter surrender and of a queer, breathless gladness that he had not let her go.

When Kerry returned from tethering the mare he found Patricia still standing where he had left her. "Am I forgiven?" he asked. And his eyes laughed down at her.

Against her will the suspicion of a smile quivered at the corners of her mouth.

"Forgiven?" she queried. At least he should be forced to put his plea into words.

"For making you a prisoner in the wilderness."

She was silent a moment. Then—"Why did you do it?" she said.

The laughter went out of his eyes and the old bitter expression with which she was familiar came back into them. "I did it," he said slowly, "because half a loaf is better than no bread. And I wanted my half-loaf."

She listened to him gravely, and he seemed to interpret that quiet gravity as a refusal of his plea.

"I suppose you can't forgive me?" he said harshly. "Well, you're free to go if you want to. I won't stop you again. After all—with a short laugh—"the wilderness is not—and never would be—the place for you."

Patricia remained silent. The abrupt change in his manner disconcerted her. She stole a glance at his lean hatchet face with its straight-lipped mouth, and something appealing and hurt behind the harsh lines into which it had fallen determined her reply.

"It is—a very charming wilderness."

His face cleared as if by magic. "Then I'm forgiven? Good! Now let's make tea. I'll initiate you into the delights of camp life."

With a word he seemed to have swept aside everything extraneous to the moment. Forgotten, apparently, the fact that his presence in the forest—even in England at all—required some explanation from the standpoint of the woman who had learned, by this time, the reason of his exile. He appeared intent solely on making the impromptu tea-party a success, and insensibly Patricia capitulated to the spirit of the moment.

FOR a woman, you've kept your curiosity remarkably well in hand," he said suddenly.

"My curiosity?"

"Yes. Or have I assumed too much in thinking my continued presence in England surprised you somewhat? Perhaps it didn't interest you enough even for that!"

"Naturally it surprised me."

He smoked in silence for a minute or two. Then, without any preliminary, he flung another question at her.

"Are you happy at Strangways?"

The abrupt change of the subject startled her. "What has that to do with it?" she asked blankly.

"Everything. I stayed in England to find out." She could detect the undertone of wistfulness in his voice.

"Tell me," he went on after a moment's silence, "how are they all? My uncle and Aunt Mary? And young Kit?"

"Godfather—never speaks of you," said Patricia rather low.

He uttered a short laugh. "No. I suppose he wouldn't."

She went on eagerly, conscious of the pain behind his curt speech. "But Lady Mary wants to know every little thing I can tell her." She hesitated, doubtful how the suggestion would be received. "I wish you and she could meet."

"Impossible!" The word was snapped out like the shooting [Turn to page 40]

Day by day modern life is taking from your skin something you must put back



EVERY skin blemish and fault comes fundamentally from one cause. Neglect this cause, and no amount of treatments, however strenuous, will keep your complexion from being permanently clouded. Follow this simple method of daily care, developed thirty years ago by a well-known physician, and you will unlock a hidden beauty. Just *beneath* your skin, perhaps only one short week away, is the complexion you envy today in others.

IS your skin dull and muddy? Is it marred by blackheads and blemishes that special treatments do not seem able to remove?

Is it rough and blotchy—oily, coarse-textured, or over-sensitive?

Whatever special fault your skin may have, it is fundamentally from one underlying cause.

Thirty years ago a well-known physician made an important discovery

Continually confronted in his practice with extreme cases of skin disorder, and not content with mere patchwork treatment, a well-known physician thirty years ago set out to find the underlying cause of all complexion faults.

From the beginning one thing was clear: Dust and soot that carry germs deep into the delicate pores of the face—



Resinol Ointment also for more serious skin affections

Not only is Resinol Ointment used by women everywhere for clearing away minor skin blemishes—but its soothing, healing properties have for years been successful in relieving more stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish in a few days. Thousands have wondered at the quickness of its action. Even a light application sinks deep into the pores, attacks the root of the disorder, and starts the skin again acting normally. Resinol is absolutely harmless. It will not irritate even the delicate texture of an infant's skin.

—lack of the blood-pulsing exercise so necessary to keep the tiny glands of the skin functioning normally

—the nervous rush of life that photographs itself first in the delicate lines of the face

—harsh, dry winds that roughen the surface that should be always soft and supple

—these are the forces in modern life that day and night are working against the complexion—the one fundamental cause of all skin blemishes and faults.

No girl can change these conditions. Yet if the skin is to have the clear, radiant glow of health, there *must be put back into it the elements that daily life is stealing from it.*

To stimulate the flow of blood—to soften the skin and keep it supple—to cleanse the pores of dust and germs—this was the physician's problem.

At last he achieved it—not in a complicated drug, but in a simple prescription that had within it the vital elements every normal skin needs.

Today you too can have this remarkable prescription

At first, the knowledge of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment was confined to the medical profession alone. Today, from that early prescription, these two have come into nation-wide use by thousands of women. Discouraged with the failure of many creams, drugs and preparations, women everywhere are turning to this

simple, fundamental principle in the daily care of their skin.

If *your* complexion is not all you want it to be, if it is dull and sallow, or marred by blemishes, begin today to use Resinol.

Get a cake of Resinol Soap and a jar of Resinol Ointment. Every night before retiring, work up on the face, with warm water, a thick creamy lather of Resinol Soap. Work it gently into the pores; then rinse off, and splash on a dash of clear, cold water to close the pores. Then, with special irritations, roughnesses, blemishes or rashes, apply a touch of Resinol Ointment and smooth it in very gently with the fingers. Do not rub or massage with harsh methods. If possible, leave it on over night. Then in the morning wash off again with Resinol Soap.

Within a week you will begin to notice the difference in your skin—a finer, softer texture—a ruddier glow—a clearing of the ugly little blemishes.

For regular toilet use, too

In thousands of homes where Resinol was first used for the special care of the skin alone, it is today the only toilet soap in use. For baby's tender skin, for shampooing, for the bath where harsh soaps are especially irritating to sensitive surfaces—Resinol is today in widespread daily use.

Send in the coupon below for free trial sizes of both Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. They will keep your skin functioning normally—will put back into it the vital elements your daily life destroys.

RESINOL SOAP and OINTMENT

Send this coupon today for free trial packages

Dept. 2-C, Resinol,
Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, without charge, a trial size cake of Resinol Soap and a sample jar of Resinol Ointment—enough for a week or ten days' use.

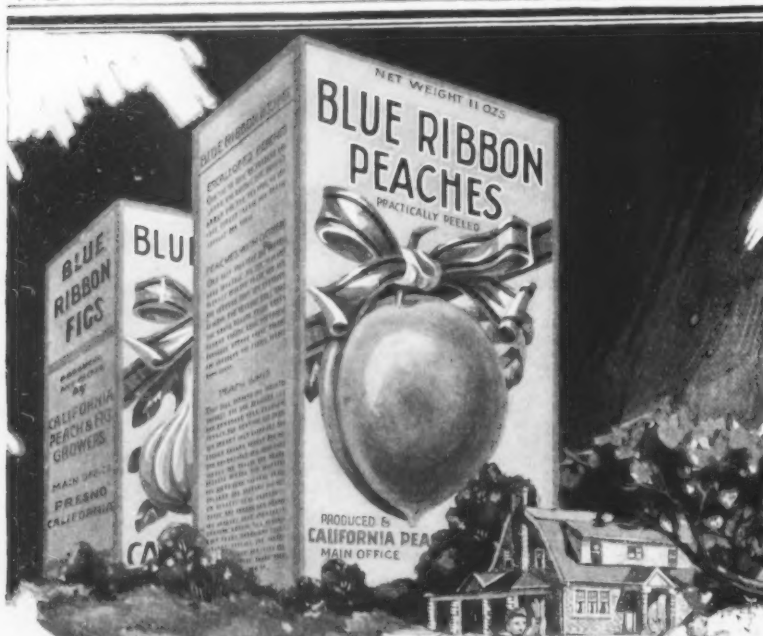
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HEALTH-FRUIT FROM CALIFORNIA



Guard
the Health
of your Children!

BLUE RIBBON Dried Peaches & Figs

Sold in packages and in bulk

Let the children get the benefit of the proteins, vitamins and mineral elements these fruits contain. Keep their systems regulated! They will thrive on the natural fruit-sugar, which enriches the blood, as this sugar is in the exact chemical form required for easy assimilation. Let them have BLUE RIBBON Dried Peaches and Figs today, tomorrow and every day throughout the year. Your grocer has them or can get them for you.

Learn how good these fruits are! How tasty! How appetizing! Discover the deliciousness of both Peach Sauce and Fig Sauce when served for breakfast or for desert. Add BLUE RIBBON Dried Peaches and Figs to cakes, cookies, puddings and all foods; the flavor will be wonderfully improved and the nutritive value doubled.

Always demand BLUE RIBBON brand, for this brand means the finest of California peaches and figs, supreme in quality and flavor.

PRODUCED AND PACKED BY THE
CALIFORNIA PEACH AND FIG GROWERS
Over 8500 Grower Members
MAIN OFFICE FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

Send for
Free Recipe Book
showing many
ways of using
these famous
fruits in your
menus.



Keep Your System Regulated

Try These Recipes

FIG PUDDING

2 cups flour, 1/2 teaspoon soda, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon cloves, 1/4 teaspoon allspice, 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 1/2 cups chopped figs, 1/2 cup molasses, 1/2 cup milk, 3 tablespoons melted fat.

Mix and sift flour, soda, salt and spices. Add figs, molasses, milk, melted fat, stirring constantly. When mixed, pour into a greased mold, cover and steam at least two hours. Serve hot with hard or liquid sauce flavored with lemon.

PEACH TAPIOCA

2 cups Stewed Dried Peaches, 1/2 cup granulated tapioca, 4 cups milk, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 egg yolks.

Cut peaches in quarters. Cook tapioca in milk until clear; beat in egg yolks, add sugar, salt and drained peaches. Pour into a wet mold or individual molds, set in a cool place until firm, turn out and serve with the syrup from the peaches, sweetened to taste. Flavors or spices may be added. An especially good dish for the children.

The Barbarian Lover

[Continued from page 38]

of a bolt. "I've no wish for you to persuade her into seeing me!"

"I didn't mean that," she explained patiently. "I didn't mean that at all. Lady Mary wouldn't need any 'persuading' to see you. What I meant was that I should have to convince her that it could be arranged safely, without any risk of godfather's finding out. Will you see her, if I can fix it?"

"No," he said rather sadly. "What's done is done. You can't build bridges between past and present."

"You could. Oh, you could, if everyone would lend a hand," urged Patricia earnestly. The tragedy and pathos of the whole thing, of this break between those who had once been linked together by the tenderest of ties, filled her with pity.

Kerry faced round on her suddenly. "Do you know exactly what happened ten years ago?" he demanded.

"No," she admitted. "Only that you were supposed to have done—something dishonorable."

AND my uncle accepted the fact without hesitation," he commented drily. "But you didn't do it—whatever it was," asserted Patricia confidently.

"No," he said quietly. "I was driven from home for something I didn't do."

"Then why"—her voice was very pitiful—"why didn't you tell them so at the time?"

"Because I could give no proof, and my uncle wasn't in the mood to accept my bare denial without proof! Besides, a boy of twenty is a bit too hot-blooded to take such an accusation with meekness!" His eyes blazed, and Patricia could see that even ten years had not sufficed to cool the fury of bitterness which the recollection of the charge that had been brought against him still roused in the man beside her.

"They knew me," he went on morbidly. "And yet they could believe—" He broke off, then added more quietly: "Old Mathers was the best of the lot of them. By the way, is the old fellow still alive?"

"Yes. He's librarian now. He and I are quite good friends. I sometimes go into the library and have a chat with him, and he shows me his treasures."

"I'm afraid the task of peace-maker is a thankless one in this instance," he said. Adding, after a pause: "There are not many people with your capacity for faith, you know."

The color deepened sensitively in her face. "I believe in my friends."

"Friends!" he repeated in a peculiar tone. But before he could speak again a sudden flicker of lightning quivered through the air, followed, after a brief pause, by a long roll of thunder. With one of those unexpected changes to which the English climate is subject, the day had completely changed.

"I'm afraid we're in for a bad storm," Kerry said, turning to Patricia.

She sprang up quickly. "Then I had better start for home at once."

"You'd better do nothing of the sort"—bluntly.

As though to justify his words another flash of lightning zigzagged across the sky. The crash of thunder which succeeded it sounded much nearer. Patricia's face paled a little, and Lorimer glanced at her interrogatively.

"Are you frightened?" he asked.

"N-no. But I don't like thunder," she admitted honestly.

Came another flash, and a mighty roar of almost instantaneous thunder.

"It's getting worse, isn't it?" Patricia said uneasily.

"Those horses are frightened!" exclaimed Kerry sharply. "I must see to them. You go into the caravan. You'll be all right there."

Without another word he ran off in the direction where the horses were tethered. Another spattering of rain sent her hastily towards the caravan, and she had hardly reached it before the storm broke in good earnest.

It was somewhat dark inside the caravan, except now and again when a flash of lightning lit up every corner of it with piercing brilliancy. But as her eyes grew accustomed to the dusk, and helped by those intermittent flashes of lightning, Patricia gathered by degrees an impression of the interior—of a tin, room, the walls lined with pitch-line, cupboards skilfully arranged to occupy the least possible space, of a stove and bookcase, and, last of all, of a narrow bunk, Spartan in its simplicity.

The storm gathered in violence. The lightning flared almost continuously, while the thunder seemed to crash from one end of the heavens to the other.

Fear added itself to fear. She clenched her teeth, trying to fight down her rising panic. But in spite of herself her limbs were trembling, and when a flash of lightning, more vivid than any which had preceded it, suddenly cut the gloom and went out in a shattering blast of sound, a sobbing cry forced its way between her lips.

And then from close beside her came an answer—a little whimpering whine from Paddy who, equally terrified, had crawled to her feet and lay there, shaking with fear. Patricia stooped and lifted him up in her arms, and as she cuddled his warm body against her shoulder it brought her a queer, reassuring sense of companionship.

Still hugging him in her arms, she moved over to the doorway of the caravan and looked out. All fear for herself had left her, but her anxiety concerning Kerry increased every moment. Why was he so long in attending to the horses? Had they become unmanageable through fright? . . . Perhaps he was hurt . . . lying out there in the storm, alone and untended! . . . Her mind conjured up a dozen possibilities of danger which might threaten him. Lowering Paddy hastily to the floor once more, she sprang down from the caravan and, careless of everything save her need to seek and find the man whose safety had suddenly become the one thing in the world that mattered.

She ran blindly towards the spot where she knew the horses had been tethered. But when she reached it, it was to find that they were no longer there. There was no sign of them, or of Kerry, but the ground was trampled and churned up as though by the stamping of frightened hoofs.

Her heart throbbed with sickening apprehension. She covered her face with her hands, trying to shut out the thoughts that tortured her. But she must go on . . . And then, as she uncovered her eyes, she saw him coming towards her, striding through the bracken with his accustomed proud, free gait—unhurt!

"Kerry!" The word had scarcely left her lips when a blinding light struck across her vision. It seemed to her as though she were enveloped in a sheet of lambent flame, and at the same moment a deafening crash of thunder roared and reverberated around her, shaking the very ground beneath her feet. Then strong arms caught her as she fell, and she felt herself crushed against Kerry's breast. His voice, harsh and jangled out of all likeness to itself, came to her out of the surrounding chaos.

"Are you hurt? Pat, for God's sake, speak!"

Instinctively Patricia had shut her eyes against that blinding flash of light. Now, at the sound of Kerry's voice, she opened them and looked up into the lean, dark face bent above her.

"I'm not hurt," she said. She glanced shudderingly towards the tree, not two yards distant, from which the lightning, as it struck it, had ripped off every shred of bark.

Kerry made no answer. Wordlessly he gathered her into his arms and she felt his lips on hers, crushed down upon them in a passion of relief unspeakable.

[Concluded in March McCall's]



One of the loveliest modes of the new season. A distinctive "National" adaptation of a Paris motif that is very charming in the slender lines the new bellless model gives it. Notice the new Bishop sleeves, the modish Chinese neckband and the three-tiered skirt. Made of all-silk Canton Crepe.

A New Book! Brimming with the very Styles that New York Shops are showing!

If you had all the New York newspapers coming to your home every morning and watched all the daily style offerings of New York's fine stores, it is doubtful if you'd see more of the styles New York's fashionable women are wearing than you'll find in the pages of the "National" Style Book for Spring.

This wonderful book is just ready for your eyes. And it is brimming over with the styles that New York shops are showing. Since the day our style correspondence from London and Paris gave us the earliest hints of what the new Styles were to be, "National" Style Experts have been watching every new tendency.

All the New Styles!

We have been style specialists for 35 years, all of that time right here in New York, so you can imagine how easy it is for us to see the new style ideas far in advance. And we have seen *all* that are worthy—inspected hundreds of styles—and brought together in the new "National" Money-Saving Style Book for Spring what we believe you will say is the finest revue of New York's good styles that you have ever seen.

Write for your copy now!



Your "NATIONAL" BOOK of the New SPRING STYLES is READY! One copy is YOURS—Free!

We think it is the most complete showing of New York styles we have issued in all of our 35 years of business! 324 pages—profusely illustrated—many in colors, parade Fifth Avenue styles before your very eyes. Yet it is packed so full of wonderful values that every time you open it you'll SAVE money! Write for your copy!

Remember, of course, that however much or little you wish to pay, there's a "National" price that will satisfy you: Women's Coats, for instance, range from \$5.98 to \$35. Women's Silk Dresses, \$7.98 to \$25. Girls' Coats, \$3.98 to \$9.98. Men's All-wool Suits, \$13.98 to \$26.98. Shoes, \$1.00 to \$6.98. Boys' Wash and Woolen Suits, 69c to \$14.50. Girls' Dresses, \$1.00 to \$6.98. Millinery, 79c to \$6.98. Think how much you can save at "National" prices!

And you can shop so quickly, so satisfactorily, too, at the "National." For we have established two Homes of Service!—two GREAT stores: one in New York City and one in Kansas City—so that no matter where you live in the United States, you can reach us very quickly by mail. Both "National" Stores have exactly the same Style Book, exactly the same New York styles at the same Money-Saving prices.

One of the new Spring modes that is charming in its straight-lined simplicity is this new All-wool Novelty Check Suit, which will be the vogue this Spring for sport wear.



Write for
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NOW!

Know the New York styles at the opening of the season. Simply say you want Style Book 73 and it will come, without charge.

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Shopping in the "National" Money-Saving Style Book is made vastly more delightful by the fact that you can buy your whole family's wearing apparel from its pages. Everything for the children, whatever age they are. Everything for men. And all are stylish—all are wonderful VALUES, such as only "National's" long experience in buying and tremendous volume can make possible.

Every page will surprise you with the values it offers. Just try to imagine where you can match them. And remember every garment carries the "National" guarantee of "Your money back if you want it."

Why not dress your whole family at the "National"? . . . be sure of style. . . and sure, too, of wonderful savings! It is the easiest way to shop, and always a Money-Saving way!



National Cloak & Suit Co.,
New York City Kansas City Mo.



He'll relish prunes every morning if—

he gets all the taste, all the flavor that Nature has put into prunes. Everything depends on the way you prepare them.

Has your husband ever aired the opinion that "stewed prunes are stewed prunes and you can't make me believe anything else!" Well, then, surprise him! Try the recipe below, worked out in the Sunsweet kitchen by our own Domestic Science Director. Notice how quickly he notices the flavor-difference!

A breakfast dish of Sunsweet Prunes [with cream or without] is a great "set-up" for a man's

day. Prunes are Nature's own laxative—Nature's way of keeping the body sound and sick-proof. No woman can expect her husband to succeed in life unless he succeeds in health. And health depends, first of all, on regularity. Sunsweet Prunes, eaten every day, supply it!

To be sure of getting the finest prunes California produces, say "Sunsweet" to your grocer. He has them either in bulk or in the handy, sanitary 2-lb carton. And send for the Sunsweet Recipe Packet, 60 recipe-surprises! Use the coupon—it's free!

He'll say it's "a great dish" if you do this:

Wash Sunsweet Prunes—then cover with warm water and soak over night. Then heat to a simmer. Continue to cook slowly until prunes are tender. They should not be cooked long enough to break the skins. Slow cooking brings out the natural sweetness and delicious flavor of the fruit. Sugar to taste.



SUNSWEET
CALIFORNIA'S NATURE-FLAVORED
PRUNES

Mail this coupon for Recipe Packet—free!

California Prune and Apricot Growers' Association, 262 Market Street, San Jose, California

A non-profit cooperative organization of 11,000 growers

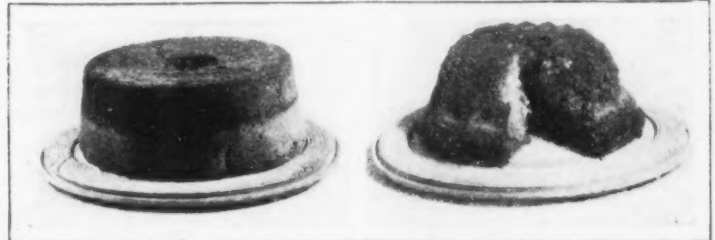
Please send me, without cost, the Sunsweet Recipe Packet.

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Address _____

Cakemaking by Magic

One Simple Recipe, with Variations,
Makes These Ten Delicious Sponge Cakes



Six eggs to a sponge cake, says the old rule which holds good here, too

But if eggs are scarce, and expensive, four will do—if you know how



Just three eggs, a little hot water, and a knack with the mixing spoon!

Only two eggs in the house and guests are expected? Make these



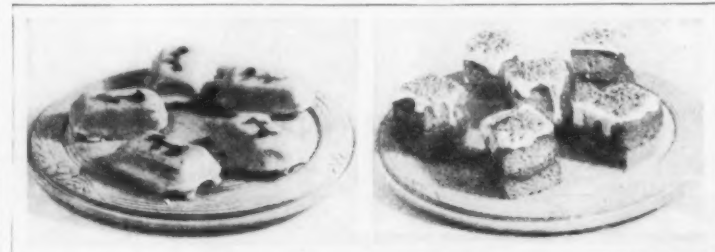
Follow the same rule as above, add some jelly, and then roll your own!

Flour needn't be always just flour; sometimes it is farina—for these



If you like the farina touch add chopped nut meats for festiveness

From the same master-recipe—sponge cakes rich with chocolate



Or, using only the egg-yolks you can make the cakes golden-yellow

For parties, what is so appetizing as mocha frosting and filling?

IT'S a poor rule which will not work ten ways! Master Recipes gives you sixteen foundation-recipes each with ten variations! There is a recipe for the cakes pictured here; one for muffins; soups; cream-sauce dishes; soufflés; sauces; cookies; ices; doughnuts; bread puddings; gelatin desserts; custards; Bavarian creams; candies and frostings. This booklet will be sent, without charge this month, to all who send name, address, and a two cent stamp to: The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



ALL of the foods in this simple home luncheon were prepared with this pure vegetable shortening from recipes furnished by Miss A. B. R., whose picture you see on this page. Miss R. is a New York cook who makes official tests of recipes for cook books. The recipe for Miss R's Orange Cake is given just below.

How this secret of more tempting foods came to 2,000,000 women

HE was a whimsical little foreigner who turned up one day years ago absorbed in an idea—a vague idea, untried and unproved. But he seemed so earnest and able, too, that we joined our resources with his time. During several years he made more than 1000 experiments under our direction.

At last our dream came true—we had originated an entirely new food ingredient—a most important contribution to American cooking.

This new ingredient was a rich, creamy shortening made from the pure, sweet oils of growing plants. Alone, it filled every shortening need—every cake making, baking and frying purpose.

Foods that tempt through the eye

Early tests by domestic science leaders, by well-known chefs and by hundreds of thousands of housekeepers revealed in Crisco unique advantages. Important among these was its ability to lend to foods an inviting, appealing appearance.

These expert, professional cooks and the housekeepers, too, noticed that, in deep frying, Crisco put a rich brown on croquettes and doughnuts. They noticed, also, that a Crisco fried egg looked as delicately delicious as a poached egg—the white unscorched around the edges—the yolk set like a full moon in an ivory circle.

Their Crisco cake layers came out of the pans whole, without any ragged little breaks to mar their beauty and with a wonderfully even texture. And Crisco pie crusts with their rich brown, even appearance added fresh laurels to many pie making reputations.

In a surprisingly short time Crisco was the chosen shortening in a million homes. Ever since women have been telling us in letters and in conversations that with Crisco foods the seeing is almost as much pleasure as the eating.

Compliments the postman brings

Some of these letters will, we believe, be as interesting to you as they are to us: An Iowa clubwoman writes: "You know, every community has its prize cake bakers and Mrs. Anderson is one of ours. Mrs. Anderson, of course, uses Crisco."

From Texas another friend writes: "My white loaf cake made with Crisco won a blue ribbon at the Southwestern Exposition held at Fort Worth in March."

A Mississippi lawyer sends a two page letter commenting on Crisco's wholesome digestibility and delicious cooking results. A New England doctor, speaking of the harmful effects of disagreeable cooking odors, says in part: "Crisco at proper frying heat does not smoke. It is, therefore, that I am obliged to prescribe its use."

A California woman tells us that on moving from the East she stored a can of Crisco with her household goods. When she finally did use the Crisco it was three years old, yet as sweet and fresh as ever.

In Cincinnati a housekeeper made some Crisco cookies in May, put part of them in the pantry and for all about them until December. The letter says, "We ate them and found them perfectly sweet and good."

After the most searching tests the domestic science department of a great western university issued a special bulletin which commended Crisco for frying, for shortening and for cake making.

2,000,000 women prefer it

You may have Crisco's help no matter where you live for grocers everywhere sell Crisco in sanitary cans of convenient size. Crisco, in fact, is the largest selling brand of shortening in America. Use Crisco, then, in all your own favorite recipes without any troublesome change of method or try it in the recipe printed on this page.

Special "Cooking Secrets" and Sample Offer:

In return for 20c (in stamps or coin) we will send you a special sample can of Crisco (containing full half pound) together with Mrs. Neil's Cooking Secrets—a cook book containing scores of helpful cooking hints and 250 tested recipes. Address Section L-2, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

MISS R'S ORANGE CAKE

2 cupfuls sugar	1 cupful Crisco
1 teaspoonful salt	1/2 cupful orange juice
1/2 cupful milk	5 eggs
4 cupfuls flour	4 teaspoonfuls baking powder

Cream the Crisco and add sugar. Cream again. Add salt and well beaten eggs. Then add the orange juice. Sift flour and baking powder together and add alternately with milk. Beat well. Bake in layers.

FILLING

1/2 cupful sugar	2 tablespoonfuls cornstarch
2/3 cupful boiling water	2 tablespoonfuls Crisco
1 egg	1/2 cupful orange juice
	1 teaspoonful lemon juice

Mix sugar and cornstarch together in saucepan. Add boiling water and cook 10 minutes. Add Crisco. Pour over well beaten egg. Beat well and add orange and lemon juice.





You wouldn't wash your hands with kitchen soap

*Yet for an hour and a half every day they are
exposed to kitchen soap in the dishpan*

Wash your hands day after day with kitchen soap?

Of course you wouldn't think of it.

Yet when you use harsh soap for your dishes your hands are exposed to the ravages of kitchen soap much longer than you spend actually washing them.

Every day it takes at least an hour and a half to do the dishes—an hour and a half your hands are in harsh soap suds!

Don't let your hands suffer any longer. Just toss Lux in your dishpan—Lux is as easy on your hands as on the fine fabrics you always use it for. Even toilet soap is no more soothing to your skin than pure Lux flakes.

Won't chap hands

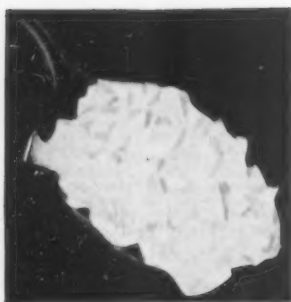
Harsh soap in your dishpan dries all the beautifying oils of your hands—oils that an all-wise nature carefully secreted just underneath the chiffon-thin outer skin. They keep your hands from getting rough and scratchy. When they are burned out by kitchen soap your hands chap and redden.

Lux helps to keep the supply of these beautifying oils constant. Even if your hands are especially sensitive, these gentle flakes won't roughen or redden them. Lux rids your hands for good of that in-the-dishpan look.

One teaspoonful for quick, rich suds

All you need to a dishpan is one teaspoonful of Lux. One teaspoonful for the breakfast or lunch dishes; for the dinner dishes, perhaps you will need two teaspoonfuls. It seems incredible that a single teaspoonful will go so far—but just try it.

Keep a package of Lux handy on your kitchen shelf. There's a big new package now as well as the regular size. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



*Just one teaspoonful
to a dishpan gives
a good rich suds*

"Does not injure hands or fingernails"

"I am glad to let others know how wonderful Lux is for washing dishes. You have only to use such a small amount that it is cheaper and better than other soaps or powders, and does not injure the hands and fingernails. Give me Lux for washing dishes!"

Mrs. L. W. B., Buffalo, N. Y.

RID YOUR HANDS OF THAT IN-THE-DISHPAN-LOOK

The Money Monster

[Continued from page 9]

"Guess we'll save him yet," he said. The boat tilted perilously as he hoisted the poor little limp body into it. The stranger, a man in a rough shirt open at the neck, proceeded to do the most amazing things, turning Billy to lie on his face in the bottom of the boat and kneeling over him, while with his two hands he pressed his back and sides with a rhythmic motion.

"He'll be all right," said the stranger, "but we must get him back quick."

"We can't get back," said Betty.

"We've lost our paddle."

"That so?" he said. "Well, it can't have drifted very far."

"You won't let the monster that lives in the rushes get you, will you?"

He gave her his quizzical look again, then bent to remove his shoes. "You needn't be nervous on my account, little Queen Bess," he said. "I can turn myself into a monster in two seconds if I try."

Then she knew that he must be a magician indeed, one of those wonderful creatures who figured in fairy-tales.

"Can you get everything you want?"

He straightened himself, smiling. "Not always, madam," he said. "Only on certain nights of the year—when there chances to be a blue moon." Then he slipped like a fish into the water.

At last there came a splash and the sound of the magician's voice. "It's all right. I've got the paddle."

He lost no time in getting the punt free from the weeds, and soon, to Betty's unbounded admiration, he had her well on the homeward route. The twilight was falling, and under the trees it was very dark. As they neared the shore a voice was heard calling, "Betty! Billy!"

The voice was clear and very sweet. "That's Mother!" said Billy.

The magician paused in his paddling and made an odd sound in his throat.

But the boat slid on toward the bank as Betty's shrill voice piped in reply. "We're here, Auntie Marguerite. Billy's tumbled in, but we've got him out."

A slender, white-robed figure came from beneath the trees and stood upon the bank. "Oh, my dears! What ever have you been up to?"

The punt floated in. The magician got up and leaped ashore. Betty carried on an uncensured flow of excited talk, but Marguerite scarcely heard her or saw the stranger to whom she owed so much. All her thoughts were concentrated upon Billy, with his drenched clothes and white, pinched face. She clasped him to her with a closeness that even he found surprising, and when she let him go, the stranger had gone.

WITHIN two days all the wedding-guests had departed, with the exception of Betty.

"Now we shall have some fun!" she said to Billy. "I'm going to find the magician what pulled you out of the lake."

Early in the afternoon they went down to the lake, walked all round it, and met no one. They finished their circuit close to the boat, and Betty went to the edge and gazed in.

"Why, whatever is this?" she said. Billy hastened to follow her, and found her gazing at a folded scrap of paper which was ingeniously pinned to the old cushion in the stern by means of a split twig. It was a page torn from a pocket-book, and contained the following words scrawled in pencil: "If Sir Billy Buckler should be passing The Woodman's Axe at 2:30 this afternoon he may meet a certain vagabond who would greatly like to renew acquaintances with him."

That was all. Billy spelt it out with difficulty. "Come on!" he said.

It was already nearing the specified hour, and The Woodman's Axe was some little distance away. They ran through the lodge-gates and out upon the road to the village, but ere they came within sight of its swinging sign, the sound of a piercing whistle arrested them and they turned towards the rail-

ing that bounded the woodland of the Square Towers park.

He was seated on a fallen tree working busily with a large clasp-knife at a small block of wood that he had cut from one of its branches.

They scrambled through the railing and reached him, breathless. "What ever are you doing?" asked Betty.

"Making a boat for you," he said.

"Then you knew I was coming!" she said triumphantly. "Aren't you afraid the keeper might turn you off?"

"I guess I could square the biggest keeper in England if I gave my mind to it," said the magician.

"I know," said Billy, sudden light breaking upon him. "You'd give him money. You've got lots."

THE magician's keen eyes rested upon him for a moment or two. "You're a bright lad, son," he said. "But I'm a poor man all the same."

"Oh, well," said Billy, "you needn't bother to square Wilson because you can go wherever you like in our grounds, and you can tell him I say so."

"That's real good of you, Sir Billy," said the magician.

"Why do you talk so funnily?" here demanded Betty. "Are you a foreigner?"

He shook his head. "We usually call ourselves Americans, Queen Bess."

"And are they all like you?" questioned Betty, earnestly watching the brown fingers. "Magicians, I mean?"

"Well, in some ways. They're mighty smart on the whole. If they want a thing, they never rest till they get it."

"I shall want a husband when I'm grown up," said Betty.

His smile broadened. "Well, I guess there's plenty of time for that," he said.

"But I know someone who wants one now," said Betty importantly.

Billy looked at her sharply. "You don't!"

"I do!" she declared. "When I told her that if she saw a blue moon p'raps she'd get a new husband, she said what fun it would be. And then she sighed and I knew she wasn't happy. You were in bed, Billy. It was the night you tumbled into the lake."

"I want a good straight piece of stick for a mast," said the magician. "Can I have that?" Betty's attention was instantly diverted. She sprang up to fulfill his behest. But the boy remained seated on the fallen tree, his small chin firmly set, his eyes fixed and thoughtful.

"So your mother's a widow!" said the magician.

Billy nodded. "My father was killed in the War. It's ages ago. I can't remember him. He was Sir Leo Buckler, but only for three months."

"And your mother?"

"My mother is partly French. Her father lost all his money and died. Her mother and sisters died too, and she was left alone. She was my grandmother's lady's-maid till she married my father. But she was a lady herself—much more a lady than Aunt Christabel or Aunt Ivy." Billy spoke with grave conviction.

"And she was left alone with you?"

"Yes. My grandmother was living here, too. She died two years ago. We've been quite alone since then," said Billy. "It's all right for her now, but I'm going to school soon. I think she'll be rather lonely then."

"I see," said the magician. "Then you're in favor of the new husband?"

Billy colored a little. "She wouldn't want him in the holidays, would she?" he asked rather wistfully.

"I see," said the magician again. "It's a part-time husband you want for her. Have you got anyone in your mind?" pursued the magician.

"Oh no! Everybody I know is married!" said Billy.

"I'm not," said the magician. "You!" The boy's eyes widened.

"Afraid I wouldn't do?"

Billy's eyes rested for a few moments upon his attire and then were dis-

creetly lowered. "Yes, that's so," agreed the magician humorously. "But—vagabond as I am—I look quite different when I'm dressed in my best."

The boy's eyes contemplated him again very seriously. "Well," he said at length, "I'd as soon she married you as anyone."

"Thank you, son," said the magician, and abruptly stretched out his hand.

Billy gave his own without an instant's hesitation. "But I'm not at all sure she wants to be married," he said. "I wonder if being married to my father made her happy."

The magician made an odd movement as if something had pricked him, and returned to his work upon the boat somewhat abruptly. "It's being in love that does it, Billy," he said after a moment. "If two people love each other, well, I guess there's no happiness on earth like it."

"I see," said Billy. "But you've never met her yet."

"I saw her," said the magician, "under the trees—the night you tumbled into the lake." He spoke very quietly, with the reverence of one who speaks of holy things.

Billy gazed at him wonderingly. "And you fell in love with her?"

The magician's eyes came suddenly to his—dark eyes, very intent, very piercing. "Yes," he said simply. "I fell in love with her. But that is between you and me, Billy."

"Yes, of course," said Billy, and proudly closed his firm young mouth upon the words. From somewhere behind them Betty's voice made itself heard, announcing her approach.

"I couldn't find a stick," she said. "Please will you help me get one?"

PANTING and heated, she wedged herself between them. "What have you been talking about? Have you been telling Billy a story?"

"Oh no," said the magician. "But I'll tell you one, if you like—all about a fairy princess who was rather like that blue butterfly you see over there. There are several of them about, and they're all fairies. They came here the last time the moon was blue, slid down a moonbeam and got left behind. Who wouldn't love to live in a place like this?" He looked about him appreciatively. "Why, I'd pitch a tent here myself if I could."

"Why can't you?" said Billy. "Because it would be trespassing," said the magician.

"Oh no, it wouldn't." Very earnestly Billy reassured him. "You couldn't trespass here, because, you see, it belongs to me, and you're a friend of mine. I'll speak to Wilson."

"Then I'll come," said the magician.

"What fun!" said Betty ardently. "And we'll come and see you every day. Now go on about the butterfly!"

"Oh, it's years ago now," said the magician. "There was once a baby called Raff, and when he was born a fairy came and waved her wand over him and said: 'Money I give and also brain. But when you love, you will love in vain.'"

"Well, the baby grew up. And he had everything he wanted. He was smart; and he got richer and richer and richer. When he was quite young, he had dreams of doing fine things, and he trained for a doctor. But the money craze got hold of him. He never bothered to think about the unlucky ones, until one day he was out riding in a lonely place and he found a man dying by the wayside from a fall from his horse. And this man told him before he died that he had lost all his money in a gold-field venture that he had thought was safe because Raff, who was always lucky, had been in it too. But then Raff had seen that it wasn't a safe thing and had made his bit of gain and backed out before it failed for want of funds—that's money, Queen Bess. And he hated Raff be—

[Turn to page 46]



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FAIRY SOAP

The Money Monster

[Continued from page 45]

cause he thought it was all his fault. He regarded him as a sort of money monster living on the bad luck of others.

"Well, the poor man died, but he left behind him a little daughter that he loved very much. And she was working—like Cinderella—in a big house rather like Square Towers. And as soon as Raff heard about her, he made up his mind to go and find her and make up all the money that her father had lost, and give it back to her. When he found her, he discovered that she, too, hated the money monster, so he called himself by another name and pretended he was someone else."

"But didn't she find out?"

"Not at first. Not for quite a long time. And he—when he had seen her once, he never wanted to lose sight of her again. She was like a fairy princess, and he worshiped her."

Betty's eyes grew round and shining. "And did she love him?" she demanded. "She began to—yes, she began to." The magician spoke like a man in a dream. "But you can't deceive a fairy for long, and one day she found out."

"She sent him away, and married a prince instead. It served him right, of course. You can't have everything, you know."

"What did he do then?" said Betty.

"He didn't do anything for a bit—just wandered about. And then a year or two after, everybody started fighting, and he took up doctoring again, and went to help, hoping that might break the spell."

"And did it break the spell?"

His dark eyes came out of the distance and looked into hers. "I don't know, Queen Bess," he said. "Do you think you could ever have forgiven the poor old money monster and married him after that?"

"But the princess couldn't marry him, she was married already!"

"Oh, the prince died. I forget to tell you that. He died before the money monster came back from war."

"Oh, that's all right," said Betty comfortably. "Then of course she married him."

"Do you think she'd marry him, son?" The magician turned unexpectedly to the boy.

Billy's eyes met his very gravely. "I don't know," he said. "But I'd have asked her to—if I'd been Raff." At which the magician laid a kindly hand upon his shoulder and laughed.

SUDDENLY Billy remembered something. "Betty," he said. "Major Charters is coming tonight!"

"Is he a great friend?" asked the magician.

"No, I don't think so," said Billy, frowning slightly. "He comes about twice a year, and they talk over business things."

"He's a horrid man," said Betty.

"Why don't you like him?" inquired the magician.

"I don't like his face," said Betty. "I shan't go and talk to him."

"But I promised," said Billy.

"That's so, son. You ought to go." The magician spoke with decision. "It's late as it is, and I am going back too."

"You're staying at The Woodman's Axe?" asked Billy.

"For the present, yes. Are you coming to see me?"

"But we don't know your name."

"My name," said the magician, with a smile on his dark, smooth-shaven face, "is Peter Money."

He shook hands gravely with Billy. The two children ran off together through the darkening woods.

Billy found his mother and Major Charters together in the drawing room. "Oh, Billy dear! So you're back! It's very late. Have you had your tea?"

He stood still on the threshold. "No, Mother. I haven't had tea. You know you said I might have it with you."

Then Major Charters spoke. He was a man with a good deal of conscious

strength about him, but he seldom raised his voice when speaking.

"Even you could hardly expect your mother to wait over an hour for the privilege of having tea with you," he said. "How do you do, Billy? Come in and give an account of yourself!"

Billy advanced with obvious reluctance.

"I have been sailing a boat," said Billy, "on the lake."

Charters laughed a little. "I should have thought you would have had enough of the lake. Didn't your mother forbid you to go there again?"

"No!" said Billy, and his face flamed red in sudden indignation. "If she had, I wouldn't have gone."

The hand that grasped his arm tightened somewhat. "Oh, virtuous young knight! So you always obey orders, do you?" said the quiet, sneering voice.

"I always obey my mother," said Billy. And then to his immense relief his mother turned round. Her sweet face was paler than usual and her eyes had a troubled look.

BILLY faced her in his square, honest fashion. "Yes, I did get into the boat, Mother; but I didn't undo it. That wasn't the boat we sailed. It was a toy boat, and Peter Money was with us, so it was quite all right."

"Who is Peter Money?" said Marguerite.

"He is a very nice man," said Billy. "He is the man who saved me."

"Ah!" said Marguerite quickly. "Where is he?"

"He didn't come back with us," said Billy. "He said he didn't want any money for saving me."

"Sounds as if he's made of it," said Charters.

"No, he isn't," said Billy. "He says he is a poor man, and I think he is—by the way he dresses. He is lodging at The Woodman's Axe, but he is going to pitch a tent in the park and live there. I told him he might."

"You told him!" said Charters.

"Yes," Billy's face was still red. He spoke more quickly than was his wont. Somehow the calm, cynical attitude of this man always made him feel on the defensive. "I knew you wouldn't mind, Mother; and the park is yours and mine."

"Well," said Charters, "if he does come, I'm afraid you won't be here to see, young man. We are going to pack you off to school."

Billy gave a great start. It had been so often mentioned, but never so definitely as this. Almost unconsciously he pressed a little nearer to his mother's side. "Not—not yet, Mother?" he said.

"Very soon, my darling," she said.

And Charters laughed his scoffing laugh. "You're too much of a mother's boy," he said. "You'll have to rough it and learn to be a man."

Again Billy was aware of the closer pressure of his mother's arm. He turned to her in his direct fashion.

"Mother, what shall you do? Shall you stay here by yourself?"

"I don't know, dear," she answered. "I haven't decided."

She spoke with an odd little catch of the breath. Charters got up abruptly and went to the open window. He paused upon the threshold. "I think you have," he said.

A sharp shiver went through Marguerite. "No, no! Not yet!" she said.

He raised his shoulders slightly and passed out without further words. They heard the deliberate tread of his feet as he descended the steps. Then Billy awoke to the fact that his mother was clinging to him with an almost desperate hold. He turned after a few seconds to look into her face. Marguerite spoke at last, her voice very low. "Billy, I've got something to tell you, dear; and I don't know quite how."

He braced himself, almost as if she had cried to him for help. [Turn to page 48]

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The Money Monster

[Continued from page 46]

"It's this, darling," Marguerite sat up and took both the small brown hands into hers. "The business—the great cotton business that your grandfather built up—has been going down for some time, and now it has sunk so low that unless something is done very quickly to make it float again, it will go down altogether. All my money went into it two years ago, but it only staved things off for a time. Then the company was formed, and we thought it was going to pick up and be all right. But Major Charters has just been telling me the labor troubles and taxation have dragged it down, and they will either have to form another company or fail completely. And that—that means ruin, Billy. We should have to—have to—sell Square Towers."

"Mother! But if they could make another company, why don't they?" "Ah!" Again that hard shiver caught Marguerite. "That is just it, my darling. Unless someone very influential took it up—someone like Major Charters for instance—they couldn't. People wouldn't put their money into it. They'd be afraid."

"But Mother, we've got money!" "My darling, our money is all wrapped up in Square Towers. There wouldn't be enough to save the business and pay the taxes too."

"But, Mother, if Major Charters knows how to do it, why doesn't he?"

"That's just it," Marguerite said again. "He probably could do it, but it would be a great risk. And men like Major Charters don't take risks for nothing."

"But we should pay him."

"Yes. We should pay him."

He gave her a swift look. "Then why—Mother, what is it? Why do you look like that?"

She put both her arms around him and held him to her heart. "Billy, my darling, I know you always trust me to do what is best. I have a big problem to face. No, you won't know what that means, but never mind! It is you I am thinking of all the time. And if I do a thing which seems strange to you—a thing which I don't think you will like—will you go on trusting me, my Billy, all the same?"

Some odd suspicion stirred within him. "Does he want to marry you, Mother?" The words came breathlessly.

"He has wanted to for some time."

"But, Mother—are you in love with him?"

She looked at him oddly. "What makes you ask me that, Billy?"

"Oh, because it matters such a lot," he made earnest reply. "It's the way people live happy ever after. Peter says so."

"Peter seems to be a wise man," said Marguerite, with a sigh.

"He is; he's a very nice man too, the sort to go to in trouble."

"Ah!" Marguerite said. "He has been a good friend to you, my Billy, but, better run and have your tea now. I'll come and kiss you when you're in bed."

There fell a step at the open window, and Marguerite turned with an almost guilty start. He stood on the threshold—a fine figure of manhood—and looked in upon her. "What! Alone! Why didn't you come out to me?"

She stood up, slim and dainty, and faced him. "I don't think we will go into that garden, Major Charters," she said. "Let us walk on the terrace!"

HE opened the door. His eyes held hers, merciless eyes, gray with the grayness of a bleak day. She stood before him, upright, fearless, resolute.

"Shall we go?" she said, and this time her tone was almost a command.

The man made a curious gesture. "Whatever you wish—of course! But remember, Marguerite, there are limits to everything. Even my patience may be tried too far."

Her brown eyes flashed in instant response. "And what of mine?"

He raised his brows in amazement, and, regarding her, his look changed. A fiery gleam dispelled its bleakness. "You are marvelously young!" he said.

She answered him with spirit. "Young enough to value my freedom."

"We are all in bondage to something," he said. "You—hitherto you have been a mere slave, though you haven't realized it, to that boy."

She flinched sharply. "Don't talk to me of Billy! We are just a part of each other. Whatever happens, I could not be less to him than I am now."

"But you will be less," he said. "You are bound to be less—as soon as he goes to school."

"At that time you will have to fill in the blank spaces somehow. Besides, how would you live?"

"I have worked for my living before now," said Marguerite with pride.

"But you were glad enough to end it. Would you go back to that? And how would you support the boy?"

She pressed her hand to her bosom. "I know—I know. That is the cruel part of it. If it weren't for that—"

"Yes," he said. "But there is always something. Life is just a choice of evils—of various forms of slavery." He smiled cynically. "There is no such thing as freedom."

She looked at him. "Not for women."

"Nor for a man either," said Charters, "when he meets his fate." His eyes gleamed again, and suddenly his hand grasped her shoulder, closely, possessively.

"My dear Marguerite, don't you realize yet—that you have met your fate?"

She stood motionless in his hold, breathing quickly.

"You are making it so infernally hard for yourself," he said. "I hate to feel you bruising yourself against me, and yet I can't let you go."

He began to draw her towards him, almost as if he thought he had won his case. But in a moment her passivity passed. She resisted him.

"Ah, no!" she said. "I can't give in—like that! If it were for myself alone, I would never give in at all. Don't you understand? I don't love you, Major Charters. It—it isn't in me to love you."

He caught at the words. "My dear, I know that. You didn't love poor old Leo either. Yet you married him."

She winced at that, catching her breath. "That's an old story. I was in a fashion driven to that. I did it to save his life when he was almost at the point of death."

I KNOW that," he said again. "He knew it too. Love comes sometimes when you least expect it, and I am willing to take my chance. It must be in you to love someone."

"Oh!" Marguerite's voice was quick with pain.

"What! There is some lucky fellow for whose sake no one else counts?"

"Don't! That—that is ungenerous."

His look softened again. "But I want to understand," he said. "If there is someone else—"

"There is no one else." She spoke passionately. "I had a dream once, it is true. Every woman has her dream—some time. And then she wakes, and there is nothing left."

At length, under her breath, she spoke again. "I can't promise anything now, I must be free for another whole month. I can't tell you why. I must be, that's all. If, by that time, you still want to marry me,"—she turned towards him and met his look unflinchingly,— "I will accept or refuse you then."

"And"—he spoke with equal steadiness, holding his ground—"under what conditions do you anticipate that you may decide to refuse me?"

She withdrew herself finally from his touch. "Only if the moon is blue," she said, and ended with a sigh.

[Continued in March McCALL'S]



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9 ft. x 9 ft. 13.50	rugs are made in other designs to	3 ft. x 4½ ft. 1.95
9 ft. x 10½ ft. 15.75	harmonize with them.	3 ft. x 6 ft. 2.50
9 ft. x 12 ft. 18.00		

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

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"It's the 20 Mule Team Borax, my dear, with the soap and water that makes the clothes really white and actually hygienically clean. I would never think of using soap and water without 20 Mule Team Borax to wash or cleanse anything."

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PACIFIC COAST BORAX COMPANY 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK

20 MULE TEAM BORAX



Lady Clara Vere de Vere

[Continued from page 11]

"Is that all?"

"Oh—cleaned out the horse tent."

"I saw the Peel circus two months ago." The boy took his hands off the fence rail quickly. Then he put them back and grinned.

"Good show wasn't it?"

"It was all right."

The boy slouched into conversational ease. "Well, there was just this about that there show: we have some o'the best lookin' girls in the profesh. Now there was Adrienne o'the snakes, and at every stop, the town sports were crazy about Mad Molly, the show's head rider."

"Yes. I remember them both."

"Stuck on 'em?"

"Not at all."

"S'that so! Why not? They was considered some girls."

"I don't care for girls."

"What's that! Oh, my eye! He don't care for girls! Mister, if your mouth tells facts, your eyes and the rest o'you lies. Not like girls! You can't sleep nights for thinkin' o'them!" The laugh was big and gay. "Don't like girls!" went on Tim with satisfaction. "Wonder why. Mebbe you never knew any but scrubs."

"I have known all kinds."

"S'that so? An' they don't suit you?"

"They do not. There are no women worth a thought. They can't help it. They are made that way. They don't know how to be honest, or how to tell the truth—" he stopped under the listener's broad smile.

"Got strung by one o'them, didn't you?"

HOWE laughed unwillingly. "Well, if I have, it's the usual history. I say they are all rotten." He knew he was talking too much but he went on, "They all lie."

"S'that so! Reckon some partic'lar girl stood y'up. Guess she was pretty common stuff."

"You have never see a woman like her! I'll tell you, kid," he said, trying to speak lightly. "I know them all. She—this one—I knew in the East. Women there are different from those you know . . . cultivated, different."

"S'that so?"

"I believed what she said."

"Then she 'stood me up' because I hadn't quite the money she expected. Or perhaps she never meant it at all: just played me for something to do."

"Some o'the Lady Clara Vere de Vere game," said the boy.

Howe laughed. The words took him off his sentimental rack. "How do you know anything about Lady Clara Vere de Vere?"

"From Pop Murphy." Tim smiled genially and shook his head at Howe's proffer of tobacco. "Pop was elephant man. He sure was chock full o'po'try. He'd reel it off by the hour, if we'd listen. Lady Clara was the best o'the lot."

"You liked it?"

"Sure. We all did. Molly—" he slanted a look. "Molly, the bare back rider, you know, she was s'took with it, she thought o'changin' her name on the bills t' Lady Clara Vere de Vere," for class, you see. The boss objected: said it took too much printin' ink. "Mad Molly" was just as good and shorter. "As a rule the chief lady does as she pleases with the boss," said Howe with a sneer.

"Where'd you get that stuff?" Tim was suddenly fierce. "You ain't got no right to say that, when you don't know. I could tell you somethin' if I wanted to. But I don't want." He ended sharply. He turned his back and walked away, along the line of fence, hat in hand, his shoulders square, his slim young body indignantly erect.

The auction at Willow Creek was a brilliant success socially if not financially. Howe frowned as he totalled the day's proceeds: it would take longer

than he had planned, unless sales went more quickly. The second town did not register any startling success either. He had to herd the horses at the third town, as there was no corral for them. Steve and Tim went on for first watch. Howe hollowed a spot in the ground for his hips to rest, spread his blanket and lay down. At midnight he would take Tim's place. He heard the boy talking with Steve: heard him laugh—his own special, mirth-compelling laugh. Howe smiled at it, as he lay. Tim called him at midnight and before Howe had started away, the boy had flung himself down and rolled his blanket around him. An arm shielded his face, as a child sleeps. He was still asleep when Howe came back at sun-up. Tim lay then with outstretched arms and a first sun-ray struck full across his smooth-skinned, unlined face where lashes curled upon his cheeks. Howe smiled at the unconscious figure: somehow, Tim had given him several smiles since he had known him.

THE boy rolled over from the light. "Yes . . . Molly . . ." he said, and then was broad awake, sitting up under Howe's gaze, instantly awake. Howe thought about the words that had been spoken unconsciously. The lure of a woman again: that boy, wholesome, too young for twenty, was speaking in his sleep to a woman. Well, he had commenced early! Too bad! Too bad!

It was more than burning hot all that day. The horses slanted themselves into positions of endurance: head down, tails flat, standing quiet, too dulled with heat for even the unending search for a bit of growth that had juice in it. Some clumps of high mesquite made shade close to the fence and Tim had lounged there, changing position as the shade journeyed. Howe dropped down beside him.

"By the way, there are some people in town from your stranded circus."

Tim raised his head. His eyes were bluer; their gaze direct. "Guess I can worry along without 'em."

"A man and a woman," continued Howe. "I wondered if by any chance it might be your friend Molly."

"Molly!"

"Fate plays tricks you know. It might be. You are particularly fond of her, I take it."

"Oh, you've took it, have you?" There was a different set to Tim's mouth: his under lip asserted itself. Howe went on, "Molly was the rider, wasn't she?"

"Yes."

"I think I remember her: big girl; not very good-looking." Silence.

"She could ride. But that was all. In other ways she was just ordinary."

"S'that so?"

Howe changed his position to overtake the shade. He wanted to give the boy a hint about the woman to whom he spoke in his sleep, so he went on, "It's a horrible life for a woman. It panders to her nature. It hurries her tendencies along."

"As how?"

"It makes her lie quicker; makes a leech of her quicker; drags off the first bit of decency she might have." Silence. "She begins with decency but, take my word for it, it doesn't last long."

"We ain't agreein' on that."

"But you don't know. You are too young. Now this Molly—"

"Just lay off that, will y'." Molly's did the best she could.

Howe sniffed. "So say they all," he taunted.

"You ain't fair. You jump on all women 'cause you picked a loser yourself. Your Lady Clara Vere de Vere stuff don't stick to all women."

Howe laughed disagreeably. Tim's face flushed; his eyes were dark; he put on his hat and jammed it down. "There was five women in that there show and four o'them was all right. Some proportion! I know [Turn to page 72]



"—then my Dentist smiled
and said, 'Use Colgate's'

"AFTER Dr. Stephens had cleaned my teeth, he held the mirror for me to see how white and pretty they were. They looked so nice and clean.

"My!", I exclaimed, 'I wish I could keep them that way.'

"Then my Dentist smiled and said, 'Use Colgate's'."

* * *

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Colgate's is the safe, double-action dentifrice. Its specially prepared non-gritty chalk loosens clinging food particles; its pure vegetable-oil soap gently washes them away.

Because Colgate's cleans teeth the right way, it is recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice.*

Colgate's is on sale everywhere. Large tube, 25c.

*A Dentist recently wrote: "There are no 'cure-alls' in dentifrices. They are only cleansing agents performing the same function in the oral cavity that soap and water do for the hands. I heartily endorse Colgate's as one of the very best in the market."
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If Your Wisdom Teeth Could Talk,
They'd Say, "Use Colgate's"

Where Was I To Get the Money?

—and then Emma Broach told me about her "Magic Purse Filler"—an ideal way to earn extra money each week without having to step out of the house.

HOW we were going to manage was worrying me almost sick—I hadn't anything new for so long that I was getting ashamed to go anywhere. And I wanted things for the house—new curtains and a long list of other items.

Everett's teeth needed attention. So did mine. And there were some bills six months overdue.

But where was the money to come from?

We were paying for a home. That and the butcher's and grocer's bills and other necessary expenses took every cent almost as fast as Everett could earn it. No matter how we skipped and squeezed and went without, there was never anything left over.

"If I could earn some extra money!" I kept thinking. But it seemed like wishing for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Nearly every day I had my work all done by one or two o'clock or a little after. Often I was through by 10 or 11 in the morning. It seemed a shame to let all that spare time go to waste when I needed money so badly.

But what could I do?

I couldn't neglect the meals or the housework—so a place in a store or office or any other work requiring regular hours was out of the question. Except for plain mending, I couldn't see. I knew I was not cut out for canvassing or selling—and besides I was too sensitive about what the neighbors would say to try anything so public. Back my brain as I would, there seemed nothing else left.

A Lot of New Things

One afternoon last Spring when I was feeling blue and discouraged, Emma Broach came over. We had been friends since our school days. But we now lived so far apart that it was often a long time between visits.

Of course I was glad to see her. But I must confess that in a way she made me feel more blue and discouraged than ever. From head to toe everything she had on was new—she looked as if she had just stepped out of a fashion plate. I couldn't help envying her.

When she mentioned a little trip she had taken the week before, and some new furniture she had just ordered for her living room, my envy doubled. I knew her husband didn't make any more than Everett. I wondered how she did it. Finally I blurted right out and asked her.

I Was All Ears

"Really, Helene," she answered, "I have bought so many things in the past few months that I know people must think some rich relative has left us all his money. But it's even better than that. I call it my 'Magic Purse Filler'."

"Helene," she went on, "I've found the ideal way to earn money at home—in spare time. It's so easy and interesting that it doesn't seem like work at all."

I was all ears—maybe Emma's "Magic Purse Filler" would solve my troubles, too.

"You know how popular wool hose have become," she continued, "even in summer—for golf, tennis and other sports. And in winter everybody wants them. That's the secret of all my new things—I earn them by knitting hose."

"Oh, no!" Emma explained, in answer to my question. "Not by hand. I knit them on a wonderful little hand-knitting machine—my 'Magic Purse Filler.' I can knit a pair in so short a time. And I get five pay for every pair I make."

Emma Tells the Way

"But who pays you?" I asked. "And how did you get started?" "There is a concern in Rochester, New York," Emma answered, "that wants all the home-knit hose it can get—to supply to stores. You know how nearly everybody thinks genuine home-knit goods are so much better than the factory kind. It's the Home Profit Hosiery Company. You get the knitter from them. They show you how to use it—how to knit hose, sweaters and many other articles. They also furnish free yarn—it doesn't cost you a penny. You do the knitting entirely at your own convenience—sit down to the machine just whenever you feel like it. Then, as fast as you finish a dozen or more pairs, you send them to the Home Profit Hosiery Company and they send you a check. It's the easiest way to earn extra money I have ever heard of."

If Emma could do it, why couldn't I? She had a booklet with her that told all about the plan. I eagerly read every word of it, and then immediately sent for a machine.

With the machine came a book of instructions that made everything simple and clear. After a little practice—simply following directions carefully—I quickly got the knack of it and have been doing fine ever since.

My First Check

The first week—just sitting down at the machine whenever I had nothing else to do—I knit four dozen pairs. A few days later I received my first check—and how happy and proud I was. Since then the postman has brought me dozens of such checks, many of

them for much larger amounts; but none has ever given me such a thrill as that first one did—for it meant that at last I had found the way to keep my pocket book filled instead of empty—a way to end all the old skimping and worrying and doing without.

Operating the Home Profit Knitter looked so easy that Everett tried his hand. Now, many an evening he fills his pipe and sits down at the Knitter and knits two or three or a half dozen pairs of hose before going to bed—says he would rather do it than read.

Before long I had all the back bills paid up and enough money to blossom out in new clothes. Also for the first time in my life I now have a little money in the bank—all my own. And the amount is steadily growing larger each month.

It's really surprising what a difference a little extra money can make. More than once I have earned enough in a single week to pay for a nice new dress. The biggest check I ever received in all my life came one week when Everett helped me every evening. Everett said last night maybe we would be quit his job as a painter and give all his time to knitting hose—and perhaps there's more truth in his remark than he realized.

Mrs. Helene Humberg, 261 Wyckoff Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Note—Mrs. Humberg's signed statement as to the facts printed here is on file in our office. In a recent letter she says that since telling of this experience they have earned enough extra money to start building a home.

Helping Hundreds of Others

All over America, the Home Profit Knitter is helping girls and women (and men, too) to turn their spare time into money—helping people get out of debt—helping them pay for homes—helping them dress better—helping them buy new furniture and pianos and phonographs—helping them provide for trips and vacations and other pleasures—helping them to lay up money to send their boys and girls to college—helping them build bank accounts—helping them buy cars—helping them get more comfort, more enjoyment and more self-respect out of life.

Knitting socks on the Home Profit Knitter is easy, rapid, profitable and pleasant. You can also knit sweaters, golf stockings, ladies' stockings or children's stockings, and many other articles. All you have to do is to follow the simple instructions.

You can send all your work to the Home Profit Hosiery Company and get good pay for it—all on a guaranteed basis—or you can buy your yarn and sell the finished work direct to friends and neighbors and local stores just as you choose. Either way you can earn an extra \$5 to \$15 (some do even better) every week the year round—the amount depending on how much time you give to the work.

If your regular income is not enough—if there are things you want or need—why not at least write to the Home Profit Hosiery Company and get full information? Through their simple and guaranteed plan you can easily bring an end to your worries about money—and without having to step out of the house. Use this coupon. You should do it right away—it may make a difference of hundreds of dollars a year to you.

Home Profit Hosiery Co., Inc.
Dept. 307, 872 Hudson Ave.
Rochester, New York

Home Profit Hosiery Co., Inc.,
Dept. 307, 872 Hudson Ave.,
Rochester, N. Y.

Send me full information about making money at home in my spare time with the Home Profit Knitter. I am enclosing 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, and I understand that I am not obligated in any way.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
Write Name and Address Plainly.

The Eternal Youth of Thebes

[Continued from page 12]

perhaps because by Tutankhamon's century Egypt had become a melting pot for numerous Asiatic, African, and Mediterranean races. Yet they always remained conservative in religion and politics. Furthermore they were inordinately fond of good food and wine, fastidious in dress and personal cleanliness, extremely social with their friends, lovers of outdoor sports, affectionate in family life, deferential to women, admirers of great size in buildings and cities, unworshipful by nature yet somehow always at war, patrons of medical and dental science—the list might be long drawn out.

The Egyptians had a holiday custom which well illustrated their flippant, insouciant nature. At the time of festivals it was a favorite diversion for a group of friends to charter a sailboat on the Nile, load themselves and their families aboard, together with plenty of cold roast goose and well-filled jars of beer and wine, and float down the river on a grand outing. As they drifted past bank villages they diverted themselves by shouting jibes and laugh-provoking insults at the natives, an amusement that today in another country than theirs is called kidding the Hicks. The latter gave back as good as they received, and if words were not hard enough they used clubs. No doubt the merry-makers afloat got well heated with drink before night, for some of these excursions ended in bloody rows with the river folk.

It is with people who went on picnics and family rides and killed time by drawing funny pictures that we must populate Thebes if we are to know that city as it was familiar to Tutankhamon. We are safe in giving it a population of 100,000, and it may have been much bigger. Thebes of the magnificent century which Tutankhamon tasted was the great metropolis of the world, the center of art, of learning, of luxury, and of political power, the heart and brain of an empire extending from the Euphrates to the headwaters of the Nile.

The quays along both banks of the river were crowded with traffic, for here converged much of the world's commerce. Jostling among the innumerable Nile boats and the great transports of the Pharaoh or the temples were Phoenician galleys, Cretan barks, with their gorgeous sails, and triremes from Mycenae. These brought a great import freight of timber, tapestries, Syrian chariots, the famous beer of Kede, spices and fabrics, weapons, damascened bronzes, the magnificent pottery of Crete, and countless other

commodities; and they carried away with them linen cloth, earthenware, and food. On the southern limits of this activity were moored the great barges that brought the building stone down the Nile from Assuan, any one of them capable of floating a monolith weighing a thousand tons. Gangs of slaves towed these vessels up the Nile during the time of low water, and they floated back on the inundations so as to deliver their cargoes at the very doors of the temples.

On the eastern bank of the river, which was uplifted above the highest inundations, stood the main part of the city—the business section, the quarters of tradesmen and artisans, the town houses of the upper classes, and, at the northern edge of the city, the great temple of Karnak, already by Tutankhamon's time a tremendous structure, but which future Pharaohs were to make the grandest building in the world.

In a secluded valley, three or four miles back in the labyrinth of chasms, the emperors of Tutankhamon's dynasty had chosen their necropolis. Seven monarchs had already been laid to rest there, and Tutankhamon was soon to follow them. The Egyptians almost always selected the western desert for their tombs. Sun worshippers, they saw their god die each night in the west, and so in that direction seemed to lie the realm of the departed. They regarded the tomb as the portal to that land.

Originally the whole western bank at Thebes had been given over to the burial and worship of the dead. The mortuary temples of several of Tutankhamon's predecessors already stood there along the foot of the mountain. Some years earlier, however, it had become the fashion for the ruling monarchs to build their palaces in that fair valley, and the finest of these was the palace of that merry emperor, Amenhotep III.

Near his palace Amenhotep constructed a magnificent park in honor of his consort Queen *Tiy*. In the midst of the park he dug out a lake a mile long and a thousand feet wide for the queen's pleasure barge, and this lake he dedicated with a dazzling fête the fame of which has lasted for three thousand years.

To inaugurate the festival Amenhotep himself led a procession of fantastically decorated boats out over the water to meet the barge of Queen *Tiy*, and after this formality the guests abandoned themselves to the delirious pursuit of pleasure. There were gladiatorial contests on shore and [Turn to page 106]

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal., 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can.

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3342 .25	3446 .25	3488 .45	3542 .30	3552 .30	3562 .25	3574 .25	3584 .45
3355 .30	3459 .35	3492 .30	3543 .45	3553 .45	3563 .30	3575 .30	3585 .45
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611—All-wool Jersey dress, tan with brown silk embroidery, 14 to 44—Price \$8.95



310. Striped All Wool Polo Coat in tan effects. Sizes 14 to 44. \$6.95
610. Silk Canton Crepe, beaded Navy or Black. Sizes 14 to 44. \$9.95
410. Navy Pique Twill with fancy red/betad cloth. Sizes 14 to 30. \$13.95



612—All-wool Pique Twill, navy embroidered with copper silk, 14 to 30—Price \$8.95

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Fashion Period 1865 after an old Daguerreotype

Drawing by Edward A. Wilson

When Grandmother was Young

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In Far-Away Places

By E. V. McCollum and Nina Simmonds

Department of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

ONE of the most important results of modern research in nutrition is the proof that we cannot long remain in good health unless we frequently include small amounts of certain raw, fresh fruits and vegetables in our diet, such as tomatoes, lettuce, celery, oranges and so forth.

The reason for this need of raw foods is that vitamin C, which protects against the disease known as scurvy, is not furnished—in sufficient amount to meet the needs of the body—by any cooked, canned, dried or preserved food.

Cereal grains and their milling products—white flour, cornmeal, rice, rolled oats and the breakfast foods made from these grains—do not supply vitamin C; neither do dried peas and beans nor any meats after they are cooked.

In former times scurvy caused a great deal of suffering among sailors. If they were on ship-board for six weeks or longer, and were confined to a diet of cooked or preserved foods, the disease began to appear. Those who were so fortunate as to get on shore while the attack was in its early stages and who secured fresh fruits or vegetables, recovered very quickly.

In scurvy the most prominent symptoms are swelling of the ankles, knees, wrists and elbows. The tiniest blood vessels, or capillaries, are profoundly damaged as well, so that they tend to break down, spilling the blood into the tissues and forming a blood-shot area. This is especially noticeable in the gums which begin to bleed easily from even slight injuries. In severe cases the teeth become so loose they may be easily pulled out because the gums have let go their hold.

Eminent dentists have become convinced that some of their cases of unhealthy gums are due, in part at least, to their patients not eating sufficient raw, fresh foods. An improvement in their diet has caused an improvement in the condition of their gums.

We in America are especially fortunate in that steam transportation by land and water makes it possible to bring lemons, oranges, and grape fruits to our markets at a moderate cost even in winter. Then, too, apples, peaches, plums, pears, berries, radishes, onions,

lettuce, celery, and other things which are attractive to the taste and easily digestible when raw are cheap enough to appear at least occasionally on the table in all well-regulated homes.

So we seldom see scurvy in adults. It does, however, occur occasionally in individuals who cherish very peculiar views about what kinds of foods agree with them. A victim of chronic indigestion, living in the midst of plenty, may omit raw fruits and vegetables from his dietary and develop scurvy.

THEN, too, there are districts so remote from the centers of population, so inaccessible to the ordinary routes of transportation, that it is exceedingly difficult to procure these wholesome, attractive foods. Such conditions may exist in mining camps, lumber camps, and in cities in out of the way places where the smelting of ores or the sawing of lumber provides constant occupation for the inhabitants.

But in such localities where farming and gardening are not profitable as a means of livelihood it is quite possible to grow enough cabbage, kale, carrots, radishes, lettuce or turnips either under glass or in a garden patch to supply the needs of one's family. Even if these vegetables do not reach maturity in the north because of the short growing season they may be eaten in the immature condition. Beet or turnip tops and kale make excellent greens, and a part of their antiscorbutic substance (vitamin C) may still be retained if they are cooked the shortest possible time which is required to make them tender.

Another source of vitamin C is the potato, which will grow very far north. Potatoes are so nearly tasteless that they can be grated raw and served mixed with some cooked food, or in a salad made of canned vegetables and fruits.

It is possible to use certain wild plants to supply the raw part of the diet. The Indians ate numbers of wild plants and used a decoction of their leaves for medicines. There is danger, of course, of eating poisonous plants, so use only those which animals eat or those with which Indians or old settlers have had experience. [Turn to page 104]

IN TEN MINUTES . . . !

Hot biscuits for your Sunday supper

*Ask any man if he'd like hot biscuits
for his Sunday supper . . . !*



EVERYBODY loves hot biscuits for Sunday supper!—but a great many women hesitate to make them because they have an idea it takes a lot of time and trouble.

Making biscuits for Sunday supper is one of the easiest things you can do—when you make them this new way. In only ten minutes you can have biscuits that are light as a feather and perfectly delicious.*

*How to make hot biscuits—
the day before!*

Take a few minutes Saturday morning to mix and cut a pan of Royal biscuits. Slip them into the icebox or set them aside in a cool place. Sunday when supper time comes pop them into the oven and they are ready by the time the table is set!

Make your biscuits any way your family likes best—whichever way it is, you can depend on Royal Baking Powder to give you beautifully raised, delicious biscuits!

Two leavening agents are combined in Royal by a special process. Immediately after your biscuits are mixed, the dough begins to rise, and then in addition to this there is a second action when the mixture is heated. This double-acting quality makes it possible for you to bake your biscuits immediately or to keep Royal biscuit dough ready mixed for days.

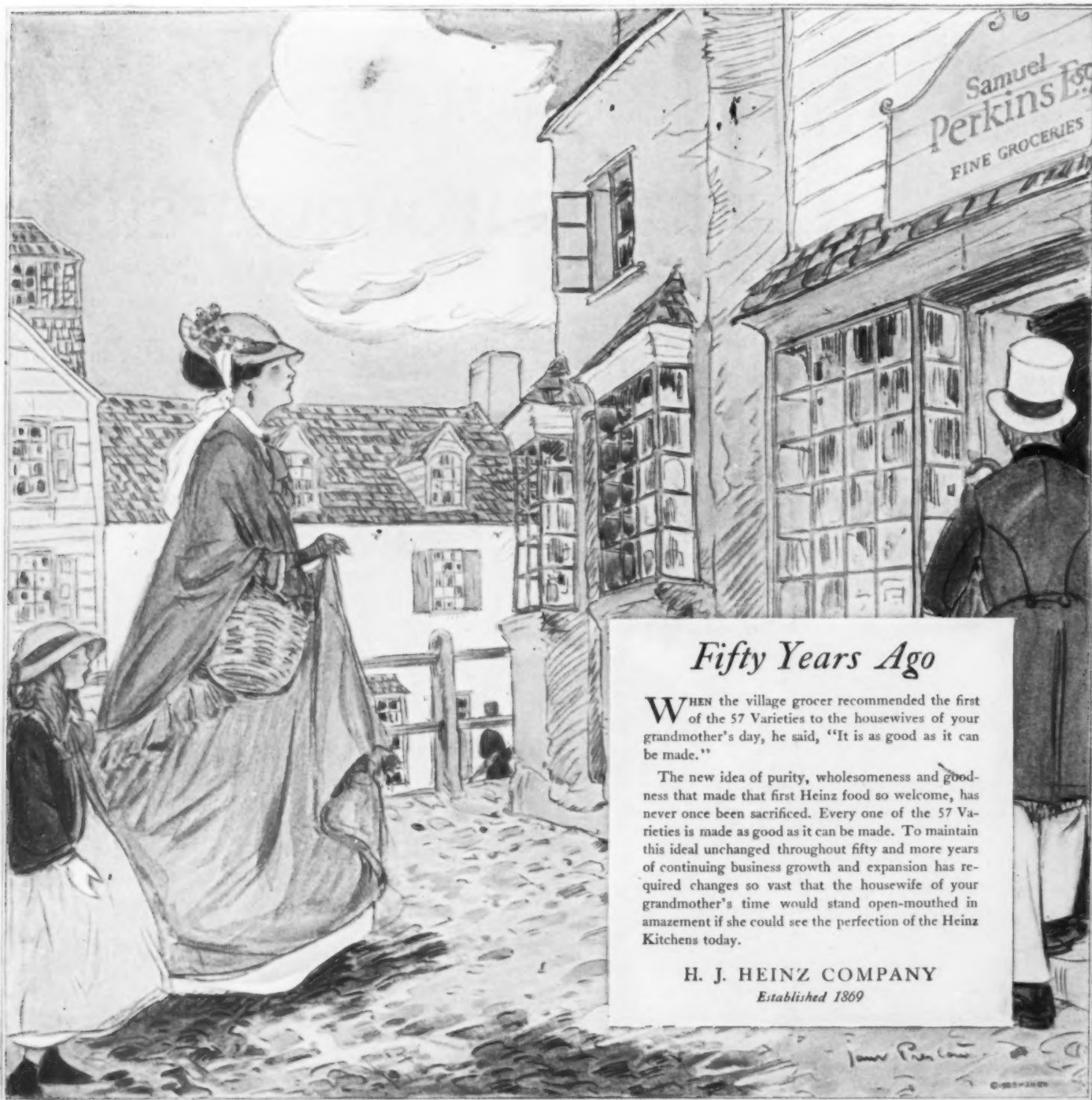
When you see how little trouble and time it takes to have hot biscuits for supper, you will want to have them every Sunday night!

Contains no alum
Leaves no bitter taste



Send for new Royal booklet on biscuit making—FREE

THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY, 117 East 41st Street, New York



Fifty Years Ago

WHEN the village grocer recommended the first of the 57 Varieties to the housewives of your grandmother's day, he said, "It is as good as it can be made."

The new idea of purity, wholesomeness and goodness that made that first Heinz food so welcome, has never once been sacrificed. Every one of the 57 Varieties is made as good as it can be made. To maintain this ideal unchanged throughout fifty and more years of continuing business growth and expansion has required changes so vast that the housewife of your grandmother's time would stand open-mouthed in amazement if she could see the perfection of the Heinz Kitchens today.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
Established 1869

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56 is just a number—58 is just a number—but 57 means good things to eat

Here are Heinz 57 Varieties. *How many do you know?*

- | | | | |
|--|------------------------------------|--|----------------------------------|
| 1 Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce | 13 Heinz Fig Pudding | 28 Heinz Dill Pickles | 43 Heinz Worcestershire Sauce |
| 2 Heinz Baked Beans without Tomato Sauce, with Pork— <i>Boston Style</i> | 14 Heinz Cherry Preserves | 29 Heinz Sweet Midget Gherkins | 44 Heinz Chili Sauce |
| 3 Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Meat— <i>Vegetarian</i> | 15 Heinz Red Raspberry Preserves | 30 Heinz Preserved Sweet Gherkins | 45 Heinz Beefsteak Sauce |
| 4 Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans | 16 Heinz Peach Preserves | 31 Heinz Preserved Sweet Mixed Pickles | 46 Heinz Red Pepper Sauce |
| 5 Heinz Peanut Butter | 17 Heinz Damson Plum Preserves | 32 Heinz Sour Spiced Gherkins | 47 Heinz Green Pepper Sauce |
| 6 Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup | 18 Heinz Strawberry Preserves | 33 Heinz Sour Midget Gherkins | 48 Heinz Tomato Ketchup |
| 7 Heinz Cream of Pea Soup | 19 Heinz Pineapple Preserves | 34 Heinz Sour Mixed Pickles | 49 Heinz Prepared Mustard |
| 8 Heinz Cream of Celery Soup | 20 Heinz Black Raspberry Preserves | 35 Heinz Chow Chow Pickle | 50 Heinz India Relish |
| 9 Heinz Cooked Spaghetti | 21 Heinz Blackberry Preserves | 36 Heinz Sweet Mustard Pickle | 51 Heinz Evaporated Horse-Radish |
| 10 Heinz Cooked Macaroni | 22 Heinz Apple Butter | 37 Heinz Queen Olives | 52 Heinz Salad Dressing |
| 11 Heinz Mince Meat | 23 Heinz Crab-apple Jelly | 38 Heinz Manzanilla Olives | 53 Heinz Mayonnaise |
| 12 Heinz Plum Pudding | 24 Heinz Currant Jelly | 39 Heinz Stuffed Olives | 54 Heinz Pure Malt Vinegar |
| | 25 Heinz Grape Jelly | 40 Heinz Ripe Olives | 55 Heinz Pure Cider Vinegar |
| | 26 Heinz Quince Jelly | 41 Heinz Pure Olive Oil | 56 Heinz Distilled White Vinegar |
| | 27 Heinz Apple Jelly | 42 Heinz Sour Pickled Onions | 57 Heinz Tarragon Vinegar |

If you know only 4 or 5, you can be assured that the other 53 or 52 are just as good. If your grocer does not have the ones you want, please write us.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Is Religion Going Out of Style

[Continued from page 20]

in it. "Christianity can't be true," I have been told again and again, "because it doesn't work." This doubt is one which is peculiarly afflicting to the American mind. Science is the glory of our age. Never have I seen it applied so successfully or on so vast a scale as in America, and I feel that Americans are bound to be in religion, as well as in science, a "pragmatic" people.

A pragmatist is not, as is commonly said, one who only believes in a religion which *pays*; but he is emphatically one who believes in a religion which *works*. I confess myself to being a pragmatist at least as far as our Lord taught me to be one when He said, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

I must admit that if I found nations and individuals persistently living up to the tenets of the Sermon on the Mount and finding that the house of their civilization, far from being founded on a rock and standing, was really founded on sand and fell down, I should hold myself excused from trying to be a Christian any more.

The difficulty, however, has only to be stated to disappear. No nation and very few individuals have persistently adopted the Sermon on the Mount as a rule of life.

No nation has tried out the Christian ethic, and certainly the result so far has been what our Lord foretold—"Everyone that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: And the rain descended and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it."

WE may not see how to make Christianity "work," but we know quite well that it has never yet been given a real chance. Can anyone believe that Christ was mistaken? Or is it that the Churches have failed Him?

There are two opinions about this. Naturally there are some who hold that Christ was mistaken; and that a religion which has been authoritatively proclaimed for 1900 years without finding more than a handful of people to put it into practice stands condemned as impracticable. But I believe there is a still stronger tendency to condemn not Christianity but the churches: in a word, it is not religion, but institutional religion, as we have known it, that is in danger of going "out of style."

Everywhere in America there are to be found groups, large or small, of people who are assuming that Christianity will "work," and who are trying the experiment. They generally begin by trying to heal disease.

To them religion no longer offers itself as a consolation in failure and suffering; it is a way to health and happiness. Anxiety and fear are to be removed no less than physical disease; failure no less than other human ills.

This sort of religion has its dangers, of course. It may easily become a vulgar worship of success and an intolerant contempt for the suffering and the defeated. But in so far as it has its roots in a real belief that Christianity is a religion that works, it is good. Our Lord did make these great promises, and these people believe them.

The trouble with the churches has been that they have been and even now are too institutional and not sufficiently religious. It is inevitable—so, at least, I believe—to have organization of some kind. The question so often asked nowadays: "Did Christ mean to found a Church at all?"—shows a profound ignorance of human nature. About the details of organization, even very important details, we must be in doubt; but that some organization was necessary is obvious. People who are united to one another and separated from the world in general by a great enthusiasm for some cause must inevitably wish some time to be together. We must have some place and time fixed, at least oc-

asionally, if we are to be sure of a meeting. Consequently, the first "organization" that a common enthusiasm must set up, is a time and place at which the enthusiasts may meet, and probably a convener to call them together. Here we have our "church," and it is difficult to believe that human beings will ever be able to dispense with their "church," by whatever name it may be called.

If, therefore, the Christian Churches have outlived their usefulness, some other form of organization will arise to take their place.

I sometimes think that organization is the besetting sin of the Anglo-Saxon race! No sooner is there the faintest breath of the Spirit than we rush at it, ply it with fans, shelter it with walls, decide in which direction it shall blow. The little breath too often flickers out, for the inspiration that should have come from prayer and communion with God is lost in the business of organization.

I am a preacher, and besides my work in London, I visit towns and villages in this country, proclaiming the same message wherever I go. It is easy to overestimate the value of speaking and preaching: still, it is by these means that ideas are spread, and it is to the spreading of certain ideas about religion that my life is devoted. I cannot speak at all unless I believe that these ideas are worth expressing and that it is by expressing them that they can be spread. I find, however, that to other people, "permanent results" mean a permanent organization is to be formed.

I do not reject the possibility of some such organizing being sometimes good and helpful; but I reject with vehemence the idea that only this is "permanent" and that without this there are no "results."

But if I am repelled by the excessive love of organization here in England, I am positively appalled by it in America! You have a genius for organization. I am (after all) Anglo-Saxon myself, and I admire it. But have you not overdone your organizing? Wherever two or three Americans are gathered together there is, if not our Lord, at least a chairman.

God forbid that I should depreciate efficiency; but sometimes it seems to me that church life both with you and with us, today is reproducing the vices of the secular life of our Western civilization. There is much efficiency, much business, much organization: there is no leisure, no detachment, no calm. It seems likely these qualities may have their value even in secular affairs: it is certain that without them, the spiritual life cannot survive at all. And so, however great the delight of the normal, average Anglo-Saxon in sheer machinery, the time comes when even that seems dull. The most ingenious mechanic in the world will tire at last of the most ingenious machine in the world if it merely "works" without producing or affecting anything.

At present most of us feel rather drearily that the (supposed) "spiritual" life of the churches is singularly like the secular life outside. Yet a different order and a deeper life is, as I have shown, a real necessity to human beings.

THERE arises, outside the churches, a tide of spiritual life. It is evidence of the unconquerable desire of Humanity for the things of the Spirit. Impatient of the too stiff and rigid organization of the older churches and their insistence on dogma, the evangelists of the new cults insist upon the life of the Spirit almost without regard to a rational theology. They are repelled by the religion which places faith above love—by a theology whose rigid and terrible logic has driven men into a conception of God and of eternal life, whose prevailing quality is its terror and its gloom. Apparently they have decided that these deplorable characteristics are due not so much to think—

[Turn to page 64]



When you buy
your lingerie fabrics . .
remember there is only one

Lingette

Everybody thinks it's silk

Lingette is *not* the name of just any material. It is the name of one specific fabric. Lingette is woven from the very finest combed yarns, and has the tints and sheen of flower petals!

Lingette's lovely finish is *not* the ordinary roller finish. It is achieved by a special, charmeuse process which costs more to produce but which makes the fabric *permanently* lustrous. So, if you like lingerie that shimmers like rich satin—and washes with the satisfaction of cotton—you simply must be careful to buy only the genuine Lingette with

the name Lingette on the selvage,
or in the label of the garment!

FRED BUTTERFIELD & Co., INC.,
361-363 Broadway, N. Y. C.



Lingette is a BUTTERFIELD Quality FABRIC



Realize your Beauty Before it is Too Late

NEXT year or next month—we are forever telling ourselves—we are going to make more of our appearance, have more becoming clothes, arrange our hair to fit our face, take better care of our tell-tale skin.

Meanwhile we put it off and the days, the months, the years go by.

Then some day we wake up to find that the best part of life has passed while we have been waiting to develop our beauty. We have lived less fully and less happily than we might. And then it is too late!

The only way you are going to realize that smooth, clear, bewildering beauty of skin that should be yours today—now, while you are in the flood time of life, is to begin to cultivate it *now*.

This doesn't mean you must have elaborate beauty treatments. Just a little care every day with one dependable preparation—Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream, and you will overcome the enemies of your skin and give it a chance to develop all of its natural loveliness.

It takes but a few minutes to use "D & R". Just time to smooth it on your face, neck and arms; to let it penetrate into your pores, and finally to wipe it off on a cloth. Yet you accomplish so much with this simple cleansing. Besides freeing your skin from the impurities that coarsen and dull it, "D & R" supplies elements that keep your skin smooth and young. Use it faithfully every day and you will see new beauty creep into your face.

Take the first step towards that greater beauty today by filling in the coupon below and sending it in. A dainty little Get-Acquainted tube of "D & R" will come to you free, and you can begin at once to realize your beauty.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream is on sale everywhere. Regular prices in tubes, 10c, 25c, 50c. In jars, 35c, 50c, 85c and \$1.50.

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Get Acquainted Tube Free

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL, Dept. 2062
"D & R" Building, New York.

Please send me a Get-Acquainted tube of
"D & R" according to your above offer.

Name _____

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Beauty's Only Skin Deep

Cartoons by John Held



All who would Beauty's law
obey
With exercise begin each day



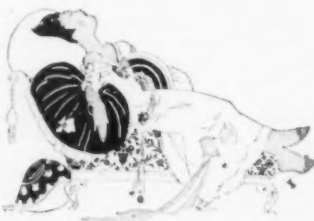
Then to her mirror Venus goes
Tints lips and cheeks to match
the rose



Her household tasks she does
with glee
Since that keeps figures slight,
you see



A luncheon light—salad and
milk
For perfect health, skin smooth
as silk



A warm bath first and then a
rest
Ensure your looking always
"best"



And since your hands tell many
tales
Let Him see only polished nails!



Before you turn in for the night
Cleanse all the pores with cold
cream white



Give every hair upon your head
One hundred strokes, and so—
to bed!

HANDSOME is as handsome does, of course, but exercise and diet and scientific care of the skin and hair have a way of working wonders. Our booklet, *A Little Book of Good Looks*, gives you the secrets of the most celebrated beauty salons of Fifth Avenue. This month it will be sent to you without any charge except a two cent stamp for postage. Address the Service Editor, Care McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

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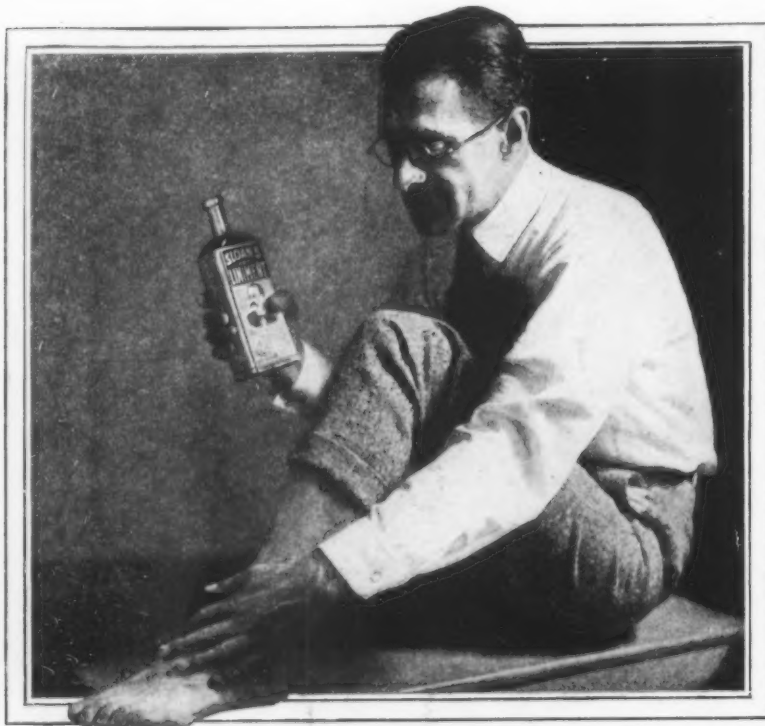
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Even deep-seated pain must yield

The relief for which you would give so much is easily at hand. This treatment rouses the brain to send to the pain-ridden tissues the new blood that is needed to heal them

THAT pain that is nagging away at you—there's nothing you wouldn't do to be free of it—whether it be the acute pain of rheumatism, or the dull ache of lame muscles. But nothing seems to do it much good: it's so deep down—so hard to reach.

Yet the relief for which you would give so much is easily at hand. Anyone you ask, almost, can tell you a remedy that has for years brought such unfailing comfort to sufferers from all kinds of muscular pain that it is now as widely known, as generally used as the telephone.

This remedy is Sloan's Liniment—probably the foremost household remedy in America, used all over the world and recommended by doctors everywhere.

No matter where the pain is, no matter how deep down in joints and muscles, it can be reached if the natural curative powers inside the body are only roused.

When you use Sloan's, it first stimulates the nerves on the skin. They arouse the brain, which in turn causes the blood vessels to expand throughout the painful area, under the place where the liniment has been applied. Rich new blood rushes in.

This new blood coming, freshly purified, from heart and lungs, with all its marvelous germ-

destroying, up-building powers brings to sick, pain-ridden tissues just what they need to heal them.

If the pain is rheumatic,* it indicates the presence of disease germs. The fresh blood that Sloan's sends to the affected spot carries the very elements that alone have the power to destroy germs. If the pain is due to over-exertion, to a sprain, or a bruise—it means that muscle fibres have been injured. The fresh blood supplies the materials that alone can repair the damage.

This is the scientifically correct way to relieve pain. It doesn't just deaden the nerves. It gives your own natural bodily defenses the aid they need to drive out the cause of pain.

Don't wait until you are in actual need. Get a bottle of Sloan's this very day, and have it on hand—35c at all druggists.

Just apply it—no rubbing is necessary. Immediately you feel a gentle warmth—then a pleasant tingling of the skin—then, freedom from pain. There is no burning, no blistering—only quick, lasting relief.

(*) If after one attack has been cured, another comes on, it may be that there is in your body some obscure breeding-place of rheumatism germs—possibly a decayed tooth—which the blood cannot reach in sufficient quantities. In this case, see your doctor.

SLOAN'S Liniment—Kills pain

Protect your child from diphtheria by following this one rule rigidly: For every sore throat



case—no matter how mild the symptoms may be—never delay obtaining medical attention

Defeating Diphtheria

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D.

UNTIL comparatively recent years diphtheria has been a very fatal and dangerous disease, and the mortality is still high, ranging about twenty per cent. in different countries. That this high mortality is unnecessary will be pointed out later.

Diphtheria is most prevalent during the winter months, but may occur any time during the year, and is usually epidemic—many children in a community being affected. Very young children, the newly born and infants of a few months of age, are not nearly so susceptible to the disease as older children are. This does not mean, however, that the infant should not be given the same protection as the older child. I have seen a fatal case of diphtheria in an infant six weeks old and have seen a few cases in those who were less than one year old. The most susceptible age appears to be between the second and tenth year.

The disease is usually transferred by contact of the sick with the well. One of its very unpleasant features as regards communicability is its capacity for existing in a very mild form. A child may have diphtheria in such a light manner that he is scarcely observed to be ill, yet he will be able to communicate the disease to his playmate who perhaps will develop the illness in a very severe form.

It is difficult to prove that diphtheria is carried from the sick to the well by an intermediary, whether a person, a book or a toy. There are instances in which it seems that such may be the case. It must be remembered, however, that perfectly well children may have viable diphtheria bacilli in their throats, and though they never have the disease themselves, may still act as carriers of the infection. The carrier as a source of distribution is probably much more a factor than inanimate articles are.

ANOTHER unfortunate feature of diphtheria, and one that is responsible for many deaths, is that the most virulent case may be very mild at the onset and the patient will not show signs of severe illness until a day or two before the fatal outcome. In tonsillitis the fever is high, the child prostrated and the doctor is called early. In diphtheria the fever at the beginning is not high, and the child does not appear very ill. The result is that medical attention is not obtained sufficiently early, for only by early use of anti-toxin are good results possible.

Not long ago a father of two children came to my home early in the morning with a boy of six and a girl of four, leading them by the hand. He was a coachman and had asked his employer to excuse him from his work for the day because of the illness of his children. The employer inquired if they had seen the doctor, and when informed that they had not, the man was advised to bring the children to me. Both had diphtheria in a very severe form and

had been up and dressed every day. One died in ten hours and the other twenty-six hours after their visit. It is cases of this sort that have always raised the mortality figures of the disease. Neither of these children had had a temperature above one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, until a few hours before death but they had much difficulty in swallowing, they had absolute failure of appetite and they should have been under a physician's care.

ANTI-TOXIN, the serum used for the treatment of diphtheria, was first used about ten years after the discovery of the diphtheria bacillus. The preparation of the serum has been improved from time to time so that now it may be used safely in all children except those who are subject to attacks of what is known as "horse asthma." Anti-toxin is produced by administering the diphtheria poison to the horse, the animal reacts to the poison forming a substance in his blood which is known as anti-toxin. In order that the serum anti-toxin be most effective it must be administered early in the disease. The most important thing I can say is: If a sore throat is complained of never delay securing medical attention no matter how mild the symptoms; and from every sore throat a culture should be made. This means removing some of the secretion from the throat for laboratory investigation. Such procedures by careful physicians, and the early use of anti-toxin in true cases, have saved thousands of lives.

In remote districts where laboratory possibilities are meagre and perhaps unreliable, every child with a suspicious sore throat should be given anti-toxin. If the child has not the disease no harm will follow. If he has it, it will probably save his life. Thirty years ago the mortality from diphtheria from different sections of this country and abroad ranged from forty to sixty per cent. At the present time the mortality is about twenty per cent. This is much higher than it should be and exists because a physician is not called to every throat-case at once. The family uses home remedies, hoping that the child will be better the next day. During the past few years a test to determine whether a child is susceptible to diphtheria has been devised by a physician named Shick. The test is very simple and not dangerous. The object is to discover whether the child has sufficient natural anti-toxin in his system to protect him from the disease—as is usually the case among the very young. If it is found that the child is not protected by such substances he may be given a preparation known as toxin anti-toxin which will effectually immunize him. It is my belief that all children between the age of two and ten years should have the benefit of the Shick test.

Health departments in all large communities advise that children of this age be given the benefit of the test.

FREE...mail coupon below to Ellen J. Buckland, G. N.



NOW... A NEW WAY in solving woman's oldest hygienic problem

Immaculacy, charm, exquisiteness under circumstances which most women find exceedingly trying

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Graduate Nurse

MODERN science has discovered a new way in personal hygiene. A way immaculate, exquisite, safe. It supplants old-time "sanitary pads" and other makeshift methods.

Discovered only a short while ago, it is today used by eight in every ten women in the better walks of life throughout America.

The name is Kotex. And this offers you a test—free. Simply use the coupon.

WHAT KOTEX DOES

Kotex is a delightfully soft, pure white absorbent of extremely rapid absorption. It takes up moisture instantly. And it absorbs 16 times its own weight! Made of Cellucotton, it is far more absorbent than ordinary cotton.

Then it is easily disposed of—totally different from the method you now use—a point every woman will appreciate.

In comparison with old methods, it presents safety, assurance and daintiness in contrast to uncertainty, lack of poise and frequently embarrassment! It has 5 times the absorbency of ordinary sanitary pads.

A TRIAL WITHOUT CHARGE

I think every woman and every girl owes it to herself to try Kotex. Once you use it and feel the peace of mind and comfort it brings, plus 2 other secret advantages I cannot mention here, no other method will ever satisfy.

In my own hospital practice, I've given it to hundreds and hundreds of women. And never have I found one who failed to thank me heartily afterwards.

Every mother should acquaint her daughter with this hygienic subject. In scores of schools, teachers are acquainting their girls with Kotex. Its use has become a universal hygienic movement.

Now I have asked the Kotex laboratory to permit me to offer women generally a trial of Kotex—free. And they have consented—for a short while, at least.

Simply mail me the coupon. You will receive a packet in absolutely plain, unmarked wrapper, by return mail, postpaid. Clip it now, before you forget.

* * *

Note, too, that Kotex is obtainable at all drug and department stores. Simply ask for Kotex.

Two sizes, regular and Kotex—super, containing twelve generous folds, each 9 inches long enfolded in fine gauze with convenient tabs for easy pinning and turning. Also obtainable from Kotex cabinets in rest rooms—a single fold in plain wrapper.

CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS COMPANY, CHICAGO



Charm, Exquisiteness, Immaculacy, under all and every condition every day! Yet, under old methods the average woman spent at least 1-6th of her time in a state of discomfort, uncertainty—and frequently embarrassment.

KOTEX



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Care of Cellucotton Laboratories, Room 1422
166 W. Jackson St., Chicago, Ill.

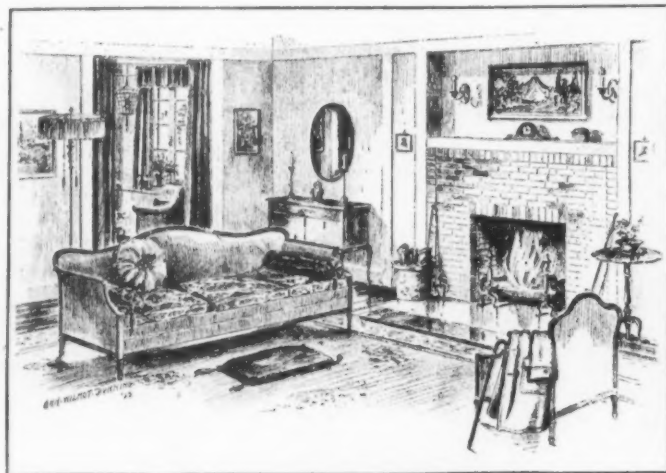
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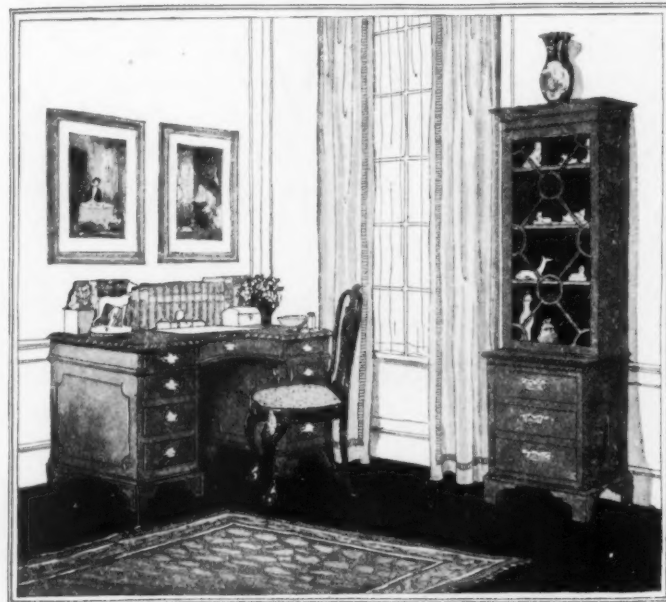
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In this room, decorated by Mrs. Goodnow, the simple, substantial furnishings have true distinction and are used most effectively



For the Man's Room

By Ruby Ross Goodnow

USUALLY the very suggestion of decorating a man's room throws him into a violent rage but really, of all the rooms in the house none has less attention than the so-called den or bedroom which a man is condemned to occupy. When I begin the furnishing of a man's room I forget all the axioms of decoration, and try to lead him gently to choose his own furnishings. If he loves his old Morris chair covered in corduroy I try to make the room support this ugliness. It does not matter how shabby and worn a man's room is if it offers comfort. The pleasant thing about working with heavy woods and leathers and coarse stuffs such as men like, is, the more you use them, the better they look.

A man's sleeping-room is extremely easy to furnish. One we did lately had walls papered with a plain faun-colored ingrain paper with woodwork painted the same color, a Persian rug in which there was a lot of very dark red in a very small pattern, a three-quarter oak bed copied from an old English one, an oak chest of drawers, a large easy chair upholstered in faun-colored corduroy, with an iron standing lamp beside it. This room had to serve as living-room as well as bedroom, so it also had a large flat-top oak desk and book-shelves built from floor to ceiling on each side of the fireplace.

Another delightful bedroom for a man is a corner room with two sides made up almost entirely of windows. The walls are rough plaster in a pale grayish color and there are no curtains. Instead, all the windows have wooden shutters stained dark brown like the large walnut bed, and these small shutters fold back against the wall and are closed at night to take the place of curtains. The bed in this room is enormous, because the man who owns it is very large. It is made of an extra size spring and mattress, and is covered with a bedspread of red damask that touches the floor on three sides. The head of the bed is an old walnut panel. There is a small bedside table also of heavy walnut, and a very heavy walnut chest of drawers on one wall with a small mirror hanging over it. There is no other furniture in the room. The floors are of tiles and there is a small mat beside the bed. There are no pictures, no curtains, no chairs—nothing except the bed and chest of drawers.

I have always believed that such bric-a-brac as one finds in a man's room may be traced to woman relatives, rather than to the man himself. A man buys things as he finds that he needs them, and he thus satisfies the requirements of tobacco jars, ash trays, fittings for his desk, and so on. He may buy a clock for his mantel shelf but it is apt to be one selected for its mechanical excellence.

I recently had a very interesting mission which was to furnish a large golf and country club for men. Several of the founders of the club gave the furnishings of bedrooms and it was extremely interesting to find how definite and how different their tastes were. Their rooms in their own homes had been furnished by their wives, and they were eager to furnish these rooms exactly as they pleased.

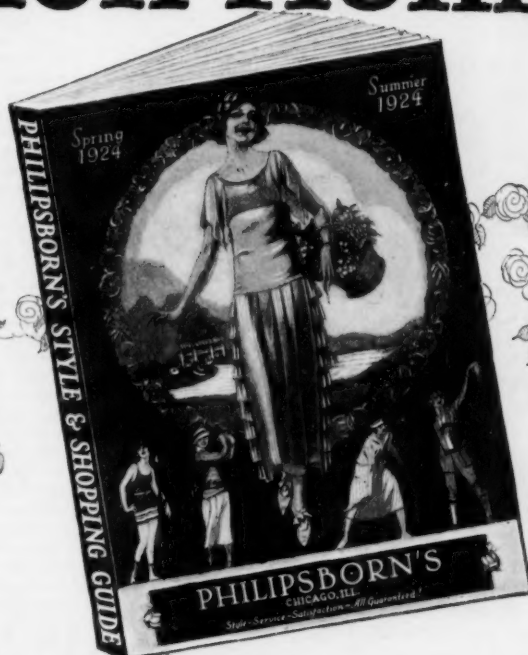
TWO men wanted their rooms done with old American yellow maple furniture, dotted Swiss curtains, rag rugs, and prints. Another man asked for dark blue walls and carpet, white paint, many etchings of ducks and quail and pheasants, a big sofa covered in black chintz covered in blue and white flowers, easy chair of the same, a four-post mahogany bed, chest of drawers, and writing table. A definite and admirable room!

Another man had rough-plastered gray-white walls, woodwork waxed to a light oak color, a plain dark green rug, dark green corduroy chair and sofa coverings, a very narrow oak bed, several small oak tables, curtains of linen figured with red and green, and hunting prints on the wall. He actually suggested that I use the tartan of his Scotch name—a red and green plaid—for a bedspread, which I thought was very good decoration for a man's room. A few large bowls for matches and pipes, a huge pewter tray for boxes of tobacco and cigarettes, small pewter plates for ash trays—and a fine room was done.

I have met only one American who liked French furniture in his room, and that is a man who had been an ambassador in a European country.

One secret of the excellence of men's taste—when they have any—is that when they buy chairs they sit in them. When they buy desks they try them for height and space.

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Oh, but he *is* handsome and you *are* beautiful. True—but Time will work its havoc on both of you, unless you both take care.

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WILDROOT HAIR TONIC

Is Religion Going Out of Style

(Continued from page 57)

ing wrong as to thinking at all. They release us from the harsh necessity for thought and joyously assume that all creeds are too much of a muchness and all religions equally true. They repudiate dogma, and in its place present us with fancies so inconsequent and dogmas so unsubstantiated as to leave one gasping for the fresh air of a little rational evidence. I remember attending a course of addresses by one such evangelist, and seeing on the wall a printed notice to the effect that "we" believe in no dogma, all the time that our teacher expounded to us dogmas the most surprising and detailed as to the spiritual world, especially as to the life of disembodied spirits, for which she did not offer one shred of evidence, but merely informed us that so it was.

Yet no one, I think, who came into that room could doubt that there was a real spiritual life in that assembly. We were being taught something vitally true, though in a strange, and to me rather ridiculous jargon; we were invited and commanded to try it out in our own lives. The deeper elements of a real philosophy were not there; but the all-important question—"Does this Faith *work*?"—was not only not evaded, but it was triumphantly pressed home again and again. We went out from it with a high sense of adventure. It is the almost inevitable fate of such movements as these to become "heretical," cranky, absurd, if they have no contact with an older and more closely reasoned theology, such as that which is held in common by the great organized churches. But if such "heretics" could find the answer to their imperative spiritual need within the churches, would not the churches gain in vitality and the "heretics" in stability? This is my joyful hope. I learn that already the membership of the churches has begun to go up.

ONLY one danger looms ahead—the danger that that great quest may be, within the churches, barred to the young and adventurous spirit, by the hopeless and irrational conviction that they, the churches, already know all that there is to be known. Those theologians who cannot believe that the Holy Spirit is still, in accordance with our Lord's great promises, leading us forward into an ever deeper and higher knowledge of the Truth, must, as a consequence of their refusal, look always backward rather than forward. The Truth, they hold, was given once and for all, in the early centuries of the church—I presume when the canon of Holy Scripture was fixed. Nothing more is or can be required, and the work of the Holy Spirit is done.

No wonder men say of such a religion that it is "going out of style!" As an English theologian has bluntly put it—"If the church forever appeals to the past, to the past it will soon belong!"

But the future belongs also to the seeker after truth. It is a forward-looking church that has life and growth and power. The most inspiring word our Lord ever gave us was the great saying: "When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He shall guide you into all Truth." The moment when a man or a church ceases to believe that and to act on it, is the moment when life begins to fail, and faith to become out of date, "out of style"—of the past alone, instead of being of past, present and future.

Is the rising tide of life within the churches strong enough to sweep away all barriers raised by timid spirits against the onward march of truth? In spite of certain ominous signs; I believe that it is, and therefore I am full of hope, that not religion only, but even the organized religion of our day, will show itself full of life and power. For organization, however simple, can no more than religion itself go out of style, so long as we human beings live our human lives limited by time and space.

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Peace Dale KNITTING
YARNS

The Duchess and Her Daughter

[Continued from page 19]

homes into which she sent her gowns. Rose-Marie could hardly hope to marry higher than the young man who sold socks and ties in Greene and Markham's, or the one who mixed sundaes at the Candy Kitchen. Wasn't it making a pearl of her with only one place—and that proverbial—in which to cast it?

I asked questions here and there and found myself not alone in my amazement.

"She is a pretty little creature," said Greenville over its bridge-tables; "but her mother must be crazy to bring her up like that. What possible future . . . in this town, at any rate!"

No one had seen, or even heard of, the father, though some were of the opinion that he drank—always a dramatic failing.

"You never see the girl, at so much as a movie, without the Duchess." That was unanimous. "Absurd! Even nice girls aren't chaperoned now-a-days."

I suggested once or twice that it inferred a rather fine feeling in the Duchess herself, this close guarding of her jewel.

"But for what?" cried the chorus—led, it must be admitted, by those ladies who had sons, at home or elsewhere. "What's she going to do with her?"

I didn't know. I wasn't sure the Duchess knew. In which, as afterward appeared, I wronged her.

The Duchess must, in some departed spring, have had softness and gleam of her own—oh, tarnished, now, and distorted—yet, once she had them. She must, at least, have known what mischief they could spell. One might have supposed she would sooner wrap Rose-Marie's radiance in disguising sack-cloth; teach those small white fingers the way to hold a needle—the kinder way.

What sort of mother—to groom her child for luxury it would never legitimately know?

Thus I, to myself; thus, all of feminine Greenville. In which as I said, we did the Duchess less than justice. Appreciably less.

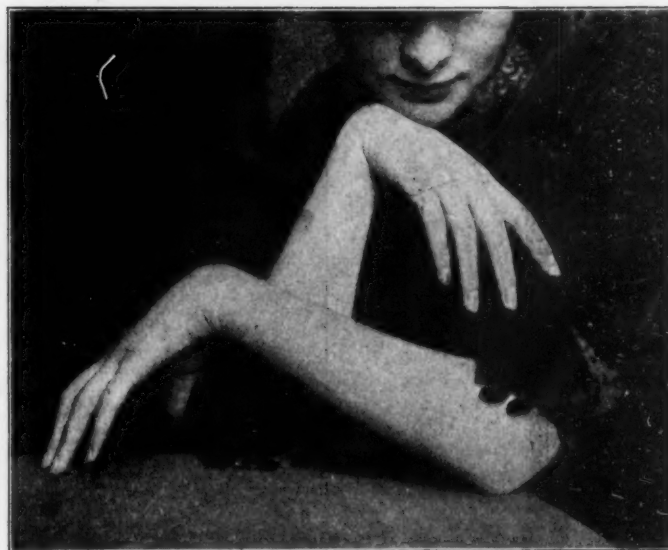
Rose-Marie never lingered about Greenville corners. Where Rose-Marie went, the Duchess followed, with regal and ponderous tread. In the year that followed my first startled meeting with Rose-Marie, in a corner of her mother's shop, I never once saw the girl on the street unattended, until that day with young Kilmaster.

The Kilmasters are the romance and the tradition of Greenville.

A Kilmaster came out from England in seventeen hundred and something and built himself a hut of logs where the Palace Hotel stands today. He was a younger son—the Kilmasters, in spirit, are all younger sons—reckless, impatient of authority, forever hand-on-sword and toe-in-the-stirrup. There have been mayors and governors among them, generals and sea-captains, but there have also been rebels and filibusters, and at least one Kilmaster died with his back against a wall, somewhere down in the tropics, in the generation before my own.

The Kilmasters of my time have been veneered with decorum . . . living in a big white house, behind aged trees, and keeping the town at a distance—more or less. Three tall daughters, all unmarried, and two dark, arrogant sons. It was the younger of these sons, a boy with a laughing devil in his eyes and a coaxing twist to his mouth, that I met crossing the Square, one warm, golden evening, with Rose-Marie.

There wasn't any Duchess. There was only Rose-Marie, lovelier than ever, with her wide, ardent eyes, her soft, sensuous smile, her fragile wrists and ankles, the vernal fragrance of her—and Kilmaster, Bob Kilmaster, the hero of a hundred tea-table sagas . . . the most eligible, the most delightful and—unless hearsay wronged him cruelly—[Turn to page 66]



The care of the cuticle is the basis of well groomed nails

The way Beauty Experts keep the cuticle smooth

HOW exquisite her hands look, the nails gleaming like jewels in the softest, smoothest rim of cuticle.

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Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK



The Duchess and Her Daughter

[Continued from page 65]

the most dangerous youngster in town. They didn't see me. They didn't see anyone or anything but each other's faces. They walked close together, shoulders almost touching, gazing deep into each other's eyes, smiling, vaguely, talking in eager, broken snatches.

She carried a broad brimmed hat in one little hand. Kilmaster neither wore a hat nor carried it. His smooth black head stooped over her shining one. He urged, he wheedled; she answered with a note of blackbird laughter.

THE child's got no business with that young rake!" I said to myself, trying to be glad I'd never been tempted by a mouth like Bob Kilmaster's. "Someone ought to tell the Duchess about it."

So I hot-footed it back toward the little shop in the Palace Hotel and pretended I needed an inexpensive blouse.

"How's your pretty daughter?" I asked her, over piles of flimsy things. "Rose-Marie's very well, thanks," said the Duchess abstractedly. "Now, how would this do?"

"Too fussy," said I neatly. "Is she having a good time, this summer? Rose-Marie, I mean."

"She is very much occupied with her music," the Duchess assured me.

"No lovers? I can't believe it. She is so—picturesque."

"Not more than a lady should be, I hope!" said the Duchess stiffly.

"Oh no, no! She's like something by Greuze—with a modern trick in it."

The Duchess side-stepped a discussion of Greuze. "How do you like this model, with the neck a little squared?"

"My neck was a little squared quite early in life," said I. "Isn't there any one—any young man at all—that Rose-Marie fancies?"

"Why do you ask?" said the Duchess. Her tone was hard, and her eye required an answer.

I blurted out, feeling myself reddened before her suspicious stare: "Why, I passed the child in the Square just now—with young Kilmaster—and I rather wondered."

"Oh—young Kilmaster!" said the Duchess. "She's gone for a walk with him."

"I see," said I stupidly. "I see. Then—you knew—"

"Oh, yes," said the Duchess, and added amazingly: "I quite approve of young Kilmaster. His manners are charming."

His manners, so far as I knew, had never been called into question. It was never their manners that sullied the Kilmaster shield.

"He comes of a very good family, I believe," said the Duchess. She was buttoning me into a tailored atrocity of white-striped madras with pin-tucked cuffs, and rather than lose the thread of our conversation, I allowed her to proceed.

"Oh, very good indeed," I admitted. "About the best in Greenville. He inherited too—he and his brother—a very passable fortune."

"So I have heard," said the Duchess. "Have you—met his sisters?" I asked her.

"I have fitted several gowns for them," said the Duchess. "Nice girls—but not much figure."

The woman was incredible. Didn't she know where the Kilmasters stood in our Greenville rating? More than that, could she have failed to understand that Rose-Marie in Bob Kilmaster's impassioned fingers would be about as safe and last about as long as a rose in a sand-storm?

"I know you take excellent care of her," I conceded.

"Of my daughter?" said the Duchess. "I do."

"I only wondered," I pursued feebly. "You might not have heard that young Kilmaster has been rather wild always. He was expelled from college. He is a handsome boy but—"

"Rose-Marie has told me all that," the Duchess observed at this point with a touch of finality.

So I meekly bought the tailored atrocity which I neither needed nor wanted and went home in a muddle of uncertainty.

Was the Duchess, after all her commendable caution, going to stand by and see her child wasted? Ruined by a gay buccaneer like Bob Kilmaster. Was the woman's sight so dazzled by the boy's social standing, by his money, his arrogance, his charm. . . . Couldn't she see the road down which he'd lead her Rose-Marie? That pitiful flowery blind-alley of a road!

Most of Greenville agreed with me heartily. The romance of Rose-Marie and young Kilmaster was town-talk, in no time at all.

"I thought the Duchess had more sense!" said one and another, over early-morning wires. "Why, my dear—Bob Kilmaster! He's the wildest thing in town. Of course he'll settle down eventually and make a fine man—but now! All that younger crowd adores him. The girls simply flock after him. He's as indifferent as can be—breaks engagements without a word of explanation, cuts dances whenever the notion takes him, rushes a girl madly one week and drops her the next. What is the Duchess thinking of, to let that pretty little fool of hers go round with him? There'll be a terrible scandal some day and the Duchess will have only herself to thank!"

Others sighed deeply for the boy's sisters.

"The Kilmaster girls are terribly proud. They feel this affair of Bob's; but what can they do about it? As Evelyn Kilmaster said to me only yesterday, Bob's always been too headstrong for his own good. He's always done exactly as he pleased. And since his mother died—he worshipped her, you know—no one has had the least shred of influence over him. If he wants to carry on a flirtation with the daughter of a shop-keeper, he will, and nobody can stop him. When he's tired of the girl he'll throw her over, and that'll be the end of it."

I thought of Rose-Marie's shimmering hair, with honey-locust flowers in the meshes of it; thought of her little, dreaming face, uptilted to Bob Kilmaster's wooing mouth. . . . and I hoped—somewhat enviously, I admit—that he wouldn't tire of her too soon.

Life is so arid, anyhow. One would much better have a dream—even a thwarted dream—than nothing at all.

UNRIGHTEOUSLY I hoped that Rose-Marie, like any other velvety little moth, might have a good fling at the candle while she was about it! What I didn't hope—what I didn't even dream—broke upon Greenville late that summer, like a seventh wave, stunning the gossips in its towering fall.

Mrs. Hugh Lester announces the engagement of her daughter Rose-Marie to Mr. Robert Kilmaster of "Beechwood." The wedding will take place early in the autumn.

There it stood, in black and white, for all of Greenville to read and gasp and stammer over, at the top of the first column of the Greenville Society Notes! And Greenville gasped a-plenty.

People said the Kilmaster girls would never allow it. Which rang hollow, because Bob, after all, was twenty-four and his own arbiter. Evelyn and Ethel and Anne Kilmaster may not have been pleased, but like three dark, spinsterish Fates, they accepted the situation and made no moan. Martin Kilmaster, the elder brother, observed once in the hearing of witnesses that Bob, when he had run through his patrimony, as with the help of that red-headed Lester girl he probably would in no time, need not look to the family for help. But that was Martin's [Turn to page 67]



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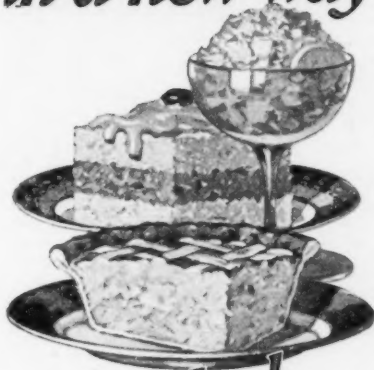
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PUFFED RICE

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PINEAPPLE



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And do you know all its tempting, proven uses?

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Clip and Paste in Your Recipe Book

HONOLULU SHORTCAKE: Spread well-drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple thickly between layers of plain cake, cut in squares. Serve with whipped cream.

"CRISS-CROSS" PIE: Heat two cups Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple. Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons flour. Add the hot pineapple and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly, and add 1 teaspoon butter. Cool slightly, add 1 beaten egg and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Pour into pastry lined pie pan and arrange strips of pastry across the top. Put into a hot oven and after 10 minutes reduce heat and bake about 20 minutes longer.

PINEAPPLEADE: Mix 1 cup water and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, boil 10 minutes and chill. Add 3 cups ice water, 2 cups of the syrup drained from Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice.

SOUTH SEA ISLAND FRUIT CUP: Remove the skins from 3 bananas, cut in quarters lengthwise and slice in quarter inch slices. Arrange in cocktail or sherbet glasses. Pour ice cold Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple over each allowing about $\frac{1}{4}$ cup to each serving. Garnish with a candied cherry and serve immediately.

HAWAIIAN CUSTARD (Helen Louise Johnson): Drain the syrup from 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple and heat the syrup. Arrange slices of stale cake or cottage pudding in the bottom of the serving dish and over them put the drained pineapple. Beat 3 egg yolks slightly, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and the hot pineapple syrup. Cook in a double boiler until eggs thicken the mixture. Cool, add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla and pour into a serving dish. Add 3 tablespoons powdered sugar to 3 stiffly beaten egg whites and spread over the top. Serve very cold.

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Please send me, free of charge, your new book,
"Ninety-nine Tempting Pineapple Treats."

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The Duchess and Her Daughter

[Continued from page 66]

likeliest attitude on any subject whatsoever . . . a surly creature, rapidly stiffening into hopeless celibacy. Bob was brother to him only by blood.

Taking it thus, by and large, it appeared that the Duchess had indeed pulled it off. In the words of disgruntled spectators, here and there about Greenville, she had gotten away with it.

Rose-Marie was married in the last week of September, and the Duchess gave her away.

WEDDINGS are quaintly serious festivals—tearful, frequently in Greenville, where, for a bride not to weep, implies that she fords both brook and river not so reluctantly after all; where, for the bride's mother not to weep, implies that she is experiencing triumph rather than loss. But the Duchess shed never a tear. Erect as a British Grenadier, she walked down the aisle beside the veiled, slim beauty of her child, faced the Bishop calmly, made her parental response in a clipped contralto and walked back to the white-ribboned front pew, to sit there through the rest of the ceremony, gray-satined, steel-beaded and picture-hatted, as became a respectable dowager. I couldn't see her face. I sat too far behind her. The back of her neck registered pride and an aloof satisfaction.

For Rose-Marie and Bob Kilmaster, with the organ thundering promises above their heads, with lilies and white roses all about them, with the terrible irretrievable words of the marriage service pelting down upon their upturned faces—they looked into each other's eyes and smiled, as they had looked and smiled that day in the Square. As if they walked in the cool of the Garden—alone together.

Rose-Marie came down the aisle with her veil put back, her hair a silken glory, her dark eyes shining, her lips trembling into the faintest, breathless smile. Her little, white-gloved hand was not on Bob Kilmaster's arm; she had slipped it down along his sleeve and into his hand—clenched it there passionately, for all of Greenville to see. She was, by that time, Mrs. Robert Kilmaster of "Beechwood," so Greenville merely smiled indulgently and murmured: "Isn't it wonderful? I remember the day of my wedding—how Henry looked at me"—or George, or William, as the case might be.

There was an impressive reception at "Beechwood" directly after the wedding, at which the three Kilmaster sisters, in pink and blue and lavender chiffon respectively, tacitly signified to the world that their brother's wife was now one of them and would be treated accordingly.

Between cake-eating, ice-devouring hordes of Greenville's best people I came upon the Duchess, stately as the palm by which she stood, and lured her gently into a corner.

"Oh, Mrs. Lester," I said, with the sort of maudlin emotion which weddings induce in the innocent bystander, "how happy and proud you must be! Wasn't she too lovely?"

"He is a very fortunate young man," said the Duchess calmly.

"He is, indeed," said I, thus reminded on which foot the shoe belonged—to a mother's eye.

"And he has a very attractive home, has he not?" pursued the Duchess, regarding with impersonal approval the paneled walls and shining floors of Beechwood. Then someone else came up, and I heard her say in exactly the dowager tone: "How do you do? Yes, it has been a pretty little wedding. Simple—but Rose-Marie would have it that way. . . ."

I left her, with what repose I could command. People were discussing her, of course, in the kindest way. Human nature responds so beautifully to social exigency! One heard scattered bits of tribute:

"It's really quite wonderful, her devotion to her daughter. The girl was cared for like a princess. Such self-sacrifice, such bravery—carrying on that attractive little shop all by herself!"

"Well, my dear, you know some of the most prominent women in the country are in business for themselves, today. . . ."

"And they say Mrs. Lester comes of very good people—really."

"Oh, really?"

"Yes—lost their money and all that. Her husband died when she was quite a young woman, and left her with this child to support. I really admire her very much."

Rose-Marie and Bob got away just about dusk, in a flurry of rice and old slippers, for a honeymoon in California. I can see them now, running out to the waiting car, his arm tense about her childish shoulders—young love in the flesh—both of them laughing back at us—laughing back at Life, more likely. I doubt if they saw us, at all.

Drawn by I don't know just what mixture of impulses, I went down next day to the Duchess' shop, opened the door and walked in. I hadn't expected to find her as I did, surrounded by packing-cases, weary and dusty and alone. She gave me a seat in the one remaining chair, finished nailing up a box with one or two blows of a hammer, wiped her forehead with the back of one heavily-ringed hand and exploded in a sigh.

"There—that's done! I'm sending everything I've got left over to Greene and Markham's. If you're looking for sports things, there's a sweet little green kasha cloth in there that looks exactly like you. Tell them I said to shorten the jacket about two inches. . . ."

I apprehensively assured her that I wasn't looking for sports things.

"This," said I, "is a call."

The Duchess sat down in honor of it. "That's extremely nice of you, Miss Fitzgerald. One day more and I should have missed you. I'm sorry not to be able to offer you tea. . . ."

"Don't think of it, Mrs. Lester!" Curiosity cumbered my speech. "You don't mean to say you're leaving us?"

"Tomorrow," said the Duchess, with an air. "I'm going East—for a long visit."

"To a friend?" I inquired.

"Various friends," said the Duchess. "Oh then, when Rose-Marie comes back, you won't be here! What a shame!"

"She has a husband, now," said the Duchess. "She'll be better off without me." But I fancied those heavy lips set themselves, suddenly, conquering a tremor. "Wasn't she sweet yesterday, Miss Fitzgerald? I made every stitch of her gown myself. Did you—did you happen to notice her wedding-ring?"

Regretfully I admitted that I hadn't.

PLATINUM," said the Duchess almost dreamily, "set with tiny diamonds. Wedding-rings are lovely things, aren't they?"

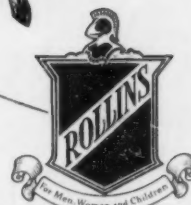
"Nowadays, indeed they are," said I.

"It was nowadays I meant," said the Duchess rather sharply. "Of course!"

We talked of styles in wedding-rings at some length. "And her veil," I said toward the last. "I've never seen anything sweeter. Did you drape it yourself?"

The Duchess said proudly that she had; got up to open a pasteboard box that stood on the shelf beneath the triple mirror and show me a spray of orange-blossoms, and a wisp of tulle.

"I wanted this to keep," she said, standing with the flowers in one grimy jeweled hand and looking down at them curiously. "Rose-Marie cut it off for me, herself. There's something about orange-blossoms, isn't there, Miss Fitzgerald!" Her voice [Turn to page 88]



ANKLES look their best in Rollins Hosiery, lustrous in color and shaped by the utmost skill in knitting to give the trim, smart lines which style requires. And in Rollins you get long wear. Our Harms-Not dye preserves all the original strength of choicest fabrics. A silk stocking which is an unusual combination of beauty and durability is Rollins Style 2501—full fashioned, and knit extra long to avoid strain at the knee—in white, black and colors to match the newest in shoes and gowns. Ask your local merchant for Rollins.

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Double and Redouble

[Continued from page 14]

"He's lawyer for Rhodes, and I think he's doing all he can to make Rhodes stay out of the company we're forming to back the new apartment houses."

"You couldn't do it without Mr. Rhodes!"

"Oh, I don't know that. I think we could. But it's hard for Rhodes to back out anyway."

"You are worried, Jerry. I tell you this, dear. I'm perfectly willing to give up those plans."

"Don't you see we couldn't if I wanted to?"

"No, I don't."

"Well," said Jerry. "I don't want everybody in town laughing at me. And anyway I said we were going to build out there. And we are. Get the plans and let's look them over." And, in a few minutes, in the viewing of the plans, worries seemed to be forgotten. Ann and Jerry always had a good time together. They moved fast and had no drop of plodder's blood in them. Enterprise and experiment always gripped them, and if it sometimes took the form of a gamble, just as Ann came home with her prize, so Jerry had weathered many a small business storm. However, that night Ann thought Jerry didn't sleep well. And she lay awake herself and thought of how thin he was, and did some figuring on bills, tomorrow being the first of the month. She counted up eleven hundred dollars' worth of bills that she knew of. Jerry had said that he would give her an extra five hundred this month. Then she would only be a hundred behind. She did some mental arithmetic and drifted off to sleep.

In the morning she spoke to Jerry about the extra five hundred. "I did say that, didn't I? But look here, Ann, I'm tight this month. Nobody has any money. Let's take a look at those bills and see which ones you've actually got to pay."

THEY compromised on paying four hundred dollars' worth of them, and Ann was soothed by Jerry's statement that nobody had any money and that the creditors might consider themselves lucky to get that much. Only she did wish, as she ran over the stack of accounts on her desk, that she hadn't bought that new set of child's furniture for Edith's room. But it had been a bargain and, as Jerry said, it was so much saved on what they would need when they got into the new house. She sighed and answered the telephone, promising Mrs. Reese ten dollars for the old people's home at once. At noon the nurse told her that all three children needed new woolen tights for play and that the baby had stuck a pin in the hot-water bottle. And Edith needed a new pair of shoes. Ann did that minor shopping in the afternoon, and with tights costing two and a half dollars apiece and a hot-water bottle three dollars, she charged fifteen dollars to her overburdened accounts.

Just before dinner her grocer telephoned that he had a bargain in apples—just in from the West and they were six dollars a barrel. The wholesale price was seven. She bought a barrel of apples. That night Jerry brought her flowers. She was used to getting flowers from him, sometimes as a sign of progress or victory and sometimes more as an assertion of defiance in the face of fortune. Ann knew how that was. It was the impulse that drove her to buy a new hat when her bills were frightening her, a kind of shaking a mental fist in the face of worry—the impulse that made her redouble an overbid hand of bridge. Temporarily, at least, it made one feel on top of trouble. So she dressed in her most becoming evening gown and she and Jerry went to the dinner and dance to which they had pledged themselves and were the gayest of the gay. In the middle of a dance Jerry held her close all at once and she heard him say softly, "I love

you, Ann. I love you." That was one high moment they snatched while Dave Elder was saying to Louise: "Get your things on, Lou. I've got to get up in the morning, you know, if I'm going to clean out that furnace."

BUT of course a prophecy that everyone makes is likely to come true sooner or later. If it hadn't been a bad year, Jerry could have staved things off. Someone said Jerry could get money from a stone. But not in the last half of 1921. Those who had it would not part with it. No one knew what was going to happen to the building enterprises or how much it was going to cost to build next year, and they didn't care to get let in for the construction of a great apartment house which might be built at a cost which would prohibit return on their money for years. In vain Jerry protested. The air was full of failures. Capitalists had turned moralists and preached against shoe-string enterprise. Jerry, who had started the thing on assurances and bought the expensive lots on promises, found his assurances turning to air in his hands. Only the bills never failed him, armies of them for everything from a new radiator for the car to plumbing for the kitchen sink. Office rent, pay for stenographers, wages for household servants, supplies of a hundred kinds were all due and overdue. Banks became less and less friendly. Notes became overdue. Through it all went Ann and he, gallant, frank about the mess they were in, and somehow having very little use for pity and absolutely none for good advice.

Louise picked Ann up one spring day, some months later, on the street corner. Louise had taken the curtains off her car and Dave had had it painted, and in her new suit she looked very smart and felt so. She waved to Ann, who was laden with bundles.

"Can I take you home?" "Bless you, Louise," said Ann. "If you knew how these miserable street-cars get on my nerves. The first money we can rake up I'm going to have a Ford anyway." Ann looked blithe and debonair and was wearing a new hat which Louise had seen in Messinger's and tried on. She had not bought it because of the price, which was above the figure she had wanted to pay. She suspected that Ann had not paid for it at all, and she was right. For Madame Messinger, trying the hat on Ann, had insisted:

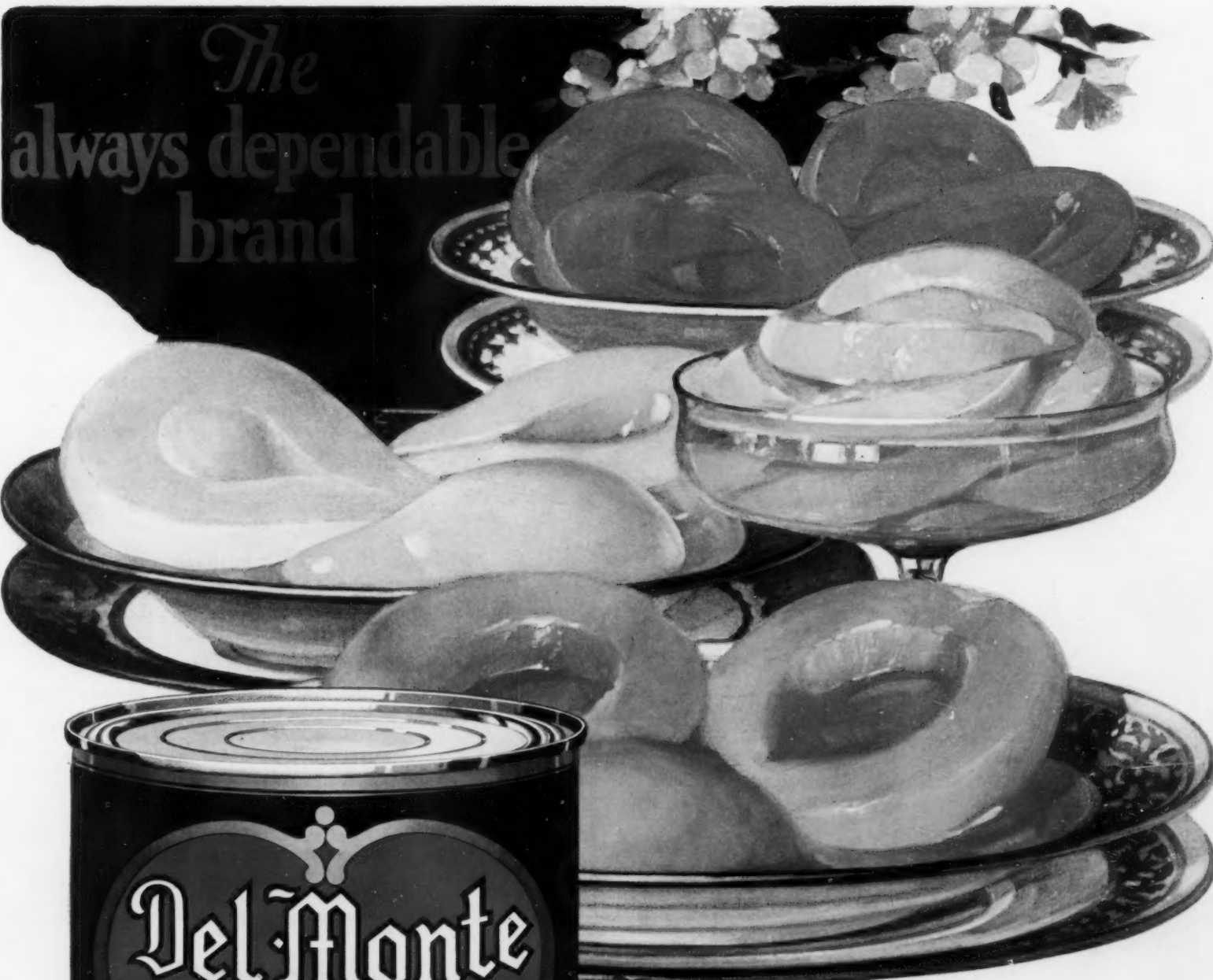
"You take it, Mrs. Maldon. I don't care. You pay when you like, two years—three years. You pay, I know, and in the meantime I get the advertisement. You show off my hats!" Somehow Louise did not feel as satisfied and righteous as she undoubtedly had reason to feel. Instead, it seemed as if Ann was getting ahead of her again. She was too unimaginative to analyze it, but she felt dimly that in this unquenchable interest in living which Ann radiated in spite of the events of the last months, she was again asserting superiority. Louise became slightly malicious.

"I hear you're not going to build, after all?"

"Build?" Ann laughed. "We couldn't build a hen coop. The forced economies of the rash Maldons are going to be texts for every Sunday School in town."

"I'm awfully sorry."

"Not very sorry," countered Ann, "not really and truly very sorry. Honestly, Louise, you think I got what was coming to me, don't you?" And then, at Louise's embarrassed flush, she flung an arm around the shoulders of the other girl. "Have a good time and disapprove of me. I suppose we did mess everything up, and I don't blame people a bit for having their I-told-yous. Only I wish they wouldn't use them on Jerry, rather. He's got quite enough to carry." [Turn to page 112]



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Girl standing: Rose Indian Head, McCall Pattern 3418. Woman seated: Pimlico Indian Head, McCall Pattern 3477.

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Little girl: Jade Indian Head, McCall Pattern 3028. Child with ball: Peach Indian Head, McCall Pattern 3351.

Teachers, Ministers, Doctors—the Professional People Living on McCall Street—Told Us Their Wishes for a House to Cost \$6000. Here It Is



Another House You Asked Us For

By A. L. Lloyd

Partner in The Office of Pond and Pond

WHEN I received the program for this house you asked for my immediate reaction was "It can't be done!" However "can't" is a word that every architect learns early in his experience to remove from his vocabulary, so I accepted the task. I shall state briefly the requirements:

The house must have a combined living- and dining-room of generous proportions with a real fireplace and a closet for the dining-room china and linens; a kitchen in which should be placed a sink, laundry tubs, refrigerator, cupboards, kitchen closet, and of course the kitchen stove; a porch, three bedrooms, bath and numerous closets; and last but not least a small trunk space "under the roof." To coordinate these various features and compress

The next step was to develop a plan which would eliminate, so far as was possible, that most "unessential citizen" called "waste space." In my home town, I remember, there lived an old German butcher, who boasted that in his work he never wasted a "squeal," so I have endeavored not to waste a foot, cubic or otherwise, which could be put to work.

The house as shown, including the porch, has a total volume of 13,761 cubic feet. This figure includes the entire volume from the grade line of the unexcavated portion and from the basement floor of the excavated portion, up to and including the roof framing, and includes all attic spaces. Of the 13,761 cubic feet in the structure, 8,895 of them may be classified as "usable." The remainder will have to be charged to the account of "useful" if not "usable" space, and there may be a few stray feet of "waste space" here and there, but a determined effort will be made to hunt them down and properly train them when the working drawings are developed.

In the above figure is an item of 904 cubic feet included in the porch, and as it is somewhat simpler and cheaper

to construct than the average of the house, it is fairly safe to assume that it will cost about one-half as much per cubic foot as the rest of the house. Therefore if one-half of this amount is deducted from this figure it will give us a total of 13,277 cubic feet. This represents the basis on which to estimate. Multiplying this by the unit price of forty-five cents we have a total of \$5,974.65, which is a fair approximate estimate of the cost of the house complete.

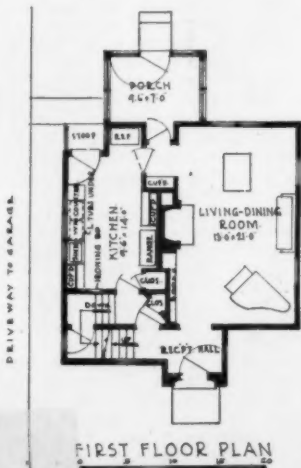
The house as designed has the lower part of all exterior walls covered with wide siding, left rough as it comes from the saw. The upper part is surfaced with wood shingles and the roof covered with wood shingles laid in irregular courses.



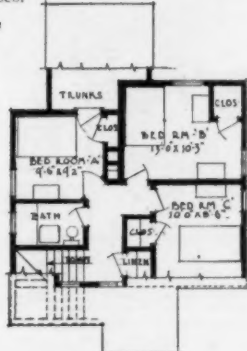
BASEMENT PLAN

them into a house which could be built for \$6,000—there was the problem!

After taking into consideration the variation of cost in the different parts of the country and after consulting Miss Mead, it was decided that forty-five cents per cubic foot would probably be a safe average. Full consideration was given to the fact that in Chicago, New York, and other large centers this price would have to be increased, whereas in the smaller towns, where materials and labor are cheaper, the price might be reduced to a point considerably below the forty-five cents. This unit price, of course, should be checked with a reliable contractor who is thoroughly familiar with the building conditions in whatever locality the house is to be built.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

As to the painting, the individual taste of the owner should be considered, but a very nice effect may be obtained by using a "dead white" on the siding, and dipping the shingles in stains to give a general mottled gray texture. Trim the house with dark green, and dip the roof shingles in green of similar color but grayed to give a variegated effect.

As the living room has come to stand for the heart of the American home, where the quiet evening or the small social gathering is enjoyed, then may not the kitchen be compared to the head? It is the center of the practical functioning of the house. Here, not only is the food prepared and cooked, but the entire business of the home is transacted. The [Turn to page 73]

How hasty eating



and soft foods ruin your teeth

AMERICANS are the fastest eaters in the world. And, although we give our teeth more care than any other people, still our teeth deteriorate, and our gums are growing soft.

Eating soft food in haste deprives the gums of the stimulation that slow mastication of coarser foods once gave. Consequently, tooth troubles, due to under-stimulated gums, are on the rise. The prevalence of pyorrhea is one item in a long list.

Does your toothbrush show "pink"?

Dental authorities are not insensible to this condition. Today they are preaching and practising the care of the gums as well as the care of the teeth. Thousands of dentists have written us to tell how they combat soft and spongy gums by the use of Ipana Tooth Paste.

In stubborn cases, they prescribe a gum-massage with Ipana after the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of ziralol, has a decided tendency to strengthen soft gums and to keep them firm and healthy.

Send for a Trial Tube

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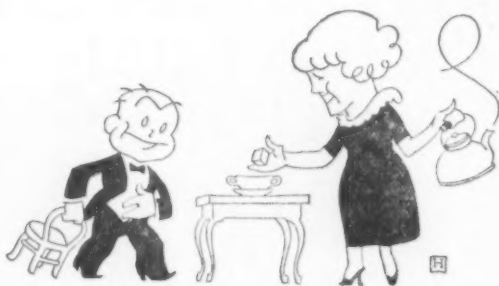


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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

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Polly, put the kettle on
But don't make tea.
A cup of Steero, piping hot,
It's just the drink for me!

ALWAYS ready—always delicious—hot **STEERO** bouillon is made in a minute. Just drop a **STEERO** bouillon cube into a cup and add boiling water. Its spicy goodness makes **STEERO** a treat at any time—at tea, at dinner, or just before bed-time. Add a **STEERO** bouillon cube to warmed-over dishes, gravy, hash or soup, for a tempting flavor that an expert chef might envy.

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Patented Oct. 31, 1911



BABY'S MILK

Mother's milk is always best and safest; but when that is deficient either in quality or quantity, or both, another milk must be provided.

Physicians state that cow's milk diluted with barley water made from **ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY** is one of the best substitutes known. The cow's milk is then easily digested by the infant, as the barley water prevents the formation of large indigestible curds—which often occur when cow's milk is not so modified.

Write for free booklet of interest to mothers and expectant mothers.

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A NEW OIL LAMP FREE
Burns 94% Air

M. G. Johnson, 609 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill., the inventor of a wonderful new oil lamp that burns 94% air and beats gas or electricity, is offering to give one free to the first user in each locality who will help introduce it. Write him for particulars. Agents wanted.

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Fortunes are being made in Tea Rooms, Cafeterias, Motor Inns and Coffee Shops everywhere. You can open one in your own home—and make money hand over fist, or manage one already going. Big salaries paid to trained managers, shortage acute. We teach you entire business at home. Write for Free Book "Tea For Profit".
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Invention
Does Away
With Dirty
Coal and
Wood
Three Times
the Heat
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Don't burn expensive dirty coal and wood! A new fuel has been discovered which gives three times the heat of coal. No more ashes, no more smoke, soot and coal dust—no getting up on cold mornings to build fires—no heavy scuttles to carry—no worrying about coal strikes and shortages. This new fuel cuts housework in half—curtains, rugs and clothes stay clean much longer.

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McCarrie School

14 W. Lake St., Chicago, Illinois

Lady Clara Vere de Vere

[Continued from page 51]

their stories. Maybe as you say, I don't know the Lady Clara Vere de Vere's o'high sassi'ty, but I know a few things."

"About your friend Molly?" Tim was so close that Howe saw the veins on his forehead grow and beat under the heightened color.

"This Molly of yours was ordered out of town. That's the sort she is. The man told me that. You didn't know it, perhaps." For the boy had gone suddenly white. Howe watched the blood recede, a new look come into his eyes. Tim leaned closer.

"Yes, I knowed it. An' I'll tell you why. Only you don't deserve t'know—you with your Lady Clara idears. Molly is prettier than you think. Men liked her. They trailed her. She laughed at 'em. She went straight. The show broke. She was busted. She's had expenses that you don't need t'know 'bout. You wouldn't 'preciate them. A woman has 'em sometimes and she stands pat . . . a woman does. She was broke. The head man o'the town . . . mayor or somethin'—he was crazy 'bout her. Offered her a loan. He was old and friendly and she thought he was all right—the Lord knows she'd had experiences enough t'tell her better—she took his loan . . . He came t'her room that night."

Howe waited for her to go on. Then said, "What did she do?"

"She knocked him down where he stood. And she kicked his face in: she had on her big chariot-race boots."

Howe's laugh was checked by the gravity of the boy's face.

"The row made a noise. They arrested her but they couldn't charge her with hurtin' him. He was pious: he couldn't be there t'be kicked, you see. But as she was arrested, they had to charge her with somethin' so they vagg'd her—said she had no vis'ble means o' support. Two hours t'get outer town. He didn't show in it at all."

Howe waited again. "And that ain't all: the thing had leaked over the town. His daughter come t'Molly: she was a sick thing . . . 'most blind and a bad spine. She says, 'Was it true? Was my father there?' and Molly looks her over and says, 'No, it wan't true. I never saw him. I don't know how he got hurt.' And the girl says, 'Oh, and sort o'drug her skirts away from Molly and went off.'"

"That was white of Molly."

"Sure."

"And then she left town?" Tim raised his shoulders and spread his hands palm up, signifying ignorance.

"And I could tell you 'bout Adrienne—I knew her better than I did Molly—but what's the use! I tell you I'm tired o'the way you jump women. They are folks. Just like men. No better'n, no worse. Good ones and bad ones. It's a mighty small mind who thinks sex makes the difference between good and bad. Pah! You make me sick!"

It was as if a much older person spoke: the youth, the boyishness, were gone. Tim put his head down on his linked fingers; the top of his head was close to Howe the wind ruffling the dark tones from under the sun-burn. Howe felt a new affection for the lad: he put out a hand to touch the bent head, but drew it back. The mockery was out of his voice when he said, "I'll keep my opinion of women to myself, if it suits you better."

Tim looked up. He smiled and his face cleared slowly. "It would help. I don't care so much what you think. If you want to be a fool inside you, that's your business but I hate t'be riled up by it all the time."

"All right. I won't talk about them again. If I do, remind me."

"You bet I will. I'll call out, 'Lady Clara Vere de Vere,' every time. It's her fault. You wouldn't be so' bad yourself, if it hadn't been for Lady Clara's infloosance." And Tim did not fail to remind. Howe had not realized how deeply fixed [Turn to page 78]



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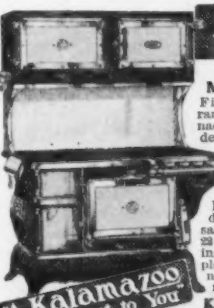
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GET EXTRA money for pretty dresses, new furniture, children's moral education, etc. Just wear beautiful silk hosiery at OUR expense. It looks, feels and wears so much better and holds its shape and appearance of newness so much longer than other hosiery that your friends will want to know where you got it. We pay you for selling them. Write for amazing new plan which gives you your own hosiery free and enables you to make \$15 a week besides. Act quick. Only on person in each locality can learn of this plan. Mrs. Mary MacDonal care of Wearplus Co., 131 Wearplus Ave., Bay City, Mich.



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Easy payments—30 days' home trial—quick, safe delivery guaranteed. 22 years' successful dealing—more than 500,000 pleased customers. Send no money—just your name—today.

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Kalamazoo, Michigan

Favorite Field-grown ROSES

Your choice of the world's best roses—80 glorious acres of them. Robust, free blooming, richly shaded. All varieties of climbers, ramblers, hardy tea and June roses, ready for planting.

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Noted Chemist Says Wrinkles Are Unnecessary

Frederick W. Scarff, an eminent authority on the action of the preparations that women use to gain beauty says that epitol is a remarkable skin developer. It is food-like,



nourishes the outer tissues of the skin, feeds their depleted cells and spaces, energizes their tiny blood vessels, stimulates them to throw off accumulated impurities and thus fill out the natural lines of the face, obliterate wrinkles and give the skin its full rounded form according to the natural outline of the features.

This will be good news to all women who are troubled with wrinkled skin as epitol can be had in almost any drug store at a trifling cost for an ounce, enough for the purpose.

If druggist cannot supply you send \$1.30 to Cooper Pharmacal Co., 672 Thompson Bldg., Chicago, Ill. This is a four-ounce package prepaid, the smallest quantity put out by mail. But it is surely worth sending for.

Another House You Wanted

[Continued from page 71]

greater part of the housewife's time is spent in the kitchen, so it should be not only cheerful and convenient in itself but should be so situated that every part of the house is ruled from it.

The meals may be served very conveniently in the dining end of the living-dining-room or on the porch.

The kitchen itself is somewhat larger than commonly is thought essential to accommodate the laundry tubs and provide sufficient work space around them. The range has been placed in a recess. By the range is a cupboard designed to accommodate pots and pans. The sink and laundry tubs are located on the opposite wall and are well lighted. Hinged covers, over the tubs, form a drainboard for the sink, and a table.

Let me add here that the ironing board will have its own little nook in the wall so that when not in use it is folded up and put away, and that the refrigerator is outside-iced and will be connected to a drain in the floor.

One of the first questions a good housewife asks about any house is, "Has it lots of closets?" This little house is, considering its size, well supplied. In the kitchen alone are two cupboards, a kitchen closet, and storage space above the refrigerator. A small closet in the hall near the kitchen is conveniently located for brooms, mops and cleaning pails and cloths, while in the passage between the kitchen and the living-dining-room is a cupboard closet for linens and dishes. Upstairs, in addition to the closets in the bedrooms, and the trunk space, is a linen-closet.

If one can afford to add somewhat to the cost, it will be worth while to excavate the entire basement; a rough coated stucco could be substituted for the siding and shingles; and for those who like a brick house, a common brick laid with flush struck joints and painted with the "dead white" as described for the siding, would be charming.

THROUGH a special arrangement with the many distinguished architects contributing to our Homebuilding Series, McCall's offers blue prints and building specifications at the extraordinarily low rate of \$15.00 each. Each set is made with architect's drawings so complete that any contractor or experienced carpenter will find them an adequate guide in building the house.

The houses are:

Four-Room Cottage, by Ernest Flagg. See McCall's for April. To be built. Mr. Flagg says, for less than \$4,000, if the Flagg building methods are followed.

Six-Room House, by Clarence Stein. See McCall's for June. Construction cost, \$8,500.

Six-Room Colonial House, by Aymar Embury II. See July McCall's. Construction cost, \$10,000.

Seven-Room Cottage, designed by W. D. Foster and Harold W. Vassar. See August McCall's. Construction cost, \$12,000.

Seven-Room English Manor House, designed by Grosvenor Atterbury. See September McCall's. To be built for \$12,500.

Seven-Room House, designed by Frederick Lee Ackerman. Cost, \$12,500. See October McCall's.

Seven-Room House, designed by Dwight James Baum. See November McCall's. Construction cost, \$13,500.

Seven-Room House, designed by Otto Eggers, partner-member of The Office of John Russell Pope. See December McCall's. Construction cost, \$16,000.

Then, for the houses specially designed to meet the wishes of our readers as expressed in their answers to our detailed questionnaire in McCall's for April, 1923:

Six-Room House, designed by Walter B. Chambers. See January McCall's. May be built for \$10,000.

Five-Room House, designed by A. L. Lloyd, partner in The Office of Pond and Pond. Cost, \$8,000.

With each set of plans McCall's will send you without charge, full directions for planting the grounds about the house; a list of household equipment and labor-saving devices recommended for each house; and suggestions for the interior decoration.

Address, enclosing money, The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

One Box Free

At Drug Stores and
Drug Departments
Present Coupon



The Kiss

At home coming—Give it May odors

Bring to every greeting a sweet breath. You owe it to one another.

One May Breath tablet will insure it. Not merely a perfumed breath to suggest concealment, but a purer, sweeter breath—a breath like spring.

Bad breath kills nearly every charm.

Cigars or cigarettes may cause it.

Or decaying food between the teeth.

Or affected teeth or gums.

Or a stomach disorder. Or certain foods or drinks.

Before any close contact eat a May Breath tablet to guard against such offense.

May Breath does not merely cover up the trouble by hiding one odor with another. It is an antiseptic mouth wash put into tablet form. It purifies as well as deodorizes. It combats the odor, whether from the mouth or stomach. In the stomach it also acts as an aid to digestion.

Nice people everywhere now carry May Breath with them. They eat one whenever a sweet breath is important. They never risk offense.

Learn what they mean to you—the added charm—the risks which they avoid. Let us buy you a box to try. Cut out the coupon and present it. This is something you will want.

May Breath is candy tablets, designed to deodorize both the mouth and stomach. Not a mere perfume, but an antiseptic purifier. Carry it with you.



10c
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GOOD FOR A 10c BOX

Present this coupon to any druggist or drug department for a 10c box of May Breath, free. He will charge to us. All leading druggists and most others now have May Breath. If your druggist fails you, send coupon to us. Only one box to a family.

TO DRUGGISTS: These coupons will continue to appear. Redeem as per our offer, send to us as they accumulate, and we will pay you 10 cents each in cash.

MAY BREATH COMPANY
1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago



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Kill them with a May Breath tablet before dancing.



Sweet Words

Can never sound sweet if the breath offends. Eat a May Breath.



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A May Breath tablet brings a breath like spring.



Hot Breakfasts Quick

*Quick Quaker cooks in
3 to 5 minutes*

Steaming oats, the world's premier vigor breakfast, hot, flavory and enticing! Have them now every day.

Quaker Oats experts have perfected a new Quaker Oats—Quick Quaker. And this new style makes oats the *quickest* breakfast dish.

Quicker than toast!

Quick Quaker cooks perfectly in three to five minutes. Quicker than toast—ready to serve before the coffee.

Simply ask your grocer for Quick Quaker. He has two styles of Quaker now: the style you've always known and the Quick.

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Quick Quaker is the same as regular Quaker Oats. Same Queen oats, big and plump from which we get but 10 pounds of flakes from the bushel.

The only difference is that the grains are cut before flaking, rolled very thin and partly cooked. And these small flakes cook faster.

All that rare Quaker flavor. All the good of hot breakfasts, quick.

Today, try Quick Quaker. But be sure you get the real Quaker brand. So look for the picture of the Quaker on the package.

**QUICK
QUAKER**

-cooks in 3 to 5 minutes



**REGULAR
QUAKER
OATS**

the kind you have always known

Your grocer has both kinds—say which you prefer
Packed in sealed round packages with removable covers

True Love's Valentines

LESBLIA

*I KNOW that you are waiting
Where the swift seas race,
A smile upon your arching lips,
The sea mist on your face.*

*I know that you are waiting
Where the steep cliffs stare,
A rose upon your either cheek,
A ribband in your hair.*

*I know that you are waiting
Beneath the golden skies
With your long hair all a-shimmer
And a glory in your eyes!*

—Gordon Malherbe Hillmann

THE MIRROR

*I SAT, white-robed for night, before my glass,
And smiled to know I still was young and fair;
Deep eyes, curved lips, smooth throat, and tumbled hair;
I clasped my knees and pondered—"When these pass—?"*

*It was no witching hour—I wrought no spell,
The mystic time of dreams had not come near;
So why, behind me, suddenly and clear,
I saw your tender face, I cannot tell.*

—By Clare Shipman

PIGTAILS

*YOU were a creature in pigtails once
With freckles across your nose;
And I was a lad in knickers once
With snakes and toads in my clothes!*

*And I don't quite long for the pigtails still;
I can go without freckles, too!
And I don't quite long for the knickers still—
But—today—I'm afraid of you!*

*And I wish that I were, for the next half-hour,
The boy that I used to be
For I wasn't at all afraid of you then
And that's why I envy me!*

*But shut your eyes and pretend with me
There are pigtails now as then,
And that we've been playing all afternoon,
And let's kiss at the gate again!*

—By Mary Carolyn Davies

A SONG

*WHY does the sky seem fairer today?
Why does the rose blush deeper, oh, say?
What is the reason the world seems so gay?
Answer, my heart, oh, pray!*

*My lover has come, my heart makes reply;
It speaks in my bosom with love's whispered sigh;
Shine on, azure heaven; blush deeper, queen flower,
For I have found rapture in this mystic power.*

*Why does the brook run swifter away?
Why do the birds sing sweeter, today?
What is the burden of their roundelay?
Answer, my heart, oh, pray!*

*My lover has come, the reason is clear;
Some secret spell tells me that now he is near;
Oh, babble on, brooklet! Oh, little birds, sing!
I go forth to meet him, my Lover, my King!*

—Margaret Wheeler Ross.

*EACH of these poems has been reprinted on separate cards,
to be used as valentines. All four will be sent to you
for ten cents. Address The Service Editor, Care McCall's
Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.*



SUN-MAID BREAD PUDDING—2 cups bread crumbs; 1 qt. scalded milk; ¼ cup sugar; 3 tablespoons butter; 2 eggs; ½ teaspoon salt; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 1 cup Sun-Maid Raisins. Soak bread in milk, cool; add sugar, butter, beaten egg yolks, salt, vanilla and raisins. Bake 40 minutes in slow oven. (Cover with a meringue made of 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and 2 tablespoons of sugar; brown and serve with maple sauce)



RAISINS are dried in the sun in beautiful clusters, just as they come from the vine. For your convenience they are then stripped from the stems and packed seedless or seeded, in cartons, ready for use

The Cinderella of desserts acquires a magic goodness

FAMOUS old B. P.! In its plainest guise, one must confess, a rather humble sort among desserts. And yet—

Make it once according to the recipe above! Fill it with big, plump, juicy Sun-Maid Raisins, rich with the stored-up sunshine and the full, fine flavor of the clustered grapes. Add a touch of meringue. Serve it with a maple or vanilla sauce

Voilà! A Cinderella-like change. *New* goodness worthy of the most expensive dessert—yet, at a cost so low!

*The secret of the richness
that transforms familiar foods*

For raisins that will work such miracles of goodness, none but the finest table grapes are selected—none but grapes grown in the fertile San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys.

In clusters of matchless beauty they are taken from the vines and placed on trays in the warm, mellow California sunshine.

Until the sun transforms them, with all

their ripe, rich flavor into fruity Sun-Maid Raisins.

*They make it easy to provide
variety your family craves*

Just as this delicate fruit gives *new* goodness to plain bread pudding—so you will find it with many other foods.

No need of seeking after costly novelties! To good wheat bread, rice pudding, oatmeal and other cereals—to so many of the old, familiar foods these tempting tid-bits give a

*To cooked cereals, such as oatmeal,
Sun-Maid Raisins add a tempting
fruit flavor, giving these foods new
goodness as well as added nourish-
ment*



new appeal to your family's appetite, and the variety they crave.

To such good things as your cakes, cookies, pies and numberless other desserts they add a fruitiness and flavor that make such dainties doubly enticing.

And the goodness of Sun-Maid Raisins is wholesome goodness. They are rich in health and elements that supply vital bodily needs. They help make laxatives unnecessary.

Send for free recipe book

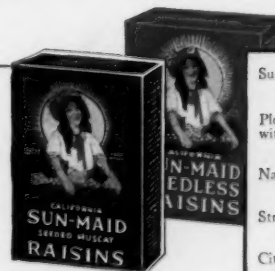
Use raisins lavishly—not only for their goodness, but because they are rich in health and quick energy. You can do it inexpensively for raisins are cheap this year.

The easiest and surest ways of preparing many tempting dishes, new and old, are given in the free book, "Recipes with Raisins." Fill in the coupon and send for it today.

Note: Sun-Maid Raisins are grown by some 16,000 individual growers with vineyards averaging only 20 acres each. Twelve years of effort in producing only the best, most perfect raisins under the Sun-Maid name has resulted in their supplying 85 per cent of all the raisins now used in this country.

Sun-Maid Raisins

Seeded—Seedless—Clusters



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Please send me a copy of your free book, "Recipes with Raisins."

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DOROTHY ETHEL WALSH

Luxurious New Rugs from Your Old Materials

Do you know that the material in your threadbare, faded, and out-of-date rugs, carpets and clothing can be reclaimed and woven into brand new, up-to-date rugs with the close, deep nap of fine Wiltons and Chenilles? Dorothy Walsh shows how to transform a room at trifling cost and tells McCall's Magazine readers just where they can get, free for the asking, a beautifully illustrated book on Rugs and Home Arrangement that everyone should have.

By DOROTHY ETHEL WALSH
Authority on Home Decorations

AS one whose mission it is to make homes beautiful I am going to tell you of an economical plan I use in providing harmonious new rugs at a cost that fits the smallest purse. You will be amazed when you learn what truly remarkable effects can be secured in your home for little money wisely spent.

What woman hasn't pictured the kind of rugs she wants?—closely-woven, deep-nap rugs in the harmonious, up-to-date, one- and two-toned effects recommended by all leading interior decorators.

By a wonderful patented process, one of the largest and oldest rug manufacturers in this country will take all kinds of old rugs, carpets, and clothing, and *reclaim* the material in them so it is as good as new. This is done by a process of shredding, washing, sterilizing, carding and combing. The reclaimed material is then *dyed* any color you wish and *woven* on large power looms into extremely good looking rugs in the up-to-date one- and two-toned effects.

Reclaimed Material Cannot Be Detected

I was more than surprised upon receiving my first rug to find that in every respect it was brand new. The reclaimed material was not evident to the most practiced eye. This worried me before its arrival because my old material was a hodge podge of all kinds and colors. I know now, however,

that doesn't make the slightest difference. After seeing these rich looking rugs I have no hesitation in recommending them for the finest homes.

Your Choice of Colors

You are not limited in your choice of colors or patterns. Your new rug may be made in any of the charming new shades—Brown, Moss, Mahogany, Taupe, Mole, Blue, Tete-de-Negre or Mulberry, in any of 26 soft, rich colors and combinations.

Closely Woven and Luxurious

Like expensive Wiltons and Chenilles, these rugs are firmly woven with a soft, deep nap or surface that stands "straight up." They will go well with the finest furniture and most expensive furnishings.

I have noticed time and again that people who could well afford more expensive rugs have selected these because of their subdued and harmonious tones.

You will be delighted to find that these rugs are woven *seamless and reversible*, a feature which is so hard to find in store rugs. Of course this means longer wear—a fact that is sure to be appreciated. No wonder they are in a million homes.

Here is another very important thing. These rugs can be made to your order in any shape or size within an amazingly short time—in less than a week.

Your business is managing your home, and like every other woman you want to be just as successful in your business as your husband is in his. Here is an economy that you can well be proud of.

They Let You Try Rugs Free

The manufacturers will reclaim and weave your old material into new rugs and send them to you for a week's trial in your home. To quote from their guarantee:

"Subject them to the hardest kind of everyday wear; compare them with store rugs costing twice as much, then if you are not delighted, send them back at our expense and we will pay you liberally for your old material." A mighty strong guarantee and one you can be absolutely sure will



be lived up to. The manufacturer pays Express, Parcel Post or Freight charges on your material.

Woven Any Size or Shape

You Should Write for this Unusual Rug Book — IT'S FREE

Every home lover will welcome this splendid book, beautifully illustrated in colors. It contains an authoritative showing of all the new and up-to-date colors and designs. It also gives many helpful suggestions by leading decorators on the furnishing of your home. As an interior decorator myself, I promise you that this book is well worth sending for. I am attaching a coupon for your convenience. Address the coupon to OLSON RUG CO., Dept. G3, 29-43 Laflin St., Chicago, Ill.

OLSON RUG CO., Dept. G3, Laflin St., Chicago
Gentlemen: At Dorothy Walsh's suggestion I should like to receive a complimentary copy of "Beauty and Harmony in the Home," illustrated in actual colors. This is free and places me under no obligation.

Name.....

Street (R. F. D.).....

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Women Vote for These Devices

Practical and Professional Homemakers List Sixty-five Ways They Have Found of Saving Work and Time

By Lucy A. Studley

Assistant Professor, Home Management Section, University of Minnesota

MOST homemakers should have more labor-saving equipment. There is little argument about that. But *what* equipment is a problem that wrinkles the brows of experts no less than of practical housewives.

Household equipment is only right when it saves you labor, time and money. You are thrifty—not the reverse—when you provide yourself with such equipment. Naturally the homemaker's choice will be guided by her income, ability, experience and the amount of cooperation she can get from her family. If she can interest the men-folk in lending a hand with their tools, many labor-

saving articles can be made at home.

The lists given here have been compiled from the suggestions of practical homemakers and of experts specializing in the problems of homemaking. These lists do not attempt to name all the working equipment required in the kitchen but only those articles which save time and energy in preparing and taking care of the food supplies.

The *first* list contains the simplest and most inexpensive labor-saving equipment. Some of it will cost nothing, much of it can be purchased at the five-and-ten-cent store.

The *second* list contains articles that run from twenty-five cents to a few

dollars. It, too, is a list of low-cost labor-saving equipment.

The *third* list contains the larger pieces of equipment whose money cost is greatest. But the saving they make in time and labor is greatest, too.

I wish you would write me whether you find these lists helpful, and would send me suggestions for any other labor-saving devices you use. If you will enclose a two-cent stamp in your letter we will send you "The Modern Home," a booklet which describes other work-savers for your home.

Next month we will discuss the labor-saving equipment needed in the production and care of clothing.

For the Care and Preparation of Food

¢s

\$s-less

\$5-up

MAGIC MIT (a beaded dish cloth which slips over hand for scouring dishes)

MILK BOTTLE OPENER (a sharpened steel skewer for lifting paper cap out of bottle)

CALENDAR (for meal planning and food purchases)

TABLE ON CASTORS (easily moved anywhere, carrying one's working materials on it)

PAPER NAPKINS (for covering small portions of food; for greasing dishes; or for wiping greasy dishes before washing)

PARAFFIN PAPER (for covering or wrapping food)

METAL CAP FOR MILK BOTTLE (large metal cap for covering milk bottle after paper cap has been removed)

RECIPE BOX

DISH DRAINER (homemade)

HOMEMADE FIRELESS COOKER

HOLDERS (small and large washable holders for handling hot saucepans or oven dishes)

WOODEN SPOON, KNIFE SHARPENER

LABELS (gummed paper or adhesive tape for use in food storage, for example "Baby's Milk" in refrigerator)

TRAY (for carrying food from refrigerator to serving or work table; putting away dishes; setting and clearing table and so on)

CUP EGGE-BEATER (for beating one egg or small part of mixture) in cup

2 MEASURING CUPS, GARBAGE PAIL

APPLE CORER, ICE PICK

PLATE SCRAPER, SINK STRAINER

SOAP SHAKER, PAD AND PENCIL

PUTTY KNIFE (convenient for use in sautéing or pan broiling)

STEEL WOOL (convenient for cleaning and scouring utensils and dishes, especially aluminum ware)

GLASS SPICE CONTAINERS, LADLE

CONVENIENT HOOKS (for dishpan and drainers near sink, for holders near range and so on)

DOUBLE BOILER, FUNNELS

JAR FILLER (large-mouthed funnel)

WASTE BASKET (high peach basket)

STRAWBERRY HULLER

REFRIGERATOR DRAIN connected with house plumbing, or

A PAN FOR REFRIGERATOR (large enough to hold all water drained from refrigerator in 24 hours, and which can be emptied without spilling)

SCISSORS (medium or large size—convenient for cutting string, paper, food such as grape-fruit membrane, dried meat, fish and so on)

BRUSH FOR WASHING DISHES, scouring pots and pans (wooden-handled spiral brush with bristles twisted in wire)

QUART MEASURE, VEGETABLE BRUSH

MEAT GRINDER

BREAD MIXER

RUBBER GLOVES

CAKE COOLER (oblong wire rack for use in cooling quickly baked batters and doughs—bread, cake, rolls, cookies and so on)

CREAM WHIP

EGG SLICER (rectangular device strung with wire for slicing entire egg with one stroke)

TEA KETTLE INSET (a saucepan similar in shape to top part of double boiler that fits into teakettle and is covered by cover of teakettle, serving as an improvised double boiler)

SCALES (tested or sealed)

STAINLESS STEEL KNIVES

COMMERCIAL FIRELESS COOKER

CLOCK

RECIPE FILE

GLASS BAKING DISHES

OVEN THERMOMETER

CANDY THERMOMETER

PORTABLE OVEN (a light weight metal box of tin or sheet iron to place over open burner to supply small or extra oven space—a fuel saver)

SMALL ICE-CREAM FREEZER

TEA CART

POTATO RICER (a metal device usually of perforated tin through which the potato is easily forced into fine shreds)

PRESSURE COOKER (for rapid cooking of meals and for preserving)

OVEN REGULATOR (conserves gas and assures constant temperature)

ELECTRIC TOASTER

ELECTRIC GRILL

ELECTRIC PERCOLATOR

ELECTRIC DISHWASHER

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION



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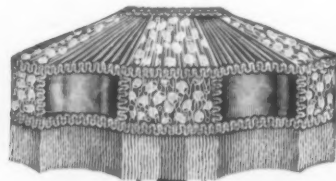
It tells how to make your home more artistic, cheery and inviting. Explains how inexpensive soft woods may be finished so they are as beautiful as hardwood. Tells just what materials to use and how to apply them. Includes color charts—gives covering capacities, etc. Use coupon below for Book and generous Sample of Johnson's Liquid Wax—enough for polishing several pieces of furniture.



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Canadian Factory—Brantford

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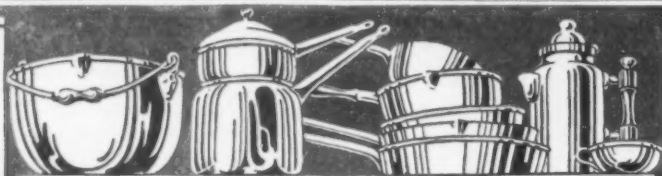
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SAPOLIO

Lady Clara Vere de Vere

[Continued from page 72]

was his habit of jeering because of the old hurt. As he was hauled up short by Tim, it grew upon him each day that most of what he said and did was tinged by that old pain. For Tim's references to Lady Clara came often. The horses were gradually sold until the herd was small enough for Howe and Steve to handle. But he did not send Tim away. He liked the lad. He liked to watch him ride, to hear what he said—even the sharp-toned interruptions about Lady Clara Vere de Vere amused him. Sometimes he checked a fling about women, but often he spoke them on purpose to be interrupted by the young clear voice. They were walking across the last corral one hot morning. Howe was making a valuation of the remaining horses as a job lot to close the expedition. Tim, beside him, was slashing the ragged weeds with the short whip he carried.

Howe stopped and pointed back to the far line of hills. "Back there is the Linn ranch. I nearly bought it. It had such a homey look. But why buy it? There is no chance for a home because—"

"Lady-Clara-Vere-de-Vere," remarked Tim.

"I wasn't going to say anything."

"I wasn't goin' t' chance it."

SUDDENLY the boy sprang forward, slashing furiously at the ground with his whip. Howe had not heard the warning rattle, but he had seen a sinuous thing hurl itself through the air, stopped before it reached him by the boy's intervening legs. Tim's whip rose and fell—the thing was wrapped about it; he slapped the ground again and again with the whirling, slinging body. Then he lifted it high in the air and flung it far, limp and hanging. It fell with a thump that had no life in it. "God!" cried Howe. "Were you struck?"

"He didn't get you!" Tim's voice could hardly be heard. He was already unfastening the buckles of his high boots. The fang had struck; he indicated the spot with a finger as he unfastened. He rolled away the under garment. Below the knee, clasped about the bare leg, was a band to which a small leather purse was fastened.

Tim shouted. There was hysteria in the sound. "The purse caught it! Ain't it like a story! But it oughter have been the Bible my granny give me, instead o' my coin!"

He shouted again, too loudly; his lips were shaking; so were his fingers fumbling again with the boot clasps. Howe was trembling, too. He put a hand on the boy's shoulder and tried to speak as he would have spoken before this had happened.

"That's a woman's trick, to fasten things in her garters," he said huskily.

Tim turned upon him. "How d'you mean—a woman's trick?" His face was red, his eyes blazing. He looked like a fighter; teeth together, chin out. "Lyn' were you?" he sneered.

Howe was astonished. "What are you getting so mad about. I don't know women, but what is it to you, if I do?"

"I hate a liar," muttered Tim sulkily. "I hate t'be strung. You get me t'believin' you. Then you comes up with an intimate thing like garters. Makes me sore."

Howe laughed. He was feeling more natural: the horror of the slack thing on the ground was passing. "Anyway," he said, "it was mighty brave of you to get between. You went like a flash."

"I'm younger'n you. And I ain't got no sad past t'tie up my movements. I'm livin' in the present: this here present, where there ain't nothin' in the world but us—I'm likin' that. I'm not eatin' myself 'cause o'some up-stage girl who tied a can t'me."

"I'm not eatin' myself," said Howe indignantly.

"Seems that way t'a innocent bystander. You checked up all the women in the world as rotten 'cause you happened t'know the kind that was."

[Turn to page 79]



Sure Way to Get Rid of Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

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Lady Clara Vere de Vere

[Continued from page 78]

"What do you know about it? You're just a kid. You haven't seen the world."

"I've seen part o'it and believe me it was some busy part. Had women in it too."

"Say, you started this subject this time! You are a silly boy: you think that because women are pretty that they are not liars and sneaks and parasites. They feed on men; they haven't a real feeling; they want what they can get out of men—nothing else."

"Then why care s'much 'bout Lady Clara?"

"I don't care about her."

"Then you've made an awful fuss 'bout nothin'."

Howe laughed again reluctantly. But Tim was frowning. "S'pose you had run across a girl that had treated you right—then all women would be right, I s'pose."

"No argument in that."

"It's your game though. Don't know why I should worry."

"And I don't know why I should worry about what you care either, Tim." He heard the odd note in his voice. He knew why it was there: because he had an odd feeling that matched it . . . an odd tenderness. . . . No, not tenderness something different, for the boy beside him. When he looked at Tim, the latter turned away sharply.

"Goo-by," he called. Howe watched him run: lightly, shoulders back, elbows in; as if he had been born to run, he did it so fully and so freely. There had been an odd note in his, "Goo-by."

Closing up his affairs in the town that afternoon, he found that they had overtaken the remains of the Peel circus. Peel himself was there. Howe turned him up because of the problem within him.

"I have a boy from your show with me," he said.

"Which boy?" Howe described him. He was surprised how glibly he could tell how Tim looked and acted.

"H-m," said Peel. "Guess he's stringin' you. I don't know no such boy as that along o' us."

"Walk out and see him. I'm letting him go. He's a good chap and you might know of a place for him."

THEY walked out to the corral. At a distance Tim's slender figure was outlined against the fence. Howe's searching eyes found it eagerly . . . clung to it . . . and at once he knew. At once he understood without reason: he knew without knowing, why he had wanted Tim: why he had touched his hand one night and drawn his own sharply back: why he had watched him as he rode, as he talked, as he slept . . . why the end of the trip had pinched him. He knew. So he was not surprised when, as Tim swung around to face the man, his face went white so that the freckles stood out across his forehead. He was not at all surprised when the man said,

"Hullo, Molly."

"Hullo," replied Tim.

He felt pretty sure what would happen. Instead of the lolling talk that they always had together before dark: she would ride off by herself. He had noticed that Tim often did that. Howe saw the boyish figure already on the horse. He watched horse and rider long before he mounted and rode fast to overtake them. She had been crying but he affected not to see it.

"Off there, twenty miles, is the Linn ranch," he said. "I made first payment on it today. I am going to live on it. It is to be a real home . . . perhaps."

"S'that so?"

He cleared his throat. "Now that you are a woman," he said slowly, "it puts, one honest woman into the world—"

"Lady Clar—"

He interrupted. "Will you marry me, Tim? I'd be awful good to you. I could be good to a woman if I wanted to. Will you?" [Turn to page 88]

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Every woman should learn. We train beginners in Practical Nursing, Mothers and Religious Workers by our Fascinating Home-study Method. Leading Chicago System. Endorsed by physicians. Established 25 years.
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If you are over 18 and under 55 years write for illustrated catalog and 32 Sample Lesson Pages with FREE details of Money-making course and FREE NURSING EQUIPMENT.
CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Becomes Independent
Dept. 92 421 South Ashland Boulevard - Chicago





"Yes, Dick, We Can Now Afford the Things We Need!"

At Last I've Found a Way to Turn My Spare Time Into Extra Money!

"You know, Dick, you'd never admit there was anything worthwhile in these spare-time homework plans. But I knew you were wrong and now I'm going to prove it. You're one of those matter-of-fact, practical business men—a little stubborn at times—who thinks a woman has no head for business. I was willing to give up my position when we were married, for I knew it would hurt your pride to see me going to work, but I didn't agree to merely spend my spare hours at home twirling my thumbs and looking pretty. And when I saw you worrying—fretting—figuring—trying to make your salary buy the things we need and want, I made up my mind I'd find a way to help you.

"One night last June when you were working late at the office, Mary Smith ran in for a little chat. You know how hard up Mary and John have been since they were married—and how pitifully dowdy Mary was beginning to look in that same dress and hat. Well, when she stepped into the room I could hardly believe my eyes. She had on a stunning tailored suit, an adorable fall hat, brown satin slippers and one of the prettiest furs I have ever seen. I guess she noticed my first look of surprise, for she laughed and said, 'I see you don't know me!' Then she told me her story.

"It seems that John's salary wasn't quite enough to meet their regular household expenses, much less buy clothes or furniture and the many things they needed. They were slowly getting into debt, the rent had been raised and things were going from bad to worse. John was desperate and Mary was pretty well discouraged, too. She wanted to take a position for a while, but John wouldn't hear of it.

"One day, more out of curiosity than anything else, Mary answered an advertisement of the Auto-Knitter Hosiery Company of Buffalo—large distributors of pure wool socks and knitted hosiery. The advertisement announced a new plan whereby women at home could knit socks with the aid of an ingenious little machine called the Auto-Knitter. And the company offered to buy back all the standard grade socks made on this machine, at a guaranteed weekly wage.

"Mary sent for the free book and was so convinced by the letters from thousands of other women, telling what this plan had meant to them, that she decided to give it a trial. She ordered the little machine and a supply of pure wool yarn and set to work. Every day she devoted a few spare hours to the pleasant, interesting work—without interfering with regular household duties in any way. Each week she shipped a package of fine, durable, well-shaped socks to Buffalo and back

came the welcome pay check. Before she realized it she had \$200 in the bank; and with every package of socks shipped off to Buffalo, her balance grew and grew.

"That's how she was able to buy those beautiful clothes. And besides, she now has an electric washing machine, a dandy vacuum cleaner and many other things they had never been able to afford.

"When Mary had gone, I did some quick thinking. What Mary had done I could do, I reasoned. And I made up my mind to start without delay. I, too, sent for the free book. It told how, through the remarkable new plan, hundreds of women everywhere were turning into money the spare hours and half hours that might otherwise be wasted. I got the little machine and started out to help solve our problem of 'not quite enough money.' Each day, after my work was done, I turned out pair after pair of fine wool socks; and when it was time to get dinner I hid the machine away in my dresser drawer and put the socks and wool high up on the closet shelf. I made up my mind not to tell you what I was doing, for I was afraid you'd laugh and ridicule my scheme. So I just kept on making socks, and with every package that went off to Buffalo another entry appeared in my bank book.

"That's my little secret, Dick. And from now on it will be our secret. For I'm going to keep right on knitting my spare hours into extra dollars until you get the promised salary you deserve. But the best of it all is that we will no longer have to worry over nasty money problems. And we can now afford the things we need, for at last I've found a way to turn my spare time into extra dollars.

"If every woman only knew what I know about this wonderful Auto-Knitter Homework Plan they wouldn't hesitate another day. For all you have to do is send off the coupon, get the free book, read the facts and judge for yourself. There is no obligation to buy anything or do anything—just a splendid big opportunity to turn wasted hours into extra money. The coupon will prove it."

Auto Knitter Hosiery Co.,
Dept. 52, 630 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

I am interested. Without any obligation on my part, please send me the free book which tells how to turn spare hours at home into extra money. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp to cover the cost of mailing this information to me.

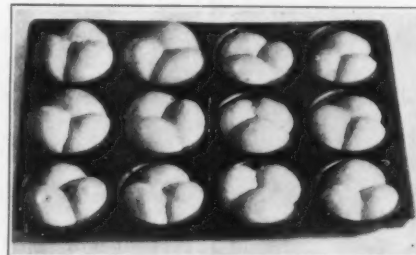
Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

Shamrock rolls for Saint Patrick's Day are three small balls of dough baked in a muffin ring



Now's the Time for a Party

By Lilian M. Gunn

Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

FEBRUARY is a favorite month with the hostess because it contains so many holidays. Lincoln's Birthday, Valentine's Day and Washington's Birthday afford opportunity for novel parties. Hard on the heels of these comes March with Saint Patrick's Day, always a popular occasion for a party.

Bridge and other card parties have for years been favorite entertainment for these winter months but fascinating Mah Jongg has been crowding them out this season. Mah Jongg parties are the latest inspiration of the up-to-the-minute hostess everywhere.

The question of refreshments is always an important one, whether these consist of only one food and a beverage or a meal of several courses. If you live in the country and your guests come from a distance for the evening, it is hospitable to serve a simple supper before the games begin. Then serve nothing more during the evening except a punch or a hot drink.

You may serve refreshments in the dining-room, or you can throw pretty cloths over the card tables and serve them there. Have dainty foods and serve them simply. Then you will be free to devote yourself wholeheartedly to your guests.

I have made these recipes and menus simple to prepare and serve but I think you will find several novel ideas among them. In using these recipes, all measurements should be level. Use standard measuring cup and spoons. Each recipe serves about six persons.

MOLDED TUNA-FISH SALAD

2 cups tuna fish
3 egg yolks
1½ teaspoon salt
1½ tablespoons sugar
¾ tablespoon flour
¾ teaspoon mustard
2 tablespoons cold water

¼ teaspoon paprika
Few grains cayenne
1 tablespoon butter, melted
¼ cup vinegar
¾ cup milk
1 tablespoon gelatin

Flake fish with silver fork and remove bones. Beat egg-yolks, adding salt, sugar, flour and spices. Stir in butter, milk and vinegar. Cook in a double boiler until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Soak gelatin in cold water, pour hot mixture over it and stir to dissolve gelatin. Mold in individual molds or in a border mold. Serve on lettuce with a cream or mayonnaise dressing.

WASHINGTON PIE

¼ cup fat
¾ cup sugar
2 eggs
1½ cups flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
1½ cup milk
½ teaspoon vanilla

Cream fat and add sugar gradually. Add well beaten eggs. Sift flour with baking powder and add to the mixture alternately with milk. Add vanilla. Bake in a moderate oven (about 350 degrees Fahrenheit) in two small round layer cake tins. Serve with raspberry jam as a filling and powdered sugar sifted over the top.

LOG-CABIN SALAD

From pastry or cheese-straw mixture cut very narrow strips four inches long with a pastry jagger.

(A small wheel with an irregular edge, costing 25 cents in a house-furnishing department.) Bake a delicate brown. Arrange in a square, log-cabin fashion. In the center of each square place a lettuce leaf filled with any desired salad. The logs are eaten with the salad in place of other bread.

SHAMROCK ROLLS

Make small balls of a yeast or baking-powder dough and put three in each ring of well-greased muffin tins, greasing the balls with melted butter where they come together. For yeast rolls make balls very small as they increase very much in rising. Bake in a hot oven (400-425 degrees Fahrenheit). Using two different doughs, as graham and white, gives variety. [Turn to page 84]

MENUS

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Cherry Cocktail
Molded Tuna-Fish Salad
Coffee
Washington Pie

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

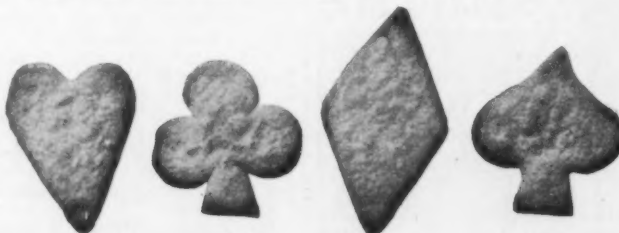
Log-Cabin Salad
Cucumber Pickles
Hot Ginger Bread
Coffee
Whipped Cream

VALENTINE'S DAY

Creamed Chicken
Sandwiches
Hearts of Lettuce
French Dressing
(Heart shaped, one slice of white bread, one of brown)
Ice-Cream
Cookies (shaped like arrows and cupids)
Heart Bonbons
Coffee

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY

Potato Salad
Assorted Cold Meats
Apple Jelly
Shamrock Rolls
Pistachio Ice-Cream
Cookies
Saint Patrick Confections



With fancy cookie-cutters or cardboard patterns and a sharp knife you can make these card cookies from simple cookie dough



Cherry Whip

©1923 BY THE GENESSEE PURE FOOD COMPANY

For Special Occasions

TEMPTING and delicious as the mould of clear, sparkling, glowing Jell-O may be, and appropriate as it undoubtedly is for almost every occasion, there are special days and special events when something even more inviting, and more beautiful and delightful, is in demand. Some holiday party, or some family fete day when the best that is to be had in sweets or delicacies, is in order. It is on these occasions that Jell-O comes to the housewife's aid most efficiently and adequately.

Cherry Whip

Dissolve a package of Cherry Jell-O in a pint of boiling water. When cold, but not yet congealing, whip to consistency of whipped cream. Pile into a glass dish or serve in individual glasses with whipped cream or custard sauce.

To whip Jell-O successfully, use a Ladd or Dover egg-beater and a dish rather deep but not large. When Jell-O has become cold and is still liquid set the dish in a pan of ice water or very cold water and whip until Jell-O is of consistency of whipped cream.

JELL-O

America's Most Famous Dessert





Is this health and happiness in your family?

HAPPY is the mother who sees her family buoyant with health. For health is essential to happiness. The healthy person is promised a life complete in usefulness and enjoyment.

The health of your children, husband and yourself is dependent upon *internal cleanliness*—proper elimination of food waste. From a clogged intestinal system to chronic disease is only a step, says a famous medical authority. There are intermediate periods with minor accompanying disorders. But only a short time carries a person from the first attacks of intestinal clogging, with its resultant poisoning of the body, to serious, even vital diseases.

Guard Your Children

The mother must take systematic measures to prevent intestinal clogging in her children. Headache, fretfulness, loss of appetite, coated tongue, etc., all indicate that clogging is present and that poisons are saturating the body. Vital resistance is lowered and the child is prey to contagious diseases.

Value of Internal Cleanliness

Physical and mental well-being are the rewards of internal cleanliness. Parents and chil-

dren alike can establish sound health by acquiring this priceless habit through the regular use of Nujol. Nujol is not a laxative. Nujol maintains internal cleanliness by *lubrication*. Nujol lubricates and softens the food waste and hastens its passage through and out of the body. It thus prevents the formation of dangerous poisons in the intestine. Physicians recommend Nujol not only as the best method for overcoming intestinal clogging, but as the most effective means of preventing it.

Make health and happiness easy. Have your family take Nujol as regularly as they wash their faces or brush their teeth. Nujol is not a medicine. Like pure water it is harmless. Nujol promotes the habit of internal cleanliness—the healthiest habit in the world. Keep a bottle of Nujol always in the bathroom cabinet. For sale by all druggists.

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Internal Cleanliness

Faulty Elimination

A noted medical authority states that intestinal clogging is not so much a disease but a fruitful soil in which diseases grow. Faulty elimination is not only the cause of lesser ills, headaches, bilious attacks, sleeplessness, etc., that impair bodily and mental efficiency, but it is also the source of most of those serious organic diseases which break down the body and shorten life.

Why Physicians Favor Lubrication

Laxatives and cathartics do not overcome faulty elimination, says an intestinal specialist, but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition, and often lead to permanent injury. Medical science, through knowledge of the intestinal tract gained by X-ray observation and exhaustive tests, has found in *lubrication* the best means of overcoming faulty elimination. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, penetrates and softens the hard food waste. Thus it enables Nature to secure regular, thorough elimination. Nujol is not a medicine and cannot cause distress. Nujol hastens the rate of flow of the intestinal stream, preventing intestinal sluggishness.

Nujol is used in leading hospitals and is prescribed by physicians throughout the world for the relief of faulty elimination in people of all ages.

Complexion Troubles. Science now knows that poisons from intestinal sluggishness are the chief cause of personal unattractiveness. Carried by the blood they reach every body cell, the millions of cells that compose the skin, the roots of the hair and the eyes. No wonder that through faulty elimination the skin becomes sallow, muddy, roughened, blotched or disfigured with pimples or other blemishes. It is not strange that the hair loses its sheen and the eyes become dull.

Nujol should be taken regularly for the complexion. Nujol overcomes and prevents intestinal sluggishness. It thus keeps the body free from poisons which are the principal cause of complexion troubles.

Nujol is woman's most effective aid to a clear, healthy, lovely skin.

Elderly People. In youth and perfect health the intestine supplies a natural lubricating liquid in sufficient quantity to soften the food waste and hasten its movement out of the body. In advanced years this lubricant decreases in quantity. Hence the need for something to give assistance. The action of Nujol so closely resembles that of Nature's lubricant that it is especially beneficial to those in advanced years. Nujol softens the waste, thus enabling the intestinal muscles to move it along and out of the body.

Guaranteed
by Nujol
Laboratories

Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau
From San Francisco
City of New York
City of Boston
City of Philadelphia

Standard
Oil Co.
(New Jersey)

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE!

Nujol, Room 812-A, 7 Hanover Square, New York. For this coupon and 10 cents, stamps or coin, to cover packing and postage, please send me a trial bottle of Nujol and 16-page booklet, "Faulty Elimination." (For booklet only, check here ☐ and send without money.) Write name and address in margin.



"Regular as Clockwork"

Draw Up Your Chairs to My Hearth

Now That We Have Leisure Let's Talk About You and Me and the Ups-and-Downs of Homemaking

By Sarah Field Splint

HAVE you ever tried to write an article? Or to make a speech? I have—both, and so great is the suffering entailed that long ago I swore never to do either again.

Now the only way in which I can set words down on paper is to pretend I'm not doing it. So, sitting here today, I think of all you who read McCALL'S as my friends and neighbors, and I ask you to think of me in the same way, as another woman whose life and problems are similar to your own. Once a month we shall foregather to talk about home and work and ideas and people and children and contentment and hobbies and books and all the things that make it worth while to be alive.

And I promise not to monopolize the floor. Each one of you has something she can contribute to the common good and you must give it to us for our help and pleasure. Today then, our first regular meeting, I think you have come to my house bringing your sewing and wondering a little whether you really are going to have a good time. You find a log fire burning brightly on the hearth, chairs drawn up before it which are comfortable even though some of them are shabby, and like the long-suffering angels you are, you settle silently back to hear what this talkative new friend has to say.

Well, of course, it's the chance I've been waiting for for years and, equally of course, I tackle a good, hard subject first. The thing I'm wondering about is: How many of us are getting as much out of our profession of homemaking as we can?

Certainly it is a lot harder task than it was even five years ago. Countless adjustments have been necessary and perhaps it has not been as easy for some women to make them as for others. Just the matter of keeping an anxious and watchful eye upon the young people of the family has been a nerve-racking, time-consuming occupation that mothers of high-school children did not have a few short years ago. By the time one has gained the confidence of the boy or girl of today a good many loaves of bread have gone unbaked, a few curtains have remained unmade, and upstairs rooms have often missed out on cleaning.

Yet, what can the homemaker do? She simply must have freedom to spend more time with her children if she is to do her duty by them. Lots of women have made changes in their housekeeping that really meant sacrifice. Mrs. Barrows, for instance, has put away her beautiful table cloths and heavy damask napkins, her choice glassware and the silver tea service on her sideboard and substituted for these treasured possessions simpler articles whose care de-



mands the least possible expenditure of time and effort.

She encourages both her son and daughter to bring home their friends and though she stays in the background she manages to see that they are kept happy and busy, for she knows that when they are there they can't be in very much mischief. She wisely figures that it is better to endure noise and wear and tear on the furniture than to have Bob hanging around the drug-store corner downtown.

Robert Fuller was a farmer's son in England. After a rather wild youth he "got Salvation" and journeyed on foot through the countryside preaching to little groups of people wherever he could gather them together. Then suddenly he lost God as instantly as he had found him. After months of struggle, half ill, despairing, he decides to drown himself. On his way to the pond on his brother's farm this happens:

... Then suddenly the sun rose and swept up the fields in a soaring light—the watercourses gleamed, the windows of farmhouses burned, the wood seemed to change color, and the subdued chatter of birds among the trees swelled into a song. A blackbird's liquid note sounded close to Robert in a hawthorn tree, for some reason it seemed to fill him with a heart-breaking surprise.

As he walked across the big field in the sunrise, with his shadow running before him towards death, he found himself wishing that he had loved the country better.

The pond was about two furlongs from Pookwell, cupped in some alders and willows. The big yellow flags were opening now among the reeds, and a yellow light gleamed from the sunrise on the surface of the water. It was all lit up and aflame. . . . He stood at the edge of the pond. . . .

"I am your God. Don't you know me?"

The fields and the farms and the sunrise were calling him now with the voice he had heard in the Throves chapel. . . .

"Did you think I was away up in Heaven, watching you from a gart way off? Didn't you know I've bin with you all the time?—that every time you looked out on the fields or into your kind brother's eyes or at your baby asleep in his bed you looked on Me?"

Robert's temples were hammering. . . . "Why woa'n't you look and see how beautiful and homely and faithful and loving I am? You can't get away from me. . . . I'm plighted to you wud the troth of a mother to her child. You lost Me in the mists of your own mind. . . ." Then Robert lifted his face to the sky, so that the sunrise fell on it, pouring out of the clouds, striking up from the broken ripples of the pond. His face was all smeared and dabbled with the sweat of his agony, and it shone in the sunrise, catching it like the water, till it was transfigured and gleaming.

"O Lord!" he cried, "O Lord!"

—From "Green Apple Harvest" by Sheila Kaye-Smith.

Other women have met changed conditions by the purchase of labor-saving appliances, or by simplifying the meals through applying the new laws of nutrition, or by moving into a better arranged or a smaller house. By compromising with the material things of life they have gained time for the mental and spiritual side of homemaking.

If a homemaker feels worn out and harried she is probably still fumbling for the key which will unlock the door to a brighter world. A very wise person once said that if you were unhappy you had better sit down with a paper and pencil and ask yourself why. It seems to me that a housekeeper's questionnaire might run something like this:

Question: Why do I always feel so tired?

Answer: Because I have too much to do.

Question: How can I do less?

Answer: Stop doing unnecessary work

and manage what remains better. Question: What unnecessary work do I do?

Answer: (1) All those steps to the dining-room, for instance. Fix up the kitchen with new curtains, and flowers on the window sill and serve breakfast and luncheon there.

(2) Give the children certain duties. Ellen is big enough to tidy the bathroom every day; Jerry can see that the cat and dog are fed; Harold will wax the floors if shown how. (This answer can be as long as you like—the longer the better if you carry it out.)

Question: How can I do better the work that remains for me?

Answer: (1) Systematize it. Make a work schedule and stick to it as nearly as possible, certain things to be done at certain hours on certain days of the week. (2) Re-

quire the family to be systematic, on time for meals, attending to their share of the work promptly and so on. (3) Do your marketing two or three times a week instead of every day. (This list too could be stretched out to good proportions.)

Question: Won't it be more trouble to make these changes than it's worth?

Answer: No! Because they'll bring you leisure.

Question: What will I do with leisure?

Answer: Oh—I won't even attempt to fill in this answer. When one thinks of all the delightful things there are to do—reading, a garden, seeing one's friends, music, needlework, the movies, motoring—when one thinks of all these things, one's afraid she may not live long enough to enjoy them all!

Does it sound silly? Try it, and see how a lot of your troubles iron out. It works just as well when Income and Outgo loom up in your path as Giants of Despair; or when you're wondering whether you ought to go away from home on a visit; or when you can't make up your mind why you don't like the girl to whom your son is paying his devotions.

It is essential for your sake and that of the family that you should be happy and it is to help you get the most out of life that McCALL'S MAGAZINE has planned the new program of homemaking about which I want to tell you.

Under this new plan Doctor McCollum and Miss Simmonds, whose articles on nutrition in McCALL'S have for two years attracted so much attention, will continue to contribute accounts of the discoveries made in their laboratory at Johns Hopkins. Doctor McCollum is one of the foremost [Turn to page 104]



Just What My Children Need

BY A MOTHER

AFTER going here and there for many summers, we finally discovered the ideal summer vacation-land. Now we go there every year.

For Southern California combines all that we have wanted, including cool—yes, delightful—summer weather. We know what that weather is, but many doubt it, so in telling people about this vacation-land we always quote the forty-year official record of the U. S. Weather Bureau as follows (average mean temperatures taken in a great central city in this section):

44 Junes, 66 degrees.

44 Julys, 70 degrees.

44 Augusts, 71 degrees.

44 Septembers, 69 degrees.

In fact, we sleep under blankets almost every night throughout June, July and August.

But it's the complete change that does us good. We all need it, especially the children. The mountains, the valleys, the orange groves, the old missions, the ocean and the desert like Sahara—all are interesting and new and different.

Each day is sunny—no rain to interrupt play. The children return home brown and strong, fresh for school work.

So do all of us. We find that this outdoor life we lead, whether we stay two weeks or two months, revitalizes both body and mind.

There's so much to do in Southern California. We motor over the 4,000 miles of paved boulevards or take the trolley almost anywhere we want to go. We fish, sail, play golf and tennis, swim, ride, hike or do anything else that appeals to us, for nearly everything one can think of to do is here.

We see Nature in almost all its phases, finding in this one section combinations that only Europe, Asia and Africa duplicate.

And best of all it is not expensive. There are accommodations in Southern California to suit every purse.

Come now or plan to come this summer. It's worth while visiting Southern California at any season. There are special summer round trip fares, from May to October, that cost but little more than the ordinary one way fare.

So almost anyone can go. Plan now and find in this unique land the most perfect summer's rest and recreation that you have ever had.

Your local railroad ticket agent can give you complete facts about the rates, etc. And we will gladly send you additional information relative to this great playground.

Plan now for the finest summer vacation your family has ever had. Give your children this wonderful trip. Mail the coupon to us today.

All-Year Club of Southern California
Southern California is the new
Gateway to Hawaii



All-Year Club of Southern California
Dept. 702, 2601 S. Figueroa St.,
Los Angeles, California.

Please send me full information about the summer and year around vacation possibilities in Southern California.

Name.....

Address

Cow's Milk was intended for the calf—

NATURE made cow's milk quite different from human milk. And yet cow's milk is the only practical substitute we have for human needs.

The digestive power of the infant is far more delicate than that of the calf—which gives us the reason why plain cow's milk frequently disagrees with babies and why they do not always get the full benefit of the milk.

"Gelatinized Milk" is Best for Infants



Medical science prescribes various modifications for the purpose of rendering the milk more easily digestible. By far the most valuable discovery in this connection is "gelatinized" milk, which

means the addition of one level tablespoonful of Knox Sparkling Gelatine to a quart of milk.

Soak the gelatine in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of the cold milk 5 minutes. Place the cup in boiling water, stirring until gelatine is fully dissolved; then add this dissolved gelatine to the quart of cold milk or regular formula. Ask your physician about this.

The effect of this "gelatinizing" is to prevent the excessive curdling of the milk in the infant stomach. The value of any food is the amount that can be beneficially absorbed by the body. Plain, granulated gelatine increases the food value of milk not only by insuring its digestibility but by adding an abundance of the natural protein, lysine, necessary to healthy growth and strength in children.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

is valuable also for growing children, and for anyone suffering from any digestive disturbance. In combination with your own fruits and fruit juices, fresh or preserved, and with eggs, vegetables, or other wholesome foods, it adds nutritive value and ease of digestibility.

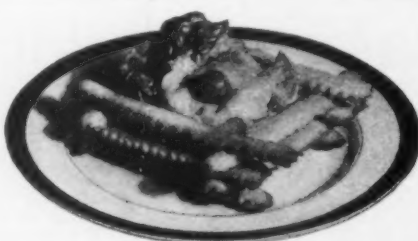
Free Book on the Health Value of Gelatine

The findings of the scientific investigation, which brought to light the great importance of Knox Sparkling Gelatine in the human diet, have been collected in a booklet, "The Health Value of Gelatine." This we shall be glad to mail you, free, upon receipt of 4 cents for postage.

Health Dept.,
Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
108 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.



A log-cabin salad with delectable cheese-straw logs and a hearty salad in the center



[Continued from page 80]

CHOP SUEY

2 cups chopped onion 2 cups water
2 cups chopped celery $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bamboo sprouts, or mushrooms (canned or fresh).
2 cups pork or chicken, diced
2 tablespoons soy bean sauce

Fry vegetables in pork fat. Add meat and other ingredients and cook until meat is tender. The sprouts or mushrooms may be omitted if difficult to obtain, and you then have American chop suey. This may be served with rice and soy bean sauce, which can be purchased at any fancy grocer's.

MAH JONGG CAKES

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup fat
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups flour
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla

Cream fat, adding sugar gradually. Add well-beaten eggs. Sift flour and baking powder together and add to the mixture alternately with the milk. Add flavoring. Spread in one-half-inch layer in square pans and bake in hot oven (about 380 degrees Fahrenheit). When cold cut in oblong pieces like Mah Jongg tiles.

Frost the pieces with a frosting made by beating the white of an egg stiff and adding sufficient confectioners' sugar to make of a consistency to spread. Flavor with lemon or vanilla. Before frosting hardens, ornament each cake with citron, angelica and colored round candies to represent the characters on the tiles. Or use melted chocolate or colored frosting put on with a small brush after the frosting hardens.

SALAD DE L'HIVER

1 cup shredded cabbage
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced canned pineapple
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup celery, shredded very fine
1 green or red pepper, shredded
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon celery seed
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mustard seed
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons pineapple juice

Mix the ingredients and chill thoroughly. Just before serving, add the fol-

lowing dressing which has also been chilled: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream beaten stiff, 2 tablespoons chili sauce or catsup, mixed well. Serve this salad on lettuce.

NOVELTY SALAD

9 eggs, hard cooked 1 tablespoon finely chopped pimiento
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups finely chopped chicken 1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mayonnaise dressing

Cut eggs in halves and remove the yolks. Mix the chicken, green pepper, pimiento, salt, and mayonnaise together.

Fill the egg centers with this mixture. Arrange on lettuce leaves and garnish with strips of pimiento, hearts of celery, and olives. Serve with mayonnaise. The egg yolks can be used for sandwich fillings.

HONEY LEMON PIE

2 tablespoons flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water
1 cup boiling water
Juice and grated rind of 1 lemon
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
3 eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup strained honey
1 teaspoon melted butter

Mix flour and cold water, add to it slowly the boiling water and cook until thick. Add the lemon and salt. Beat egg yolks and honey together, and add the flour mixture to them. Cook over hot water until it is the consistency of whipped cream. Add butter and

pour into a baked rich pastry crust. Cover top with a meringue made by beating the egg whites until stiff, and adding to them 3 tablespoons of sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice. Brown meringue in oven.

SPICED SWEET CIDER

1 quart cider $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon allspice $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon grated nutmeg
1 two-inch stick cinnamon $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped raisins

Add spices and raisins to cider and let it simmer for one-half hour. Strain, add sugar, and serve hot or cold. Less sugar will be required for very sweet cider.

MENUS

MAH JONGG PARTIES

Pickles Chop Suey Hot Rolls Coffee
Mah Jongg Cakes or
Chicken and Mushroom Patties
Brown Bread Sandwiches Tea
Canton Ginger Ice-Cream Almond Cookies Nuts

BRIDGE PARTIES

Salad de l'Hiver Chocolate
Bread-and-butter Sandwiches Card Cookies
Caramel Ice-Cream Stuffed Dates
Novelty Salad
Jelly Graham Sandwiches
Coconut Layer Cake Coffee

SUPPER FOR A BRIDGE PARTY

Hot Baked Ham
Creamed Potatoes Sweet Pickles
Steamed Brown Bread Pot Cheese
Honey Lemon Pie Coffee

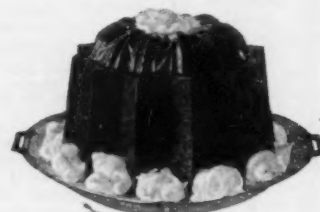
SIMPLE REFRESHMENTS

1 Assorted Sandwiches
Spiced Cider
Nuts and Raisins
2 Club Sandwich (hot or cold)
Coffee
Home Made Candies

A Dessert that made a whole town hungry!

MRS. "B" first served it when entertaining her bridge club. It made a sensation, and each of the guests quietly asked for the recipe. Its fame spread so rapidly that within a week the whole town was hungry for this delicious dessert.

Here is the recipe. You must make it to realize just how really wonderful it is in that appetizing daintiness which adds greatly to the delight of any luncheon or dinner.



Chocolate Sponge (serves 6 people)

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful boiling water 3 eggs
1 teaspoonful vanilla few grains of salt
2 squares of chocolate or 6 tablespoons
cocoa
add chopped nuts or crushed macaroons.

Soak gelatine in cold water until soft, then dissolve in boiling water. Add cocoa or melted chocolate. Beat egg-whites until stiff and add well-beaten egg yolks, one at a time, to the whites. Add sugar, then the dissolved gelatine, which has been beaten well. Beat and add flavoring. Pour into wet mold, chill and serve with whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk.

Note: For a more elaborate dessert, line mold with lady fingers or sponge cake.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

Dessert and Salad Recipes—Free

More than a hundred delightful and practical recipes for every occasion are contained in the books "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy." They give you exact directions for making the most delicious and original dishes. These books will be sent you, free, together with an important report on "The Health Value of Gelatine" upon receipt of 4 cents for postage, and your grocer's name.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.
103 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.



For Mah Jongg cakes, frost oblongs of thin cake and decorate with a small brush dipped in melted chocolate or colored icing

Sarah Field Splint, Homemaker to a Nation

Reported by Dorothy Giles, Service Editor of McCall's

IN THE old fairy tales it was always a young man who went adventuring; who met and conquered the giants Despair and Difficulty, and fought his way at last to the gates of the City of Success. But we have a new way of writing stories nowadays, as well as a liking for heroines. When you find a heroine who starts out at fifteen into the busy world of affairs, to capture a fortune for herself and her family, with little more capital than the ability to make her own bread and cheese—though very excellent bread and cheese at that—and does it—why, how can one help writing a story about her?

Her name is Sarah Field Splint. Sally, her friends call her, just as they used to do in the days when she went demurely with her Quaker mother and grandmother to Friends' Meeting, and learned under their gentle tutelage all the fine household arts in which Quaker ladies took their pride.

Sitting in the business-like room which is her office in the imposing Chemists' Building, with a view from its wide windows across the roofs of Manhattan to the East River and Brooklyn, which was her little girl home, this busy woman of affairs whose name has become a household word the length and breadth of the land, spoke of that early training. There was little to suggest the Quaker in her smart, business-like blue serge frock, with its touches of gay embroidery at the neck and sleeves; in the thick, wavy dark hair and the large dark eyes which seem to hold a special smile in their depths for YOU—understanding eyes, that have looked upon life in many phases and still find it good.

"I remember so well," Miss Splint told me, speaking of that singularly picturesque little girlhood, "how on Saturdays, I, as the eldest daughter, was supposed to go over the linen with my mother. It was her ideal that I should be learned in all the household arts that she loved herself and of which she was so perfect a mistress. And I loved it." She laughed almost apologetically, as though this was no proper admission for a business woman to make. Then her voice grew grave. "For, you see, I am essentially a domestic woman. I love all the details of a home—they never bore me, and I can't think of any degree that I had rather write after my name than that of HOMEMAKER."

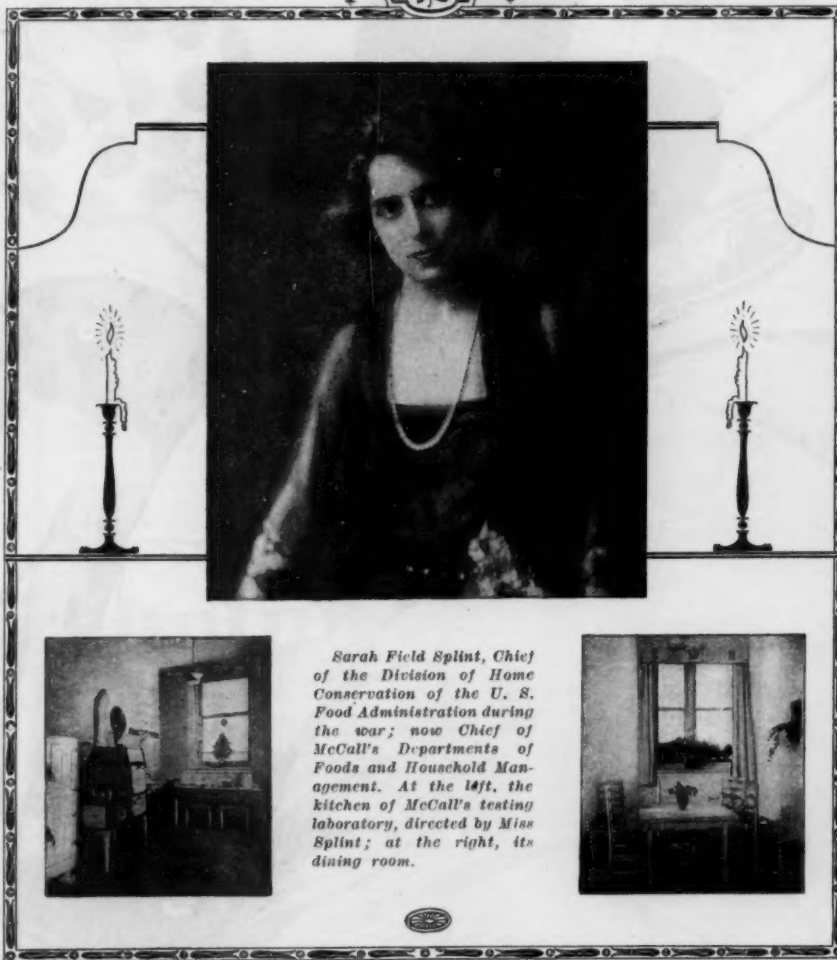
I KNEW, for she had previously told me, how her girlhood came to an end when she was only fifteen. Her father failed in business and in health; her mother died, and Sally "inherited" a family. Before her lay the triple responsibility of earning a living for herself and a younger sister, and keeping the home for her brother and their invalid father.

A pretty severe test for a girl still in her teens! But she did it.

Teaching was then the obvious profession for all unmarried women, so Sally fitted herself to teach and found a place in one of the city schools. In the evenings, and during the vacations, she worked at all sorts of jobs, for with all the careful economy that she knew how to practise, her teacher's salary could not be made to keep pace with the household expenses.

"A home and a family are expensive luxuries," said Miss Splint, "but after all, like the Irishman, I can do very well without the necessities of life for the sake of luxuries like them."

And which of us would not agree with her?



Sarah Field Splint, Chief of the Division of Home Conservation of the U. S. Food Administration during the war; now Chief of McCall's Departments of Foods and Household Management. At the left, the kitchen of McCall's testing laboratory, directed by Miss Splint; at the right, its dining room.



One of those jobs was behind the cashier's desk at a big market. "I believe I enjoyed that experience almost more than anything I had to do at the time," Miss Splint confessed. "It brought me into close touch with other women whose first interests, like mine, were in their homes; who faced the problem which was mine too, of feeding and bringing up a family; of making home a place rich in spiritual wealth even if the pennies in the cash box were few. And the things I learned there! Of course I had no idea of it at the time, but all the while I was laying the foundations of the work I was ultimately to do."

It was not long after this, one summer vacation, that Fate took a hand in Sally's affairs—Fate and a famous editor. The famous editor fell ill, most inopportunistly, for his family were all away, and there was no one to look after him but his young assistant who was Sally's brother. The brother, with firm faith in his sister's ability to handle any and every problem, bundled his chief into a cab and took him home for Sally to care for.

And she did take care of him. She nursed him, and mothered him and cooked all manner of delicious dishes to tempt his appetite. And one day when he was convalescent and in a benign mood—owing, no doubt, to those same delicious things to eat—he asked her what it was she most wanted to do.

"I told him then," said Miss Splint, "what I had long known, that so long as I had to be a business woman as well as a homemaker I could think of nothing I should like better than a job on a woman's magazine."

Well, she got the job.

It was not a very big nor important one at first. But Sally got her chance, and—she made good. Indeed, she did so well that it was not long before she had an editorial chair and editorial responsibilities of her own.

Then Fate came a second time to Sally Splint's door. Not in the guise of an editor, as before, but in the summons to a world-task. It was April, 1917. The President had issued his momentous message to the nation, Congress had solemnly declared war, and America had thrown in her lot with the Allies. Before the country stood the stupendous task not only of raising an army to send to the help of stricken Europe, but of feeding Europe as well and Mr. Hoover was recalled from his relief work in Belgium to take command of our resources as Food Administrator.

ONE of his first acts was to call six persons to confer with him in Washington. Five of them were men. The sixth was Sarah Field Splint. With supreme faith in her common sense, her practical point of view, and her knowledge of the women of the country, Mr. Hoover appointed her Chief of the Division of Home Conservation of the United States Food Administration. There, from her office in Washington Miss Splint set to work to mobilize the homemakers of America—to carry the War into every kitchen and pantry the length and breadth of the land, to show the women of the country how to do their bit by saving and substituting while still keeping their families properly fed. The great nutrition experts, experimental chemists and leaders in Home Economics were only too eager and willing to share in this work. Miss Splint gathered around her these men and women who gladly lent their scientific knowledge, and from that

office, often from her own pen, went out the appeals and suggestions for Home Conservation that found their way into every household in America.

Every morning at eight-thirty all through those anxious months following our entry into the War, Mr. Hoover held a conference with his staff. Seated at that council table where the problems of the whole world's food supply were discussed, were some of the biggest men of the country and one woman—Sarah Splint, representing the housewives of America. It was to that council assembled that their chief read one morning a cable from one of the great European powers—a cry for food. "Send us," so ran the message, "send us so many tons of wheat by such and such date, or we cannot carry on!"

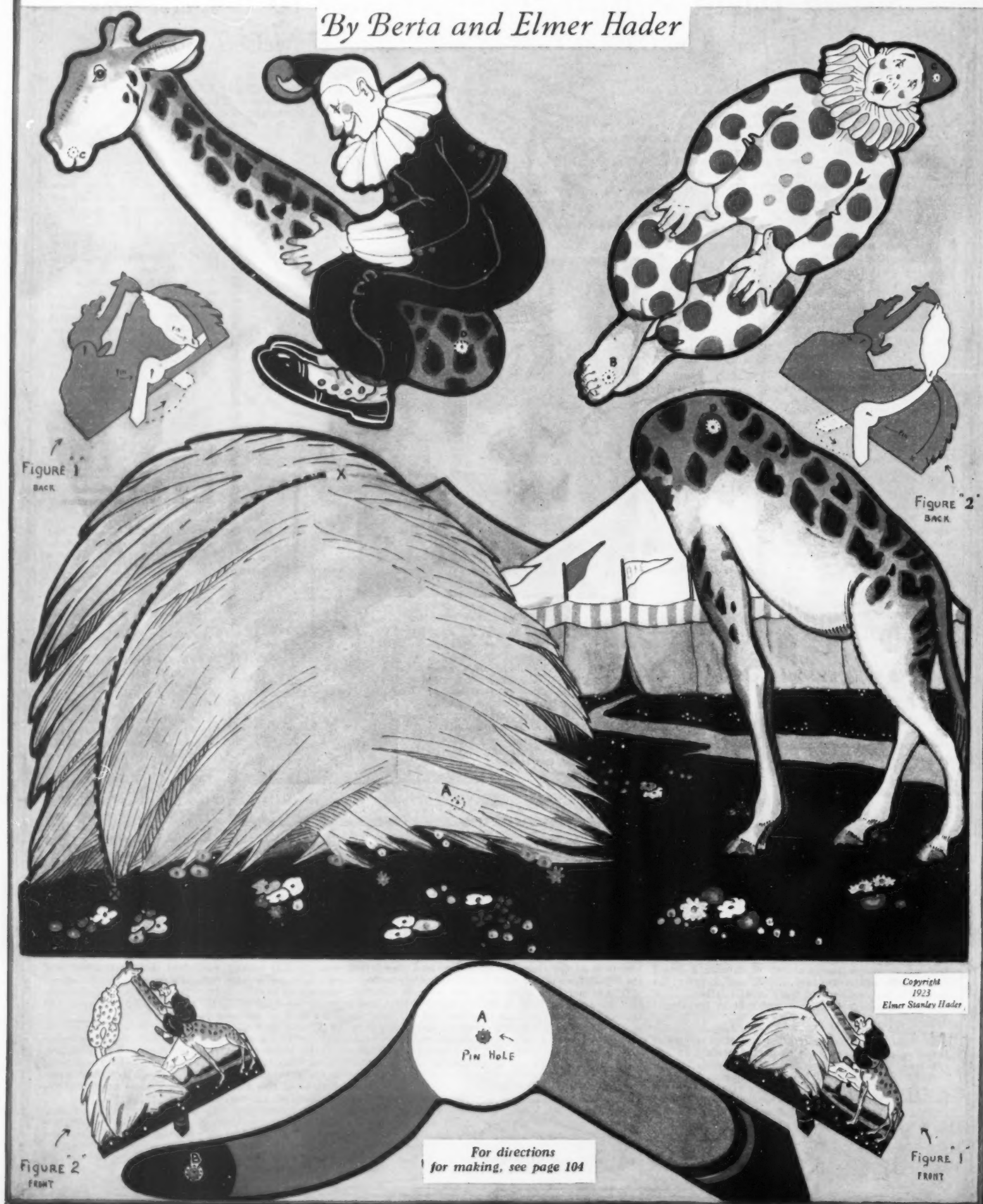
Around that council table they looked from one to another in dismay, knowing full well that every ounce of the harvest had been weighed and apportioned. Then from Mr. Hoover came the inspired suggestion; the wheat—tons of it, enough to feed the civilian populations of the Allied countries—must come from the kitchens of America.

You know what happened then. You know how that appeal was broadcasted, you know too how the women of the country rose to meet it, how they followed the suggestions which their representative, Sarah Field Splint, Chief of

[Turn to page 87]

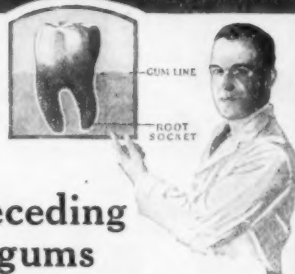
Slim and Sli and Johnny Giraffe

By Berta and Elmer Hader



PYORRHOCIDE POWDER

keeps the gums healthy



Receding gums

A warning that pyorrhea may attack the root sockets

YOUR teeth may be white and free from decay, but you will lose them if pyorrhea—starting under the gum line where you cannot see it—spreads to the root sockets. When your root sockets are affected, the entire support of the teeth is weakened. The teeth usually become loose and fall out, or must be pulled.

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Sarah Field Splint, Home- maker to a Nation

[Continued from page 85]

Home Conservation, and her staff worked out for them—with the result that the wheat was saved and the world was fed.

And now, the War over, she comes from a government desk in Washington to a business office of her own in New York with the words: SARAH FIELD SPLINT, CONSULTANT, on the door.

It is an unusual office to find in that severely formal Chemists' Building, but then, Miss Splint is an unusual person. Here are all the appurtenances of a business organization—the competent secretary, the typewriters, filing cabinets and records that mark this a place where important affairs are in progress. But it is more than that. Through small-paned glass doors one catches a glimpse of another room—a room with sunshiny yellow walls and flower boxes at the windows, with a dining table and chairs and all the appearance of a home. The other end of this room is a kitchen—no kitchenette, but with a life-sized stove where life-sized meals are prepared.

A business office, you say? But what kind of a business can this be? The most novel in the world: One which only a real, home-loving, home-making woman could evolve. The business of advising manufacturers and merchants what it is that women, the purchasers of their wares, want to find in them. As Miss Splint herself says of her work:

"I interpret to them the point of view of the average homemaker. My service is primarily to the housewife, and there are three questions which I ask of every product on which my opinion is sought: First, Is it good? Second, Is it practical? and last, Is it a true economy? These are the things which every woman wants to know about the articles she buys, and that is what I try to find out for her."

It is not foods, and cookery and nutrition problems alone that engage her attention, but all the details of home management and equipment. "Home ought to be a happy place," she says—"And homemaking ought to be the happiest career in the world. It can't be that where it entails too much drudgery, when the woman's strength and nervous energy is overtaxed. A woman needs rest for her body and refreshment for her spirit if she is to be in every sense a homemaker."

Now, with this issue, Miss Splint comes to McCall Street in a new and more intimate relationship than that of a writer and contributor; she comes as Chief of McCall's Department of Foods and Household Management. This alert, experienced and understanding woman, who is herself a homemaker, who directed from Washington the homemaking affairs of the nation through the hours of our greatest need, brings now to every homemaker on McCall Street the wisdom and sympathy and practical help that only a great magazine can give its readers.

She will choose, in the light of her wide knowledge, the best that modern science has to offer toward better methods of homemaking; she will enlist for you the experience and advice of the foremost students of Home Economics all over the country; best of all, she will give you of herself out of the richness of her own personality.

Directions for Cut-out

PASTE the colored sheet on sheet of cardboard and put under weight to dry. Cut out along heavy black lines. Carefully match letters and pinholes and fasten together with pins bent over from the back. Insert point of lever in slot marked X. X. before attaching to haystack as shown in small diagram. Move lever from left to right.



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Safe Milk

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Lady Clara Vere de Vere

[Continued from page 79]

"Oh, no, no," she cried and there was terror in her face as she turned it to him. Her horse leaped and curveting in her grasp. "Oh, no, no, I couldn't!"

"Why not? Don't you care for me?" "I'm a circus rider! I wouldn't know what to do?"

"Just let me love you." "No, no. It wouldn't be right. I'm not your class. I'm ignorant. I don't know nothin'—just nothin' at all. You'd be ashamed o'me."

"I'd love you." And he knew that he would. Knew it each moment with greater strength as he looked at her—that boy-girl who had camped with him; who was strong and wholesome; keen and eager.

"Mebbe I might learn." Again there was that little break in her voice that went straight to his heart. "I'm smart," she said wistfully, "and I could learn."

"I don't care at all, not if I have to be like the women in your mind—just the taking kind. I'd be one o'them if I took you an' me like this. I've got some pride m'self. Goodbye."

She meant it! She positively meant it! She was not going to have him! "Will you let me know when—Oh, Molly, will you let me know? I'll be waiting until you do."

For an instant he thought she was won for her eyes brimmed and her mouth was quivering. She nodded but did not speak, and it was a quick and decided gesture that told him not to follow her.

FROM that moment she dropped from his world. He did not try to find her: she had spoken and her decision was cleancut and honest. She had neither lied, nor cheated, nor played with him. She had meant what she said.

Meanwhile Howe waits, and in the waiting there is confidence. He is as sure of her as he is sure of himself for her earnest eyes have promised. He will see her, head up, wind striking across her glowing face, riding with him across the desert to the Linn ranch that is to be a home. Her letters come. They are short. They are rare. But he knows that in each one there will be a word of pledge that mists his eyes, a word of tenderness that speeds his heart.

"I am smart," she writes, "you will be surprised how smart I am! And all the time I learn and look ahead—I look ahead and learn. It's very easy—dear."

The Duchess and Her Daughter

[Continued from page 67]

trailed off into silence. She fingered the pearly buds as one might finger forbidden fruit, with a kind of defeated wistfulness. The rigid wave of reddened hair above her harshly tinted face, the lines beside her mouth, like scars, the lines about her eyes, like stains . . . all at once. I saw her, with the years fallen away . . . some turn of the head, some trick of a lip, or an eyelid, did it.

"Mrs. Lester," I cried, startled almost into incoherence, "you must have been just like Rose-Marie when you were a girl!"

"I was," said the Duchess grimly. She looked at me across the orange-blossoms, as across the bottomless pit. "I didn't have a Chinaman's chance. That's why—the day she was born—the minute I knew it was a girl—I made up my mind. . . ."

I kissed the Duchess—henna and rouge and all. And she left a terrifying tear on my cheek, wrung from who knows which hell.

After that we said good-by with a good deal of ceremony.

"Because," said the Duchess, resuming grandeur like a garment, "it's most unlikely that I shall ever be in Greenville again."

And to do her justice, she never was.

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No. 3503, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; two-piece skirt; straight lower edge. Size 36 requires 4 5/8 yards of 32-inch material, 3/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1 3/8 yards.

No. 3580, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material, skirt, 2 yards of 36-inch. Width, 1 1/4 yards. To accentuate the Oriental note, Chinese Embroidery No. 1337 may be used.

No. 3522, MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards of 32-inch material. Width, 1 1/4 yards.

No. 3582, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 2 7/8 yards of 54-inch material; skirt, 2 yards of 36-inch. Width, 1 3/8 yards. A Chinese design may be worked from Embroidery No. 1313.

No. 3583, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1 3/8 yards.

No. 3546, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards of 40-inch material, 1 yard of 36-inch. Width, 1 3/8 yards.

3503 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16,
36-44

3522 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

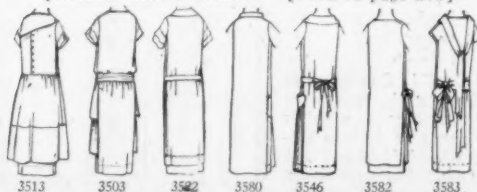
3513 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20

Sports Clothes Influence the Cut and Comfort of all New Apparel

By Anne Rittenhouse

MERELY a skeleton of a costume is to be the aim and desire of American women for their new scheme of dress. The present creed is to cut clothes to the bone. This is the phrase one hears wherever experts discuss the amazing urge of women toward garments and hats that serve every need. This does not mean an undue exposure of flesh nor does it signify that we are taking the Oriental dancing girls as our example in fashion. It means that life has become too complicated, that work has become the act of many instead of the adventure of the few, that convenience has become the byword of living. Possibly more significant than the vagaries of fashion are these powerful life influences.

People have begun to talk in high places where psychology and biological tendencies are discussed beyond the ears of amateurs concerning this almost frenzied attempt of women to keep clothes down to the merest essentials, of their elimination of whatever is "cluttering." This is apparent in house decoration as in costumery. They liken us to the medievalists or to the early Greeks. Artists discuss us vehemently from their impractical standpoint which holds for beauty, not convenience, and end by adoring us for our acceptance of all the glorious colors to which this age is heir. Reformers are excited over our elimination of whatever is an impediment to quick action and quicker dressing. They appear to forget, excitable souls as they are, that they have preached from sanctified [Turn to page 102]



Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage paid, from the McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.



3580 Dress
6 sizes,
14-16,
36-42
Emb. No. 1337

3546 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16,
36-46



3582 Dress
8 sizes,
14-16,
36-46
Emb. No. 1313

3583 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16,
36-46

The Dogue For Tailored Frocks



3584 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16,
36-46

3580 Dress
6 sizes,
14-16, 36-42
Emb. No. 1313

3581 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16,
36-42

3582 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16,
36-46
Emb. No. 1335

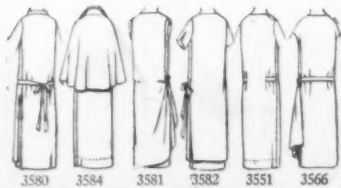
3551 Dress
5 sizes, 14-16,
36-40

3566 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16,
36-44
Emb. No. 723

No. 3580, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch; skirt, 2 yards of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1313, a Chinese design, may be worked in darning-stitch.

No. 3584, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. The cape frock is new and popular.

No. 3581, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. Satin is smart for this draped model.



No. 3582, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 16, 3½ yards of 54-inch. Width, 1¼ yards. A darning-stitch trimming is suggested in Embroidery No. 1335.

No. 3566, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 45-inch material. Width, 1¼ yards. Embroidery No. 723 would be pretty worked in colors in heavy silk floss.

No. 3551, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; with vest. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch material, ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards.

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And The Tube Silhouette



3555 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16,
36-44

3547 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16,
36-42

3543 Dress
10 sizes, 14-16,
36-50
Emb. No. 1267

3565 Dress
10 sizes, 14-16
36-50

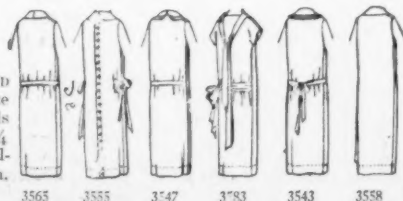
3583 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16,
36-46

3558 Dress
10 sizes, 14-16,
36-50

No. 3565. LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch for collar and vest. Width at lower edge, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 3555. LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch for collar and cuffs. Width, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 3547. LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 40-inch for collar and jabot. Width, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards.



No. 3583. LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch for collar and sash. Width, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 3543. LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 16, 3 yards of 40-inch, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch. A Chinese monogram from Embroidery No. 1267 is suggested.

No. 3558. LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch for collar, cuffs and vest. Width, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

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Sports And Street Wear

(Above)
3553 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16,
36-44

3570
Dress
8 sizes,
14-16,
36-46

3584
Dress
8 sizes,
14-16, 36-46
Emb. No.
1267

3544
Dress
8 sizes,
14-16, 36-46

3579 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16,
36-42
Emb. No. 1300

3585
Dress
8 sizes, 14-16, 36-46

3546
Dress
8 sizes,
14-16,
36-46
Emb. No.
1288

No. 3553, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS: two-piece straight gathered skirt. Size 16 requires 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 3570, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch printed silk, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch plain material for skirt, belt and cuffs. Width at lower edge, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 3584, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards. A Chinese motif from Embroidery No. 1267 would add the finishing touch.

No. 3544, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material, 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 3579, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Embroidery No. 1300 in heavy silk floss offers a suitable decoration.

No. 3585, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch for collar, cuffs and cape lining. Width at lower edge, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Suitable for satin, crepe de chine and other silks.

No. 3546, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards. This dress may be trimmed with ribbon and a motif in colors from Embroidery No. 1288.

Patterns may be bought from all McColl Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from the McColl Company, 232 230 West 37th Street, New York City.

Short, Straight And Slender



3549
Dress
7 sizes,
14-16, 36-44
Emb. No.
1269

3585
Dress
8 sizes,
14-16,
36-46
Emb. No.
1267

3544
Dress
8 sizes,
14-16,
36-46
Emb. No.
1334

3550
Dress
4 sizes,
14-20

3553
Dress
7 sizes,
14-16,
36-44

3569
Dress
9 sizes,
34-50
Emb. No. 1252

3544
Dress
8 sizes,
14-16,
36-46
Emb. No.
1315

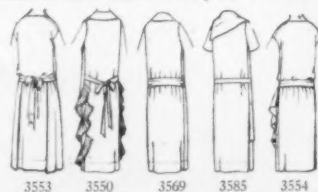
No. 3549, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. A flower motif from Embroidery No. 1269 will give a dainty effect placed at the waistline.

No. 3585, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch double-faced material. Width, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. For Chinese motif, Embroidery No. 1267 is suggested.

No. 3550, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; collar, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch. Width, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Ribbon edges the pleated frills of the gracefully rounded tunics.

No. 3553, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36 or 40-inch material, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch for panels and sleeves. Width, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 3569, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Embroidery No. 1252 may be used for monogram.



No. 3544, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Darning-stitch Embroidery No. 1315 may be used to trim.



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beautiful
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Street _____
City _____

No. 3430, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material; collar, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Width, 1½ yards. For trimming, Embroidery No. 927 in darning-stitch is suggested.

3430 Dress
10 sizes, 14-16
36-50
Emb. No. 927

No. 3459, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material, ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards. The popular Mah Jongg motif may be developed from Embroidery No. 1340.

3459 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46
Emb. No. 1340

No. 3478, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS: three-piece wrap-around skirt. Size 36 requires 1¾ yards of 40-inch; skirt and collar, 2¾ yards of 40-inch. Width, 1¾ yards. Embroidery No. 1314 in darning-stitch, would be very effective on the waist.

3478 Dress
10 sizes, 14-16
36-50
Emb. No. 1314

No. 3485, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS: two-piece circular skirt. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 2½ yards.

3485 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16
36-42

No. 3461, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material. 1 yard of 27-inch for pleated sections on skirt and sleeves. Width at lower edge, 1½ yds.

3461 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16
36-44

No. 3578, LADIES' COAT. Size 36, View A, requires 3¾ yards of 54-inch material for 50-inch length; View B, 41-inch length, 2¾ yards of 54-inch.

3578 Coat
9 sizes, 34-50
View A

3578 Coat
9 sizes, 34-50
View B

3578-B 3578-A 3478 3459 3430 3461 3485

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For Every-Day Activities

No. 3488, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. A new thing in motifs is the Mah Jong design for which Embroidery No. 1340 may be used.

3488 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16,
36-42
Emb. No. 1340

3426 Dress
10 sizes, 14-16,
36-50

3462 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46

3418 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16, 36-42
Emb. No. 858

3497 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16, 36-44
Emb. No. 1334

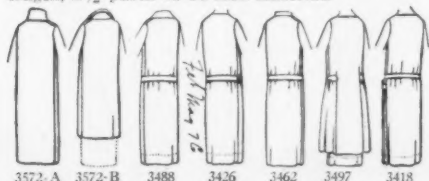
No. 3497, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch contrasting. Width, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. The dress may be decorated with the Chinese design Embroidery No. 1334.

No. 3418, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Braid trimming is very smart and easily worked from a design such as Embroidery No. 858.

No. 3462, LADIES' DRESS; three-piece skirt. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 21-inch for rever and collar. Width at lower edge, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. This draped model would be delightful in satin.

No. 3426, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material for waist and sleeves, 2 yards of 40-inch for skirt. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 3572, LADIES' COAT; convertible collar. Size 36, View A, requires 3 yards of 54-inch material for 50-inch length; View B, 41-inch length, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material.



3572 Coat
9 sizes, 34-50
View A

3572 Coat
9 sizes, 34-50
View B

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3493 Undergarment
6 sizes, 4-14
Emb. No. 695

No. 3493, GIRL'S COMBINATION UNDERGARMENT. Size 6 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. A dainty spray may be added, using Embroidery No. 695.

No. 3386, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 6 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 983 worked in single-stitch will prove a charming trimming.

3386 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10
Emb. No. 983



3342 Dress
5 sizes, 6 mos. to 6 years
Emb. No. 1192

No. 3342, CHILD'S DRESS; with yoke. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. Smocking is especially pretty for a little dress and may be developed from Embroidery No. 1192.

2916 Overcoat
5 sizes, 2-10

No. 3387, CHILD'S COAT; with yoke. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2916, BOY'S OVERCOAT. Size 8 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 3314, GIRL'S DRESS; with guimpe. Size 14 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch for guimpe.

No. 3486, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 14 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material; collar, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch. Hand work may be introduced by using Embroidery No. 1287.

No. 3392, CHILD'S APRON. Size 8 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material. Appliqué motifs from Embroidery No. 1196 may be used.

3314 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

No. 3545, BABY BUNTING OR SLEEPING BAG. Small size requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 44-inch material.

No. 3496, CHILD'S UNION SUIT. Size 6 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 2979, BOY'S SUIT; knee trousers. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting for trousers, collar and cuffs.

No. 2980, BOY'S BLOUSE SUIT; knickerbocker trousers. Size 8 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch for blouse, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 54-inch for trousers.

No. 3487, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; closing at left shoulder. Size 8 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, 2 yards of ribbon for sash.

3486 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 1287

Inexpensive and Easily Made



3496 Union Suit
4 sizes, 4-10

2979 Suit
3 sizes, 2-6

2980 Suit
5 sizes, 6-14

3487 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

3392 Apron
5 sizes, 2-10
Emb. No. 1196



3386 3493 3387 3545 3496 2979 2980 3342



2916 3314 3486 3392 3487

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3561 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10
Emb. No. 1295

3559 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10
Emb. No. 739

3556 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10
Emb. No. 1196

3472 Suit
4 sizes, 2-6
Emb. No. 1072

3355 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 833

3568 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 1261

No. 3561, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 6 requires 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch. With Embroidery No. 1295 for French-knot sprays, a simple trimming may be worked up.

No. 3577, CHILD'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 4 requires 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch material, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch for bands.

No. 3287, BOY'S SUIT. Size 4 requires 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2965, BOY'S RAGLAN OVERCOAT. Size 6 requires 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 3552, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 8 requires 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 5-inch contrasting. A Chinese motif from Embroidery No. 1337 would be an interesting addition.

No. 3559, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 4 requires 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. To scallop the collar, Embroidery No. 739 may be used.

No. 3472, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT. Size 4 requires 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Embroidery No. 1072 may be used for small round monogram.

No. 3567, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 12 requires 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3563, GIRL'S COAT. Size 12 requires 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. Simple darning stitch as given in Embroidery No. 1332 will furnish effective decoration.

No. 3564, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' DRESS. Size 12 requires 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 3556, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 6, 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch. Appliqué motifs from Embroidery No. 1196 may be used.

No. 3355, GIRL'S MIDDY DRESS. Size 10 requires 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch. A middy is not complete without an emblem which Embroidery No. 833 will provide.

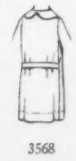
No. 3568, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 10 requires 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch; collar, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch. Flower sprays from Embroidery No. 1261 would be dainty on the collar.

3552 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 1337

3567 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

3563 Coat
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 1332

3564 Dress
5 sizes, 12-20



50 Crochet Patterns for Edgings and Centerpieces

in J. & P. Coats Book No. 16 for Ten Cents

by Anne Orr

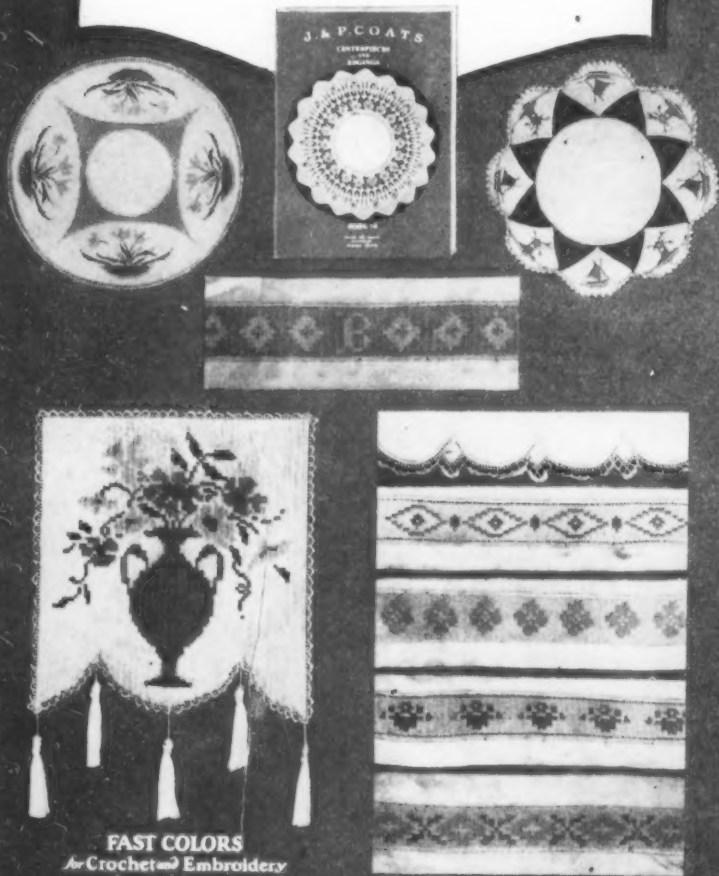
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Designs You'll Like



3492
Blouse
6 sizes,
34-44
Emb. No.
1334

3408
Blouse
7 sizes,
34-46
Emb.
No. 1267

3557 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46

No. 3557, LADIES' KIMONO BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3408, LADIES' JACKET BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch, 5/8 yard of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1267 may be used for Chinese monogram.

No. 2914, LADIES' AND MISSES' NEGLIGEE. Small size requires 4 1/4 yards of 36-inch.

For other descriptions, see page 102.

No. 3492, LADIES' BLOUSE. Size 36, 3 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. To give the Oriental note Embroidery No. 1334 may be added.



2914
Negligee—
Small,
medium,
large

3398 Slip
8 sizes, 14-16,
36-46

3562 Skirt
9 sizes, 24-40

3480
Skirt
7 sizes,
34-46

Favored Styles



3576
Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44
Emb. No.
1337

No. 3576, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material, 17½ yards of 2-inch ribbon. Chinese Embroidery No. 1337 is suggested to trim.

No. 3560, LADIES' BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 40-inch; collar, ¾ yard of 36-inch. A border from Embroidery No. 1177 would be effective.

For other descriptions, see page 102.

3560
Blouse
9 sizes, 34-50
Emb. No.
1177

3500
Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46

No. 3500, LADIES' BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material, ¼ yard of 40-inch contrasting.

No. 3548, LADIES' NEGLIGEE. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 23½ yards.

3575
Skirt
9 sizes,
34-50

3548
Negligée
7 sizes,
34-46

3574 Skirt
10 sizes, 24-42

3446
Slip
10 sizes,
14-16,
36-50



Her Friendship and Help Reach Across the Miles to You!

An authorized interview with Mary Brooks Picken, who is helping so many women to have more and prettier clothes

By MARGARET ADAMS

HAVE you ever longed for someone to confide in about clothes? Someone to advise you? Someone who understands you and your problems so intimately that she can show you how to have prettier clothes at one-half the usual cost and help you look your loveliest all the time? I wonder if there is a girl or woman anywhere who doesn't long for that very thing!

Last month, wanting just such personal advice, I talked with Mrs. Mary Brooks Picken, the Director of Instruction and Vice President of the Woman's Institute, the largest school of domestic arts and sciences in the world. It was a wonderful day for me. I had known, of course, about the Institute's courses in dressmaking and millinery, but not until I talked with Mrs. Picken did I realize how much she could help me.

She welcomed me in her beautiful office, where melting tones of rug, lounge and sheer draperies reveal her rare knowledge of color value. Kind eyes, softly arranged hair, a face made lovelier by the dress she wore—all merged into a gracious personality to summon attention anywhere. Letters lay thick on her desk.

"These letters reveal how intensely women desire beauty and becomingness of dress," she explained, as soon as greetings gave way to questions. "You see, line, color, fabric—these three must blend softly with one's personality to make the perfect gown. Sometimes women choose one of these rightly. Sometimes two. But seldom three. You can tell how this little girl has failed to choose the right lines."

She showed me a photograph of a girl whose tailored suit seemed too severe for her fragile face.

"She needs soft fluffy things," Mrs. Picken explained, her enthusiasm showing how much she delighted in giving people charm. "She needs touches of lace and delicate color that make her winsome—like a flower."

Then she picked out another letter. "This is from an Ohio club woman, who asks about newest materials, waistlines and sleeves. And here chubby Mary Ellen pleads for boyish grace. And here is one from a little Maine schoolgirl, who writes wistfully, 'Please make me over. My mirror never did tell me I was pretty.'"

Mrs. Picken moved the letters aside and smiled at me across a basket of marigold.

"Women are happiest when they can create for themselves. They delight in choosing from the materials and colors on counters, from the alluring styles in magazines and fashion windows, the modes and colors most becoming to them.

"That is why—with Institute guidance—each woman and girl takes such joy in making pretty things. From photographs and descriptions sent me as soon as she

enrolls as a student, I tell her the colors, materials and lines most becoming.

"Then, just in the time she would ordinarily spend wondering what to wear, she learns to make lovely fabrics into blouses, dresses and other costumes best suited to her. If she wishes to earn money—as so many do—she knows how to adapt for others the season's most charming styles."

DO THESE beautiful clothes—and all your intimate advice and guidance come in just one dressmaking course?" I asked.

"Just one," Mrs. Picken repeated, smiling at my wonder. "It is the simplest, swiftest, most comprehensive plan possible.

"All that dressmakers usually gain through years of costly experience, our students learn at home in a few months, in spare minutes. That is why our graduates not only dress exquisitely themselves, but often earn considerable money sewing for others. Many specialize in children's frocks, evening gowns, lingerie—any delightful work developing from accurate sewing skill. And back of all their success lies the assurance of distinctively becoming dress!"

"How can you offer so much in one course?" I asked, surprised that there was such an easy, fascinating way to learn all the secrets of the dressmaker's art as well as the charm of beautiful clothes.

Mrs. Picken smiled. "Let me show you." She led me through the many departments of that big beautiful building with its ivory walls and stained windows. She explained the dressmaking and millinery departments where dresses and hats are made before they are patterned for students; the supply room where lovely samples and materials are sent out; the correspondence bureau with its thousands of daily letters to women in every part of the country.

I saw the first box of materials sent to new members—like a Christmas package for size and surprise! I sensed something of the spirit, the magnitude of the Institute's service—of Mrs. Picken's work in helping women and girls to have prettier, more becoming clothes.

"Why, every woman everywhere should know about this course. How can I spread the good news?" I asked.

"Tell your readers, if you will," answered Mrs. Picken, "that if they will write to me I shall be glad to send them a copy of our booklet, 'Making Beautiful Clothes,' which tells the story of the Woman's Institute and how thousands of women in every section of the country have found a way to solve the clothes problem."

So, I am having printed at the bottom of this page, a little coupon which can mean a great deal to you.

With all my heart, I urge you to fill out and mail it to-day. For it will bring you—free—a copy of "Making Beautiful Clothes" (one of the most interesting booklets you have ever read) and Mrs. Picken's own suggestions of just how she can help you most.

MARY BROOKS PICKEN
WOMAN'S INSTITUTE

1003 Wyoming Avenue, Scranton, Pa.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes," and tell me about your plan by which I can learn the subject marked below:

- ☐ How to make smart, attractive clothes
- ☐ How to earn money as a dressmaker
- ☐ How to make attractive hats
- ☐ How to earn money as a milliner
- ☐ The art of cookery

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....



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By Elisabeth May Blondel



3541 Suit and Hat
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35 cents with transfer



3483 Dress
2 to 8 years
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3484 Dress with Bloomers
2 to 6 years
35 cents with transfer



3542 Suit and Hat
2 to 6 years
35 cents with transfer

No. 3541, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT AND HAT WITH SPECIAL TRANSFER (YELLOW). Price 35 cents. In 3 sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch material, and 3/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting material. The embroidery requires 3 skeins of blue six-strand cotton, and is to be worked in buttonhole, satin, outline and darning-stitch. Pattern gives full directions for making and embroidering this smart little "Blue Boy" costume.

No. 3542, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT AND HAT WITH SPECIAL TRANSFER (YELLOW). Price 35 cents. In 3 sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard of 36-inch material, and another yard of contrasting material, also 1/4 yard 27 inches wide for trouser pockets. The embroidery takes 2 skeins of green six-strand cotton. Work these Egyptian scarab motifs in outline, satin and buttonhole-stitch and French knots as shown in pattern.

No. 3484, CHILD'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS WITH SPECIAL TRANSFER (YELLOW). Price 35 cents. In 3 sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch material or 1 3/4 yards 40 inches wide. The embroidery requires 2 skeins each of silk twist in green and blue, 3 in pink, 1 in yellow. Work in lazy-daisy, darning-stitch and French knots as described in pattern.

No. 3483, CHILD'S DRESS WITH SPECIAL TRANSFER (YELLOW). Price 35 cents. In 4 sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yards of 32-inch or 36-inch material, and 3/4 yard of contrasting material in the same width. The embroidery requires 1 skein each of six-strand cotton or silk floss in five colors corresponding with the stitches, lazy-daisy, buttonhole, darning-stitch, and French knots. Full directions given.



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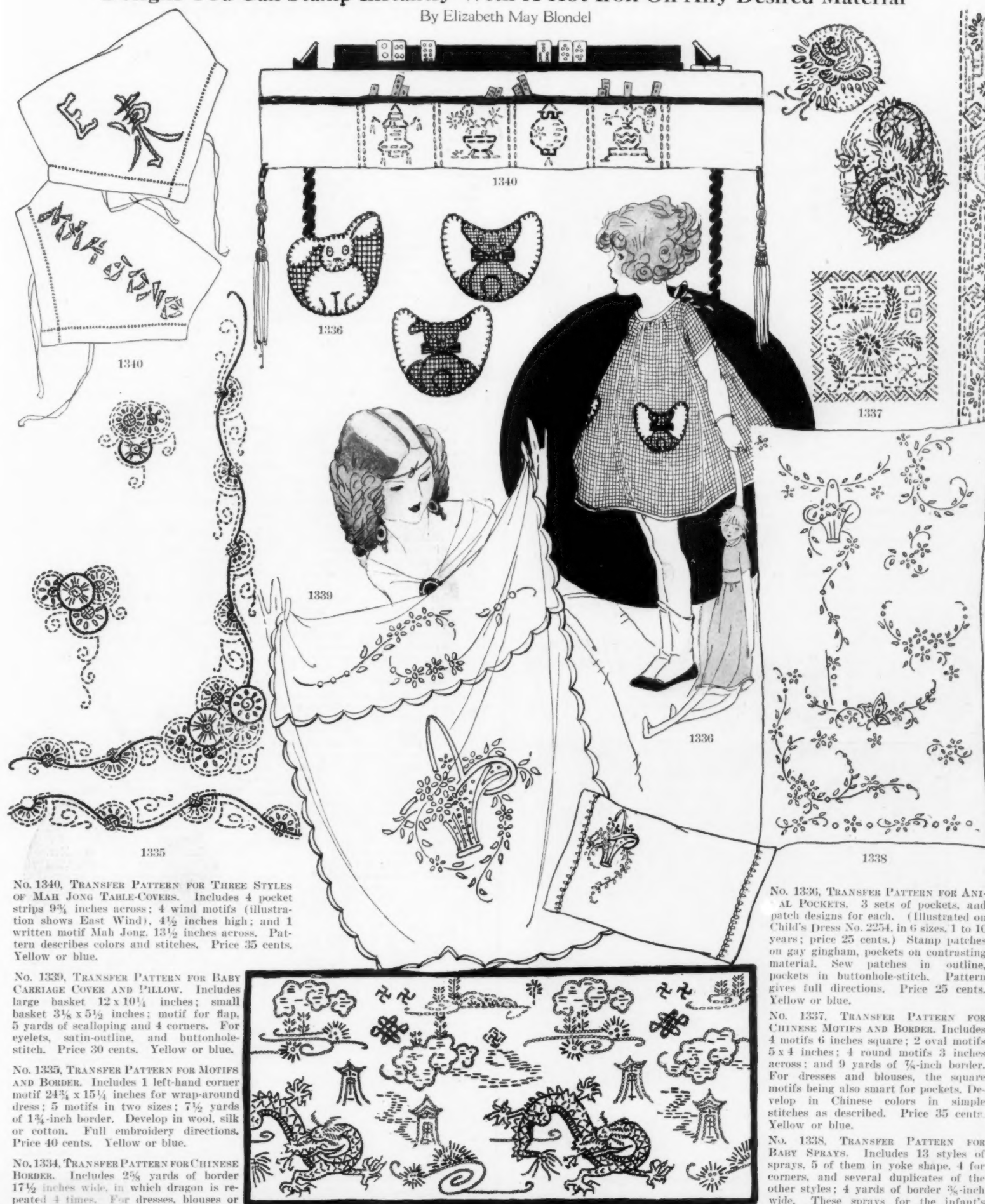
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How to Obtain McCall Patterns

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By Elizabeth May Blondel



NO. 1340. TRANSFER PATTERN FOR THREE STYLES OF MAH JONG TABLE-COVERS. Includes 4 pocket strips 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches across; 4 wind motifs (illustration shows East Wind), 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches high; and 1 written motif Mah Jong, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches across. Pattern describes colors and stitches. Price 35 cents. Yellow or blue.

NO. 1339. TRANSFER PATTERN FOR BABY CARRIAGE COVER AND PILLOW. Includes large basket 12 x 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches; small basket 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches; motif for flap, 5 yards of scalloping and 4 corners. For eyelets, satin-outline, and buttonhole-stitch. Price 30 cents. Yellow or blue.

NO. 1335. TRANSFER PATTERN FOR MOTIFS AND BORDER. Includes 1 left-hand corner motif 24 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 15 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches for wrap-around dress; 5 motifs in two sizes; 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch border. Develop in wool, silk or cotton. Full embroidery directions. Price 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

NO. 1334. TRANSFER PATTERN FOR CHINESE BORDER. Includes 25 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of border 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, in which dragon is repeated 4 times. For dresses, blouses or coats, in running and outline stitch, using Chinese colors. Price 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

NO. 1336. TRANSFER PATTERN FOR ANIMAL POCKETS. 3 sets of pockets, and patch designs for each. (Illustrated on Child's Dress No. 2254, in 6 sizes, 1 to 10 years; price 25 cents.) Stamp patches on gay gingham, pockets on contrasting material. Sew patches in outline, pockets in buttonhole-stitch. Pattern gives full directions. Price 25 cents. Yellow or blue.

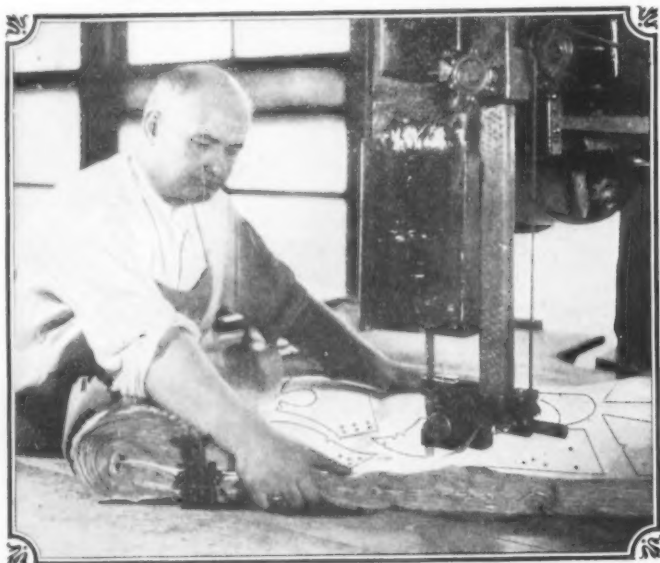
NO. 1337. TRANSFER PATTERN FOR CHINESE MOTIFS AND BORDER. Includes 4 motifs 6 inches square; 2 oval motifs 5 x 4 inches; 4 round motifs 3 inches across; and 9 yards of $\frac{7}{8}$ -inch border. For dresses and blouses, the square motifs being also smart for pockets. Develop in Chinese colors in simple stitches as described. Price 35 cents. Yellow or blue.

NO. 1338. TRANSFER PATTERN FOR BABY SPRAYS. Includes 13 styles of sprays, 5 of them in yoke shape, 4 for corners, and several duplicates of the other styles; 4 yards of border $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch wide. These sprays for the infant's clothes are dainty in French embroidery worked in eyelets and satin-stitch. Price 25 cents. Yellow or blue.

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Why the ordinary pattern *cannot* be accurate



Poor fit. Poor style. Home made look. Why? You blamed yourself. But the chief reason was that the pattern you used was inaccurate. Accuracy is impossible in the ordinary pattern. Cut out, several hundred at a time, from soft tissue paper which yields, buckles and shifts under the saw, no two are alike.

Make your own test—buy two perforated patterns of the same number—compare them—see how different they are, although supposed to be identical—and you will never again use a pattern which because of the way it is made *cannot* reproduce the fine lines and style of the original.

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"I DIDN'T have to make a single alteration," say many McCall users. The reason? Because the McCall is the *only* accurate pattern. It is the *only* pattern *printed, one by one*, from a metal plate, which, being metal, cannot vary a hair's breadth.

Buy two McCall Patterns of the same number—compare them—the cutting lines are identical. You have the satisfaction of knowing that the delicate lines and style of the dress as drawn by the master designer are *precisely* duplicated, down to the finest detail, in your own pattern. Your dress is the original.

Sport Clothes Influence Cut and Comfort of New Apparel

[Continued from page 89]

and unsanctified pulpits against long skirts that gather up germs, corsets that restrict the muscles and abdominal organs, silly shoes that make women totter through life, masses of underthings that burden the shoulders and exhaust the breathing apparatus. Oh, how they have hurled invective at us . . . and how delightfully it has imitated water on a duck's back! Now they are throwing javelins of fury at us for cutting clothes to the bone, for wearing girdles the Greeks would have delighted in, for shoes that are strapped to our feet so that we may swing along the byways and broad highways like modern Mercurys, for arms that are bare and necks that are unconfined, which gain us immunity from cold, for freedom of the diaphragm from boned contraptions.

What care women? They glory in their established freedom from the stifling gewgaws and artificialities imposed upon them by the sumptuous ladies of the Italian Renaissance.

Most of those who earnestly speculate upon this overturn of a dress tradition which is centuries old, put it down to the influence of the Great War. Others put it down to the extraordinary activities of all classes of women outside domestic life. When one considers the amazing fact given out by a creator of fabrics the other day that 8,000,000 of us are engaged in earning our living in this country and that these women form the most valuable group in the clothing market; when one realizes that no society woman is worth her motor unless she is outward-bound from home every day to work in civic or charity circles; that a feminine leisure class in America is as foreign to its national composition today as it was in the stages of pioneering and settling this stupendous continent, we have, possibly, the real reason for the new creed in clothes.

There is every reason to prophesy that our present silhouette and composition of costumes will go down in history with the Renaissance, the Napoleonic periods, the mediaevalists. And our clothes are better than any of these. We call them sport clothes for want of something more definite. We will not confine them to sports. Each segment of life will have its own interpretation of the established creed.

If you have not considered this subject, run through the gamut of clothes offered as the best, also the clothes worn by those who know how to lead. The cloth frocks worn with or without day coats are narrow, short, dropping the length of the body without confining an inch of it; they are semi-lined with silk, they button down front or catch at one side with a buckle which is the sole fastening. Coats are as slim and simple as frocks. They follow the identical lines. When they do not fasten at neck and hip, they are wrapped about the body with the careless gesture of an Arab adjusting his burnous. Beneath these outer garments goes an abdominal girdle of elastic or flexible coutil and elastic, usually without lacings, sometimes with buttons and loops at one side, often pulled on from the feet up by the aid of sturdy loops at the top. Reminiscent of the way our ancestors pulled on their high boots! Over and under the girdle goes a slip garment of heavy crepe de Chine or jersey silk without weight or bulk, but with sufficient warmth. Petticoats are optional. Knickers are universal for outdoor usage. Stockings are sheer as air or thick as silk or wool can make them. Shoes are broad of toe, supported by straight heels that keep from exaggerated curves, held by a series of straps that keep the heel from slipping, which means that the nerves and tendons of the legs are given free play.

Gloves are built on mannish lines of the kind of fabric or kid that goes into a bowl of water and comes out thoroughly refreshed. The hair is shingled close to the head, pulled forward over the cheekbones in short uncurled locks; the cloche hat goes snugly over the entire head, shielding the eyes from glare.

The Florida season will bring to full bloom and flower this predilection of women for the simple life in clothes. Curious contrivances designed to make gowns subtle and mysterious of cut are to be worn, but the art of the designers has been taxed to give the boyish effect or the artful carelessness of the Greeks to such gowns. Panels may swing and short capes hang from the shoulders, sleeves may flutter to and fro, gay handkerchiefs may be tied about the waist, brilliant scarfs may be wound about the neck with every costume, white and silver may glitter together on helmet hats, pockets may be edged with triple borders of colored ribbon or braid, silver monograms may be placed on the belt, on top of breast pocket, or the crown band of a felt cloche, shoes may be of crinkled alligator skin, stockings may be beige, tinted with rose or dyed copper to match the complexion of our own Indians, umbrellas may have the painted figures of our nursery idols perched on the ends of the handles, but as near as we can we resemble slim young boys.

Sport clothes for outdoor life, whether in the fashionable shade of cocoanut trees in Florida, of pine trees in Georgia and the Carolinas, on the hot sands of California and the snow plains of Canada, do not deviate from the simplicity which they established at their beginning and which they have set for all the rest of women's costumery. Skirts hang from the shoulders, blouses slip over the head to tie or fasten at the hip, soft woolen scarfs build up the neckline.

Tweed and homespun, soft woolen fabrics of any suitable weave are chosen for boyish coat suits that once served only for the country lanes, but which are now worn as an everyday costume. There are pockets in the coat for handkerchief and purse, not for ornament only; there are lapels that extend to the single button at the waistline; the sleeves are small, placed into snug armholes above long underarm seams. A gardenia is in the buttonhole at top. The skirt is about ten inches from the sole of the foot, sufficiently wide to accommodate walking, but no wider. It neither convolutes nor drapes. It is made with side seams and hangs from the shoulders. A cream silk or crepe blouse goes with it, the bosom pleated like a man's dress shirt.

Descriptions for Page 98

No. 3398, LADIES' AND MISSES' COSTUME SLIP. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1¾ yards.

No. 3562, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT. Size 28 requires 2¾ yards of 48-inch material. Width, 1¾ yards.

No. 3480, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material; camisole, ¾ yard of 32-inch. Width at lower edge, 1¾ yards.

Descriptions for Page 99

No. 3446, LADIES' AND MISSES' COSTUME SLIP. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 3574, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Size 28 requires 1¼ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1¾ yards.

No. 3575, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material; camisole, ¾ yard of 32-inch. Width at lower edge, 1¾ yards.

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7-Room ALADDIN 975

Aladdin catalog contains seven different plans of this house; some with inset porches, grade and inside cellar entrances, two and three bedrooms.

7-Room ALADDIN 1068

Large living room, dining room, kitchen, pantry, three bedrooms, clothes closets, bath. Semi-open staircase and rear porch. Four bedroom plan with grade cellar entrance at same price.

7-Room ALADDIN 1230

Typical American home with exposed rafters, shingled eaves, and plenty of window ventilation. Grade cellar entrance—three bedrooms, four clothes closets and large bath.

7-Room ALADDIN 1298

Dutch Colonial with full ceilings first and second floors, 14' x 22' living room, large dining room, kitchen, three bedrooms, bath, linen and clothes closets, grade cellar entrance.

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THE FRIENDLY MOTHER: A Book of Prenatal Mothercraft, by Helen Johnson Keyes; approved by Franklin A. Dorman, M. D., Head of the Maternity Division of The Woman's Hospital, New York City. For the expectant mother.

THE FRIENDLY BABY, by Helen Johnson Keyes; approved by Charles Gilmore Kerley, M. D. On the care and feeding of children.

TIME-SAVING COOKERY, prepared under the direction of Sarah Field Splint. Menus and recipes for the wise use of package and prepared foods.

SOME REASONS WHY IN COOKERY, by May B. Van Arsdale, Head of the Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University; Day Monroe and Mary I. Barber. Recipes for delicious candies, cakes, frostings, salad dressings, ices, ice-creams, and chocolate dishes.

MASTER-RECIPES, by F. G. O. Can you believe it?—one hundred and sixty perfect dishes made from 16 master-recipes!

MENUS FOR TWO WEEKS, by Doctor E. V. McCollum, School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University. No charge for this leaflet.

WHAT TO SERVE AT PARTIES, compiled by Lillian M. Gunn, Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University. Delightful recipes and menus.

PARTIES ALL THE YEAR, by Claudia M. Fitzgerald, Costumes, stunts, invitations, contests, "eats." How to give a party.

MORE PARTIES, by Claudia M. Fitzgerald. Just that—more parties and different ones.

ENTERTAINING WITHOUT A MAID, by Edna Sibley Tipton. To serve the meals correctly, easily and beautifully.

A BOOK OF MANNERS: Etiquette for every occasion.

THE BRIDE'S OWN BOOK: For weddings in church or home.

A LITTLE BOOK OF GOOD LOOKS: All the methods used in New York's most famous "beauty salons." Approved as scientifically right by Dr. Fred Wise, Adjunct Professor of Dermatology, College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University.

A GROUP OF LITTLE HOMES, compiled by Robert Cummings Wiseman. Photographs and plans of twelve charming small houses—to be built at a cost of \$6,000 to \$12,000.

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To have a clear, smooth skin, radiant with natural beauty, requires more than mere cleanliness. The proper care of the skin must always include a gentle, soothing lotion which produces that smooth, natural loveliness so greatly desired.

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New way to make money at Home

How men and women all over the country are earning handsome spare time and full time incomes in the fascinating work of decorating Art Novelties at home. Openings for new members now.



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ful opportunity is now open to you to do so. Just at this time, a limited number of men and women are invited to join the "happy family" of Fireside Industries and enter the fascinating field of Art Novelty Decoration.

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No experience or special ability is required. Fireside Industries shows you how to establish a Home Studio or Gift Shop and how to decorate all kinds of beautiful, artistic articles, such as candlesticks, novelty boxes, picture frames, wall plaques, dainty painted wooden toys, copper and brass novelties, hand-painted furniture, enameled lamp bases, parchment lamp shades, batik pillow tops, table runners and other things too numerous to mention here.

Your earnings guaranteed

Whether you just want some extra "pin money" or a big-paying business of your own, you have only to follow the simple directions given you and your success is easy and certain. You receive the personal guidance of Mr. Gabriel Andre Petit, Director of the Art Department, as well as the help of other members of the staff; you are entitled

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No wonder that the present members of Fireside Industries are so enthusiastic. As one woman says: "It is just like a delightful dream come true." Another writes: "I did not know that such an organization existed, but it is just what I was hoping for—longing for," while still another sends this message: "I am indeed interested in the work because I am making quite a lot of money."

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The demand for the exclusive, hand-decorated products of Fireside Industries has become so great that membership is now in demand. This will be good news to the many who have been eager to join. As the openings are limited, however, it is necessary to act quickly.

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No special qualifications are required. It makes no difference where you live. If you think you might be interested in decorating Art Novelties at home for pleasure and profit, you are invited to send for the beautiful Book of Fireside Industries which tells all about the work and explains in detail the plan that guarantees your ability to earn money. Just mail the coupon at once, enclosing 2c stamp

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per week presenting this brand new line of Hosiery for Men, Women, Children; all styles and quantities including finest silks. Fit well—wear and hold their shape. No dull times for Mac-O-Chee agents. Quick sales. Repeat orders come easy. You simply show samples, write orders, get your pay in advance. We deliver and collect. No experience needed. Elegant outfit furnished. Write quick for samples and plan.

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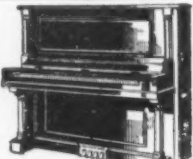
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FREE—The Luxe Gift Book showing thousands of exquisite selections suitable for every occasion—all wonderful values.

Draw Up Your Chairs

[Continued from page 83]

physiological chemists of the world, yet he writes about scientific truths with the charm of a novelist. Perhaps he understands what homemakers want because in his own home there are two growing children whose welfare he has watched over since their birth. Perhaps too, Miss Simmonds, his brilliant, young associate, has been an active influence in keeping the mind of this great scientist receptive to the needs of the women in whose hands is the health of the family.

Doctor McCollum's next article in McCALL'S will tell you about the diet children should be given to attain their full growth, and it is of so much importance to mothers that we shall give it a full page.

In this issue you will find the first of a new series on Household Management. Miss Lucy Studley has compiled with the help of a number of practical housewives a list of sixty-five devices that save work in the kitchen. The best news about this list is that with possibly half a dozen exceptions every article in it is within the means of any home. Next month, Miss Studley will list devices that save time and labor in making the family's clothes and in keeping them in repair.

Many of the great universities and schools are making constant surveys of the field of housekeeping to determine what processes remain necessary and worth while in the face of new conditions. Then in their own laboratories they try to find better and easier methods. After they have submitted their theories to test after test they hand them over to selected homemakers for practical checking. McCALL'S has arranged with a number of these famous institutions to report in its pages the results of their more important researches.

It seems to me that only by mastering the work-a-day routine of homemaking we shall have time to spare for our minds and souls, or those of our family. We cannot starve these parts of our being any more than we can our bodies. Every one of us is hungry for something to pin our faith to, to meet God in some guise in which we can understand Him and feel close to Him. One person may find Him in church; another in the sky and trees and hills, as the young man whose experience is quoted in the middle of page 83; someone else in a perfect friendship or in children; others in serving the sick and unfortunate. Each must seek in his own way, because what is reality to some of us is only a shadow to the others.

But this is certain, that the soul of the homemaker who pours herself out all day long in the service of her family needs renewal from some boundless source. All of us recognize this fact and I hope we may have many opportunities for discussing with each other the philosophy we have found helpful in keeping us going cheerfully over the big and little lumps of life.

And now I suppose I shall have to let you go. But first, since we're pretending, we must have some tea and cake. It has been wonderful to have this chance to talk to you and I shall look forward to next month. Meanwhile, if you have a chance, won't you write me about what subjects you would like to see brought up in coming issues?

In Far-Away Places

[Continued from page 54]

Under extreme conditions where fresh vegetable foods cannot be obtained, the anti-scorbutic vitamin C can be easily manufactured by sprouting grains of various kinds. The dry cereals and legume seeds do not contain the substance but rapidly form it as they germinate. These should be eaten raw, or should be cooked for a very short period.

The importance of taking every day a small amount of fresh fruits or vegetables raw cannot be overestimated.

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Lemco spread thinly on buttered toast is most delicious, and makes a welcome change.

Lemco is a digestive as well as a Beef-food. It is unseasoned and free from fat.

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WOULD you like to make the best Angel Food Cake in town? I'll disclose a secret I've shown 40,000 women in the last 17 years—makes perfect cake every time—failure impossible. Also send you my secrets of prize-winning Mahogany, Kibbickie, Lady Baltimore, Pudge Cakes, and many others. Cakes you make MY way are so superior that many people make \$10 and more a week baking them for others or for hotels, country clubs, etc. Get my secrets, either to make money or just for the joy of being the best cake maker in town. Write your name and address on letter, postcard or margin of this page and send to me for free particulars.

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No experience necessary. Anyone can get big orders. Low priced—highest quality. Our silk hose lead. Take orders for \$10 to ten pairs a day. Steady daily income. New customers every month. Prompt delivery guaranteed. For a steady year round business there is nothing better than this line. Write for samples and terms.

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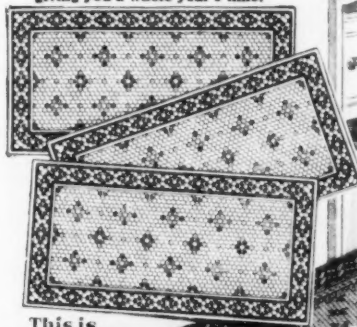
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One dollar with the coupon is all you need send. Then \$1.50 monthly—giving you a whole year's time.

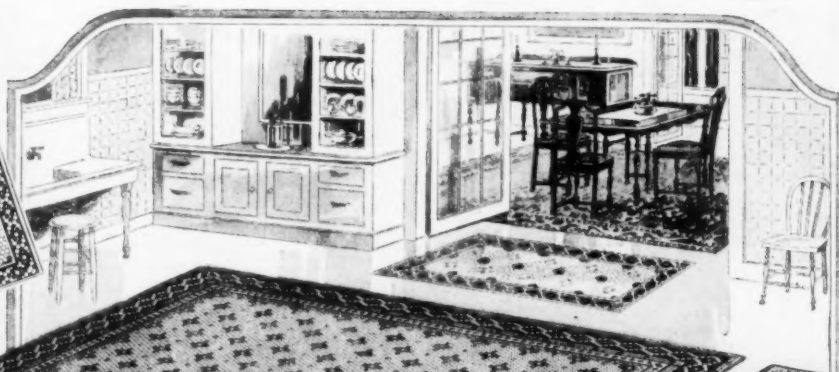


This is Pattern 408

The Value of A Lifetime

Almost everybody knows the price of the famous Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rugs. They are advertised and sold at the same standard price everywhere. Look everywhere else first if you wish—stores, catalogs, magazines and newspapers. You'll find no offer like ours—lower price, 3 rugs free, 30 days trial, year to pay.

Triple Guarantee There is only one guaranteed Congoleum, identified by the Gold Seal shown above—on the Rugs. It protects you against dissatisfaction and gives you an unconditional money-back guarantee. Behind the Gold Seal Guarantee is our own Double Bond.



3 Rugs Included Free

Each small rug measures 18x36 inches. They match exactly the large rug you select. For heavy wear spots in front of range, sink, kitchen. At thresholds, in hall, in front of dresser or bed. While this offer lasts, we give three of these small rugs free with each large rug; all for less than the price of one.

A Lower Price—3 Rugs Extra
Full Years Credit

This is Pattern 534

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We Open Your Credit Account Without Asking

Ours is the only house in America that can make you such an offer. No one else can bring you a genuine guaranteed Gold Seal Congoleum Rug, in the full 9 foot by 12 foot size, with three small rugs extra, and all for less than the regular price of the big rug alone. And on a year credit.

Clip the coupon below. Write your name and address plainly. Say which pattern you want. Pin a dollar to it—mail at once. We will ship immediately—on approval all four Congoleum Art Rugs—in one complete neat package. No muss, no bother, no trouble to lay. If satisfactory take a year to pay.

The Rug of Guaranteed Wear Year to Pay—3 Rugs FREE

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They Are Waterproof. No burlap for water to rot. Surface is hard, smooth and wear-resisting. Does not stain. Not marred or hurt by spilling of hot liquids.

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Less Work. Rid yourself of back-breaking drudgery. Dirt, ashes, grit, dust or mud cannot "grind into" Congoleum Gold Seal Art Rugs. A damp rag or mop keeps it clean and colorings bright.

No laborious cleaning, no sending to cleaners. Absolutely sanitary. All this guaranteed by the famous Gold Seal that means complete satisfaction or your money back. **On the Farm** saves endless toil; the trail of muddy boots or "tracked in" dirt disappears under a damp mop.

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Probably no floor covering of any quality or kind, ever piled up the popularity of this wonderful design. It is a superb tile pattern that looks like mosaic. Lovely robin's egg blue, with shadings of Dutch blue, and a background of soft stone gray, give a matchless effect. Particularly suited for a kitchen or dining room. Don't fear muddy boots and shoes. A damp mop whisks it clean in a jiffy.

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Oriental Pattern No. 534

This is the beautiful Gold Seal Congoleum Art Rug as shown at the top of this page—at the right side. On the floor, it looks unbelievably like an expensive woven rug. The richest blue color dominates the ground work. Mellow ecru, old ivories, and light tans, set off the blue field. Mingled with these lovely tints are peacock blue, robin's egg blue and darker tones. Old rose, tiny specks of lighter pink and dark mulberry are artistically placed. Darker browns and blacks lend dignity and richness.

The border background contrasts with the blue all over center by reversing the color scheme. Ecru and tan shades form the border background. In this rug you have all the advantages of design and coloring so much sought after in high grade pile fabrics.

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Ward's paper is not cheap paper. It is all standard quality, made lower in price by manufacturing in immense quantities. Think of papering an entire room 10 x 12 feet, side walls, border and ceiling, for only 82 cents.

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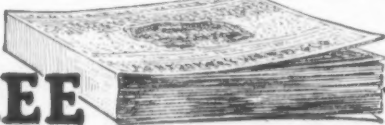
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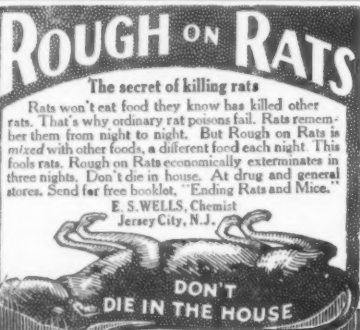
Fashion and comfort demand that feet fit snugly into the dainty pumps of today. There must be no bump to mar shapely feet—no racking torture to upset comfort. Bunions are unnecessary and dangerous. You can remove them quickly, harmlessly, pleasantly with the new, marvelous solvent, **Pedodyne**. Pedodyne stops pain almost instantly, banishes the disfiguring hump, and relieves the swollen burning sensation.

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"The Hanger with the Twist"

Easy to use—Protect your walls
Sold Everywhere
10c pkts. In Canada 15c

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Eternal Youth of Thebes

[Continued from page 52]

afloat, swimmers and jugglers displayed their prowess, in every gay kiosk was a wreathed wine jar bountifully flowing. Such was the world on which Tutankhamon closed his eyes at the age of eighteen.

The office of Pharaoh was no sine-cure; it must often have taxed the strength of this frail boy. He lived by a regimen, fixed by centuries of observance, that brought him out of bed before daybreak and occupied many of his waking hours. Each day he must rise and greet the morning sun.

Lion-hunting with mastiffs was the sport of the more vigorous.

But however much he relished the chase or the shade of his garden, for the wealthy Theban the day was crowned by the evening banquet. To this came men and women of fashion in their chariots or litters, dismounting at the great gate in the light of torches and gathering in the vestibule, where slaves washed their feet in golden bowls, garlanded their necks with fresh flowers, and put fragrant oil on their heads. It was unthinkable to give a dinner without an abundance of flowers for the guests, enough so that the wreaths might be changed at intervals as the blossoms wilted.

Here in the vestibule the master ordered wine served as a stimulant to appetite. We have to come clear down to the days of the American cocktail to find a similar custom. Here, too, the host presented his guests with souvenir rings of faience, to bring good luck for the evening and then to be broken and thrown away. And here began the soft music that was to continue without interruption until the last toper had been carried away by his servants. Professional orchestras supplied the music, playing on harps, lyres, flutes, and long earthenware drums.

When presently the host and hostess ushered their guests into the banquet hall, the latter saw the great table loaded with gold and silver plate, with bronze vessels elaborately chased and embossed, with glassware of many colors, and with fine pottery of both domestic and foreign make. At the ends of the hall were great amphorae banked in flowers and filled with the four kinds of wine served at every Egyptian feast.

No doubt the banquet we are describing began with soup. They were connoisseurs of good red beef. They knew how to fatten a young ox until its sirloins were thoroughly larded. All meat, fish, and game was either stewed, broiled, or roasted on the spit over hot coals. The range of vegetables was wide and their quality excellent, as in Egypt today, and the ancients were fond of them. Any house of any pretension at all had its own kitchen-garden from which the vegetables came fresh.

Potatoes, of course, they had none; but, as a substitute, green peas were in season for five months of the year. They also raised many beans of several varieties. Great quantities of onions were consumed, although priests were not allowed to eat them. Other common Egyptian vegetables were asparagus, lentils, cabbages, radishes, and celery.

For salad they had lettuce and cucumbers, and olive oil for the dressing. As a garnish for the venison they had mint and as a condiment ripe olives preserved in oil. They also made a jelly of jubbe fruits. For dessert there were pistachio nuts and such fruits in season as dates, figs, pomegranates, grapes, and delicious melons. The desiccated remains of all these vegetables have been found in Nile tombs.

At first the banqueters gave undivided attention to the bountiful food. Knives they had to cut with and spoons for liquid food, but forks had not yet been invented. So they ate with their fingers, as the Greeks and Romans did a thousand years later. After each course the slaves passed around with finger bowls and linen napkins.

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Design in the Garden

By Mrs. Francis King

Author of "The Little Garden" and "Variety in The Little Garden"

SUPPOSE one were about to cut out a child's dress from a piece of very good material. Does the mother or the seamstress do this at haphazard, laying one piece of the pattern on the cloth at a time and cutting it without reckoning with the other parts? Never. It is probable that the dress would be utterly spoiled unless all parts of the pattern were laid on the cloth before the dressmaker took up her scissors.

With garden planning it is the same. If one part of it is done without regard to another—indeed, if all parts of it are not considered at the same time—the little garden is liable to be a failure. Without a plan, there is waste, in gardening as in building, in dressmaking or in any other sort of constructive work.

There are today few men or women, with plans for buying land and building on it, or who are already owners of a little land, who do not want to see that ground used to its best advantage. They want trees, shrubs, gay flowers, good vegetables, a place to sit in quiet under summer shade, and room for the garage. A little paved garden, a little iris border, a tiny rose garden—what allure there is in these very phrases! A tea-house, a seat beneath an apple tree, a little pool—who can resist such suggestions?

But how and where are all these things to be included in the small space of ground? In one way and one only: by means of a plan. The plan is the foundation of all garden beauty, especially where ground is limited in size.

There are several ways in which to plan the little garden. One is through the advice of a landscape architect, and this, of course, is the best way when one can afford it. Another is by consulting books: and what a help books are, especially illustrated books on gardens, and those which give planting plans!

The use of scale paper printed in squares showing ten or twenty feet to the inch is a help; and I think that cutting out from paper the ground plans of house and garage, the plans of garden beds, walks and so on, laying these on another paper which is in proportion of the size of the ground to be planted and then moving these pieces about from spot to spot till a good working design

is found, is an excellent method of getting order before actual work is begun. For order there must be, where space is small.

Let us turn now to a consideration of the illustration which heads this page. It is a lovely garden, which well deserves study for its design and planting, for its privacy, and for the beautiful placing of the apple trees set in balanced fashion beyond the wall. Who knows but that beyond the gate may be a green garden—delightful thought!—grass, hedges, apple trees, and third for the flower planting, which is the same or nearly the same on both sides of the short, central walk of brick. It is easy to see that this picture was taken in mid-summer, for the holly-hocks are a little past their best bloom. Sweet alyssum has been beautifully grown along the edges of the beds or borders. Sedum or stone-crop with its fine mauve heads of bloom and thick gray-green leaves grows to the right, back of the alyssum, while on the other side of the walk phloxes are coming into flower.

THE whole picture gives a nice suggestion as to planting the back of a small place. Take that half of the ground directly back of the house for flowers; plant it as this picture hints; divide this flowery space from the other half by a wooden trellis, well covered with grapes perhaps; make the door in an open design as here, and have the other half of the ground for freedom—that is, seclusion, privacy, a place to sit in, unseen by neighbors or by strangers, or even one's own family.

Here, with smooth high hedges around, with smooth green grass underfoot, with two priceless possessions in the apple trees, whose blossoms, fruits and shade are very gifts of the gods—here is the place for the cup of tea in summer, for the quiet reading or sewing, the place of safety and fun for the children.

What a pleasure it is, even to try to imagine what lies beyond this gate! For I do not know this garden, nor whose is given me by the design alone.

The wall, the gate, all are part of the design, for if the wall had not been planned, there would have been nothing about which to twine one's fancy.

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Am I My Brother's Keeper

[Continued from page 2]

my especial lookout in a big catalpa in a corner of the dooryard. I sighted covered wagons coming down the road. I used to wonder as a child if they ever stopped at Stoops' or Martins' or Woods' or Wolfs', or some of the neighbors beside the road above us. As I grew older I realized that we lay in a little valley. From the top of the hill on the north travelers could look down and see the extreme length and breadth of our acres spread out in fair view—the big white house, the big red barn, the broad fields, neatly fenced, the big orchard—evidently, these brothers on the road figured that this would be a good place to come and never in my life did I see their expectations disappointed. No matter how strenuous my mother's day had been, no matter how much company or what the periodical work imposed by quilting or harvesting or butchering might be, she always had time to go to her gate, lift a smiling face and extend a hand of welcome to the tired woman and the little children wearily climbing out of the big covered wagons that were slowly inching their way toward Illinois, Kansas, Nebraska, many of them in my day headed for California. She could always move her food from the stove, have a roaring fire and help these same women prepare their evening meal. There was always sweet hay and old blankets in the barn for the men; there was always a bath and a bed for the women and children, and when the wagon rolled on its course in the morning, there were windfall apples from the orchard, new potatoes and green corn and garden truck by the peck loaded in as gifts, for in those days, what are now cities were small villages and the country was so vast and so fertile that farmers frequently fed splendid fruit and vegetables to their pigs and cattle because every one had such plethora there was not enough sale value to make it worth a man's time to leave his plowing and reaping to drive to the town and village markets with his surplus. So this is one of the things I mean when I say that it was easier to be your brother's keeper in those days than it is now.

I PRESUME the world will always have its lilies that "toil not neither do they spin" in fields of labor. I recall that in our neighborhood there were three or four families known as shiftless people who simply would not work in summer in order that they might not suffer in winter. They relied upon the fact that men who did work and bounteously provision the cellars, garrets, and smoke houses for their families would share before they would see any neighbor really starving. A few men at that time made a point of allowing their brothers to provide for them, but not nearly to such degree as today.

And I mean, too, when I say it is more difficult for us to be our brother's keeper, that we are in a different environment. We are in a land of six months of plethora if we have rain, and six months of ice and snow in much of the country; in the remainder there is at least the rainy season and a time of cessation in productivity. We have not so much time to give as our fathers and mothers had, and because we have been insanely prodigal and careless with our inheritance of natural resources, we have to work ten times as hard as our fathers and mothers did in order to have anything to support our own families, not to mention the keeping of our brother's. Destruction of bird life has increased slug and aphid, clearing millions of acres has bred heat and drought and given sweep for raging cyclonic windstorms. When I watch the farmers and fruit growers of today battling for a crop against chinch bug, weevil and grub, slug and aphid, it seems incredible that, in only one lifetime, there could have been such a change in farming conditions.

With the rapid increase in population and the spread of civilization, the farms have grown smaller, work is more difficult. As we advance in manufacturing and discovering things for our necessities and conveniences, life grows more complex, its duties multiply. It is not the simple question of opening our doors to a passing mover, letting him use our cook stove, sleep in our bed, and speeding him on his way with a few bushels of fruit and vegetables that might otherwise rot on the ground. With these things, in my father's house, there always went, also, all the spiritual gifts he had to offer. No man stopped at our house over night without learning what Father thought upon subjects of religion, politics and civics. He had a gospel on all these subjects and he preached it to every one who came within the sound of his voice. He read the most heartening things he could find in the Bible to these frequent passersby and then he knelt down and prayed to the Lord to hold them in the shelter of His hand during their long way that they might have help in reaching their promised land. He prayed that they would find happiness and comfort and loving friends at the end of their journey and that they might be among those deemed suitable to enter the Kingdom of Heaven when they had finished their course on earth. These things my father did freely and lavishly, but it did not cost him a penny in money. Half that he gave would have rotted on the ground where it grew had he not given it. Which is no discredit to my father. He had little money himself. He gave lavishly of what he had to give. Five dollars meant as much in those days as ten times that amount means now. Those were days of bartering. Father traded his corn for leather, butter and eggs, for dry-goods, fruit and vegetables, for tea and coffee; the sugar barrel was filled from the sap of the maple.

TODAY as yesterday, we have those who "toil not neither do they spin" all around us and there is the same demand to share what we have with them, and because most of us have nothing to give in material goods, we are asked to give of our earnings, and I think most of us do give without even realizing or keeping any account of the extent to which we give, unless the rigors of income tax have driven us to this particular form of mental meanness. I never feel so truly small in my soul as I do when I pick up an author's expense book and write down "Fifty dollars to the Orthopedic Hospital" or the Salvation Army, or other of my favorite charities.

Another thing that today narrows our souls in the question of giving is the fact that the population has increased so that corporations have funds and officials to look after the needy, the expenses being paid from the taxes we pay, so that we do not come in personal contact with our brothers as we did in earlier times, especially those of us who live in cities. There is not so much we can do for our brothers in dollars and cents today. There is not so much reason why anything should be done as there was formerly. It seems to me that the very biggest thing that any one can do today in the line of being his brother's keeper is to divide with him educational opportunities, spiritual opportunities, social opportunities. All any man needs is education. If he has it in the right degree he will attend to his soul and his circumstances himself. We have grown into the habit of being, as a rule, church going people. We willingly share our religion with any one who wants to come within the walls where we worship, but I notice that in the churches things are reversed. In my day the shivering, the thinly clad, got the first circle around the big stove that heated the [Turn to page 109]

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Am I My Brother's Keeper?

[Continued from page 108]

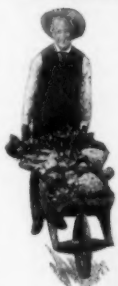
place of worship. They were offered the most comfortable seats. Everything was done for them in an unobtrusive way to make them feel that the Lord loved them and that He and everybody else sincerely wished that they would see the error of their ways and bestir themselves sufficiently to have comfortable clothing on their backs, sufficient food in their cellars.

TODAY, when I go to the big churches I see the ushers leading the bankers and the brokers and the merchants and the professional people to their especially cushioned pews, each marked with the name of the owner, and in a very small space, sometimes no space at all, the stranger within the gates, the brother who comes looking for help must, of necessity, have a rather shut-out and forlorn feeling. He must know that he is sitting in some one else's pew, which calls to mind the story of how a man of battle once chanced to enter the pew of a man of money and presently there was slipped before his vision a slip on which was written: "I pay five thousand dollars a year for this pew," and the man of battle immediately scratched beneath the lines: "You pay too much." That is the great trouble with most of us. We are paying too much for the privilege of sitting in the pews of a church, for the clothes we wear, for the food we eat, for the recreation we seek, for the government under which we live. We are taxed to such an extent that it takes an enormous income in order to put us in a position in which it is possible to share, even in a small degree, a house and food and clothing and spiritual benefit with our brothers, and many there be who absolutely cannot spare a penny, but in this connection there is always this truth to tell which is a great and shining truth. In "keeping" your fellow man the thing you give to him which he remembers longest, which he prizes highest, is not money nor anything he can buy with money. The thing you can give him which will do the most good in helping him along a way which may be rough through no fault of his own, is just plain, old-fashioned love, sympathy, comprehension. I have given many people money until it hurt; frequently I have deprived myself and my own family of comforts that we would have enjoyed greatly in order to establish some degree of comfort for others with whom I came in contact, and I have learned the bitter lesson that nobody loves you in particular for a gift of material things. It is only when you give of your heart, of your soul, of your brain, that you make for yourself an everlasting lover and an everlasting friend, that you bestow upon your brother a thing which will warm him when he is cold and feed him when he is hungry with a warmth and a food that is a product of the spirit, a thing that cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents.

You are your brother's keeper when you give this gift. When you give merely money, when you live daily before your brother in a manner that makes him envious and rebellious and hurt, both you and he in almost equal proportion become a menace to society. So it is up to every one of us to realize that, no matter what our social and financial standing, in exactly the same proportion as always has existed we are now, today, as responsible as people always have been and always will be for their brothers.

But there is a secret in this connection that many men and women have not learned. It is only possible to extract the deepest joy from life for yourself when you have done all in your power to help your fellow man with those gifts which are above money, without price, because they are the higher gifts of the spirit.

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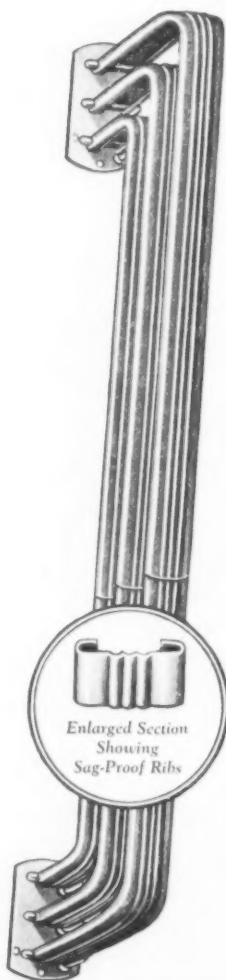
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[Continued from page 26]

things! I never knew—I never knew—"The choking sobs checked her, shook her slender body. Gray's head rolled in her arms and she drew it feverishly to her shoulder.

"Bill, there's more. You must listen, now. I never fainted in all my life, but I was near it when the telephone rang. I don't know how I got to it. I was blind, stupid. I heard a voice asking if it was I; and then somebody's name—somebody who was trying to make me understand that my uncle had died in the night and that this was his attorney speaking. I think he was just saying that he would call on me after dinner—something like that—and I was trying to put back the receiver—had hung it up—and was standing there with my brother's letter to Noakes clutched in my hand. Then I heard a key in the door and never stirred; just stared at Noakes, who came in.

"I don't know whether it was because he recognized Stuart's letter in my hand, but he turned so white and pinched—or because he saw me near the telephone his face got small—like a little animal's whose eyes frighten you when you corner it.

"I heard myself saying in a sort of deafened voice: 'I shall have you sent to prison for what you've done to my brother and to me.'

"No, you won't," he said; 'you couldn't face the disgrace. If I go to jail, Stuart goes, too!'

"Before I knew what he was doing he caught my hand and twisted the letter out of it. Then he began to rain blows on me. Oh, Bill, before I could struggle his blows had already dazed me. It was a terrible beating. . . . I was on the carpet when my senses returned. I could not see out of my eyes. My face was swollen and I was all over blood, and two teeth were broken off—these!—you can't notice but they are crowned. I managed to crawl into bed. I was too ill to see my uncle's attorney when he called. It was not until two weeks later that I saw him. A friend had come to stay with me—one of my pupils—a Miss Endress. She nursed me. I told her everything. She begged me to engage an attorney or call in the police. How could I do that? It meant ruin to Stuart. And I was certain I could save him if I could find him. And then I saw my uncle's attorney. I learned about the money in the Provincial Bank. I did not tell anybody I was married or that I had drawn some cheques on that bank in favor of Noakes. I realized the money was gone. It was only for my mother's sake I cared.

"Bill, she was already dying when I was able to go to Halkett's Ferry. She never knew of Stuart's disgrace or of mine. She had long believed her son was dead. Well, that is what I had to tell you, Bill. That is why I have spent three years hunting for Noakes. That is why I have shipped with one skipper after another—because, in Salvador, I learned enough to guess that Noakes started in this business with the money he stole from me. I hear, too, that he has made millions. That does not interest me. All I want is to find him, because my brother is under his influence and is almost certain to be with him. All I want in the world is to find my brother, speak to him face to face. He was always a little wild, but he did once care for me. I just want him to have another chance. This madness of his can be blotted out and forgotten if there is no publicity. That is what must be prevented. But if his name is publicly disgraced in the newspapers, then there is no chance, no future; and he might better be dead. And I, also, if what this man, Noakes, has done to the Halketts ever should become public property." She bent her head and looked down into Gray's face. There was a slight natural color in it.

"Bill," she said softly, "there is still another reason why I wish to keep the name of Halkett clean. This man is the reason."

[Continued in March McCall's]

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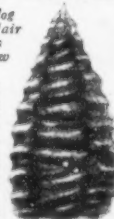
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Personal appearance has a lot to do with the way you feel. Clothes count, of course. But still there is one thing so many people overlook—something that at once brands them as either fastidious or careless—the teeth.

Notice today how you, yourself, watch another person's teeth when he or she is talking. If the teeth are not well kept they at once become a liability.

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CUT-GLASS BOTTLES and vases can be cleaned with steel wool. Rub the wool on soap, and drop it into the bottle, first pouring in a little water. Push the wool around the bottle with a stick until the sediment stains are gone.—Mrs. F. W. B., Nebraska.

SPECKS OF PAINT ON WINDOW-PANES should be rubbed off with the finest steel wool dipped in turpentine. Wash off the glass with warm soap-suds and finish cleaning as usual. This method is less tedious than scraping with a coin or razorblade.—Mrs. C. M., Kentucky.

WHEN SENDING STAMPS IN A LETTER, powder the wrong side with talcum powder. They will not stick to the paper during their travels.—Mrs. W. H. S., Texas.



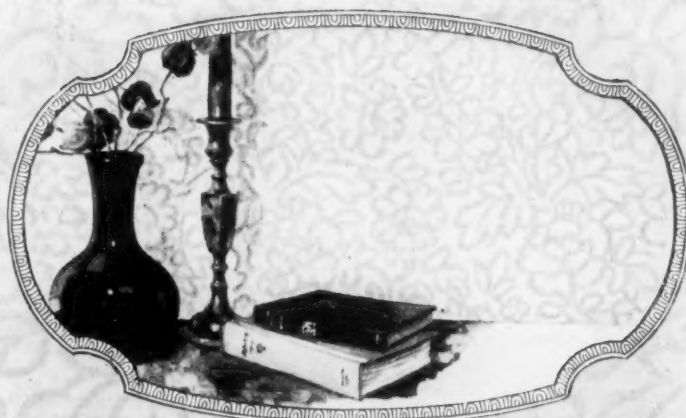
A BOX OF GARDEN-EARTH kept on the back porch is a handy kitchen adjunct. Carrots, turnips, beets and other vegetables that wither quickly in the house will remain fresh for days if buried in this box. Wet the earth and cover the vegetables with it, or stick them in as if growing and cover with newspaper in freezing weather.—M. A. P., California.

ONE OF THE MOST NOVEL CAKES I ever saw was one that I found at a children's party one afternoon. It was a big, round, snowy coconut cake and the top was literally strewn with black, fat turtles. Close examination of these turtles revealed the fact that their bodies were made of large raisins while their heads, feet and tails were made of cloves. They delighted the kiddies and helped make the party a real success.—Mrs. T. R. H., Connecticut.

BEFORE USING NEW CLOTHESPINs, soak them for at least half an hour in boiling water.—Mrs. F. D. M., New Mexico.

AS A TEACHER OF SMALL CHILDREN, I am often appealed to about their overshoes. I solved the problem by requiring each child to bring a spring clothespin with his name plainly printed on it. In the morning each one clasps his rubbers together and there is no hunt for strays when school is over.—M. L. F., Michigan.

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Within four lessons you will play an interesting piece on the piano or organ, not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well. Most students practice months before they acquire this ability. It is made possible by my patented invention, the Colorotone.

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The attitude she showed Louise was the one Ann and Jerry showed the town. But it was only the outer wrapping of what went on in them in those months when each was hiding humiliations and worries from the other and yet breaking loose into irritations at the situation and at each other now and then. You cannot sell your car and let your nurse go and begin to wear clothes that are a little out of style and do all this to the tune of unremitting worry as to the future of your children, without having it show in your nerves and temper and even in the thinness of your body. Jerry came home with ideas and with plans. There was an opening in Texas—he might make a fortune in six months. Ann looked skeptical and reminded him of the cost of fares to Texas and the encroaching grocery bill. That night there was no doubt that Jerry felt tied down. He was kind, but Ann knew that he could not help thinking that if he were free he could take a chance on that Texas proposition. Jerry had maintained his office but let his force go all except one young stenographer. He had been a promoter of enterprise, handling real estate, mines, putting deals through for those who wanted to take some risk with their money without becoming publicly implicated. But in these days no one approved of risks.

THE trouble with you, young man," said R. C. Brimson, at the Second National, "is that you've been gambling for the last two years. You're young. Just drop the bluff and sit down at a desk somewhere on somebody's payroll. Earn your way. You do that, and people will have faith in you. I'll let this note run for another ninety days, in the meantime."

When Jerry was very tired, when Ann was both tired and embarrassed, there seemed to be a great deal in that "somebody's payroll."

The chance came. The Marsh Real Estate Company did the biggest business in the city. It was an informal proposition from Marsh himself, who wanted Jerry's brains and drive and his magnetism in the Marsh concern. Salary fair. Percentages adequate. Chance of advancement—well, years and years from now. Jim Marsh might die. And if he died and the business were not taken over by the son now in college, it might be Jerry's business. Money in reasonable quantities would come then, enough for a big house, a car or two, college for the children. It would be a twenty-five-thousand-a-year life then—when Jerry was fifty. In between stretched years of being Marsh's man, of adjusting himself to Marsh's temper, of competition with young Marsh.

For the first time he went home with reluctance. He found her sitting on the side porch alone, watching the last bit of afternoon sun. She gave him a cup of tea, an unusually silent Ann.

"Uncle George sent me a check for my thirtieth birthday. What do you suppose put that into his head?" she asked.

"He got to like you, when you visited him, I guess."

"Yes. When he was ill I used to read to the poor old man for hours at a time. Five hundred. It clears up most of what I owe now. That's a good way to start being thirty-one, I suppose, isn't it? I'm depressed at getting old."

"Don't talk nonsense, Ann. It's my business to take care of you."

"That's all right if it meant, as it used to, lighting you up, leading you on. This way—I feel as if we were eating you, infinitesimal bit by infinitesimal bit. I've had the greatest plans! Going away with the children—leaving you free. But that wouldn't help. It would only scar you, ruin you quickly maybe. At that, it might be better than this endless worry—worry—worry—this sticky life we're leading—" He dropped down on the flagged terrace below her and laid an arm across her lap.

"Listen, my dear. I've real news today. You needn't worry any longer—" He unfolded Marsh's offer.

"It's enough to live on, you see! I want to keep you free from this awful worry the rest of my life, so we'll have to go slow; but it's safety—and comfort."

"You don't want to, do you?"

"It's a very good offer," he protested, "and I'd be making quite as much as

most young fellows my age. Swinging into line, that's all."

She faced him excitedly. "My dear, it's not cars and houses I'm keening for. It's the zest, the adventure, that's gone somehow—been lost or stolen. And I dread most of all the coming of the day when I shan't miss it."

So there it was, before them, in take-it-or-leave-it form. Marsh wanted Jerry to take his own time. Ann spent her five hundred in the payment of her bills and stayed silent.

One day Grosvenor Burns dropped into Jerry's office with a "proposition." Burns did not belong in Calverly. He was the promoter and owner in part of a group of summer hotels, and it was natural enough, remembering the vigor of Jerry as he had met him two years before, that he should bring the scheme of a hotel for Calverly to Jerry. There was no doubt that Calverly needed such a place. He sat in Jerry's office and shrewdly gauged the chances.

I'll put up most of the capital, and it's your job to get a group of local men ready to take shares in the rest. It's a big job and ought to take most of your time for a year or so, for after the money is raised the hotel itself has to be put across. You can't just build it and wait for trade. You see?"

Jerry saw. It was just the sort of thing that his energy, his knowledge of the city and its various people was useful for. It was the kind of thing he loved to do and had done successfully in the past. "Of course there's nothing sure in it for me," he remarked.

"Nothing sure. Well, maybe not—but with part of your fee in stock in the corporation you'll form, and a chance to buy stock in the hotel syndicate later, there's a potential fortune."

"But in the meantime—"

"Well, if you swing the thing for me. I can guarantee you at least—" He named a sum about half as large as the one held out by Marsh as a year's salary.

Double and Re-Double

[Continued from page 68]

"Let me think it over, Mr. Burns. Going to be in town for a few days?"

"Oh, yes. I'll be at the Continental. You run over the plans and prospectus—and make up your mind. We'll furnish part of the capital and the experience. And, as I say, if it goes across, there's a lot of money in it."

ANN came in and he looked up at her with an harassed and somehow happy look on his face.

"Do you know what, Ann?" he began. And much later, "But all he'd guarantee me would be twenty-five hundred."

"It's frightening. It means swords dangling over our heads, and— Do as you please, Jerry!"

"I don't know," said Jerry. "I'll think about it." They thought about it furiously. As they kissed the children good night they thought that if the project failed, it meant no security at all for the children, with a father in whose judgment no one would place confidence. And in the morning, decision hung over them drearily.

"Shall you decide today?" asked Ann nervously, as her husband was going.

"Certainly not without talking it over with you again."

Ann planned the dinner, inspected the grocery bill, which as usual was playing tricks on her as if to defy her budget making. Then she took it out on the grocer by telling him his prices were outrageous. It seemed to Ann that all the children's clothes were shabby. She spent an hour writing checks and paid for her clean and righteous feeling at the end of the hour with the knowledge that she had just fifteen dollars left in the bank. There would be a bunch of new ones next month. Three thousand a year would pay the cook and buy food and necessities for the children.

"I don't want another year of worry," she mourned. "I want comfort and rest." And then, "There's no reason why Jerry shouldn't make us comfortable. Other men manage for their wives. Why

shouldn't he conform? And that Marsh offer was good."

In the afternoon the Bridge Club met. Ann had kept up with the Bridge Club from pride. It had been intensely irritating to endure the frank advice of some of her friends and some of their prying. They were to play at Hazel's house. Hazel, who had much money of her own, lived awedly on what her young husband made. But the small, well-equipped house was full of luxuries. Chinese rugs, exquisitely shaded lamps, which young Burnham never could have bought. To Ann today the place connoted restrained expenditure, money in the bank, never a worry about the cash balance. This security had come from saving, from the fact that someone had years ago been piling things up on small beginnings. From doing what she and Jerry must learn to do.

THEY settled to their game. The third table was made up of Ruby, Grace and Louise and Ann, playing partners.

"You're not playing your usual game today, are you, Ann?" asked Ruby.

"I'm having rotten cards."

"That last hand wasn't so bad. We might have made it in spades. It seems to me you've changed your whole style of playing. That's why I miscalculated. You used always to take a chance on a hand like that last."

Ann did not answer. Instead, she flushed painfully at a quick glance from Louise. "Ann's playing good bridge," said Louise, cordially and quickly.

"But I'm not winning," answered Ann, "and do you know what I think?" She leaned forward, her heap of cards still ungathered before her. "I think the trouble is that I'm not playing my own game. I'm trying to play Louise's game, and I get stung every time."

"Spade," began Ruby, and Grace made no bid.

Louise let it pass. Ann bid two hearts, three hearts, four hearts and met the double with a quick challenge back.

"All right; I'll redouble." Her color was up, her eyes concentrated on the dummy hand and on her own.

Quickly, accurately, she calculated her play, and they began to battle for the extra trick.

"You got it. Redoubled. Four hearts and five honors. Game in one hand. That's what I call a score," chanted Grace. "Keep it up, Ann."

"You bet," said Ann. "My old game for me." She, who never had cared before for a score at cards, cared today. It was to be an augury.

They were through playing at last. Hazel took the scores, and two deft maids, sent from her mother's house, laid the tea-cloths. Ann hardly knew what she ate. She was brazenly wondering if she'd won the prize and letting her thoughts run away with her.

So after all she did not see Hazel when she entered the room carrying a glowing basket of waxen fruit. She laid it down before Ann.

"There you are, Ann. You had far and away the biggest score." The color had gone out of Ann's cheeks, but it came back in a glorious rush.

"That's the reward of playing my own rash game," she laughed. She held the basket high for everyone to see, and they crowded around for inspection.

JERRY cut the meat loaf conscientiously. "I've decided to take Marsh's offer," he said. "Then we can have an occasional lamb chop."

"You have?"

"Yes—anyway, I think so. I talked to a lot of people. They all think the other thing is a gamble."

"They're doubling your hand," said Ann, reflectively.

"That's exactly it. Exactly." He nodded at her clear comparison.

Ann looked at him, a fragment of meat loaf poised dramatically on her fork. "And I tell you what we are going to do, Jerry! We're going to eat meat loaf, live on soup bones—do anything we have to for the next year or so. But you're going to take that hotel proposition. It's no use trying to change our style, dear. We don't play the other game well. We've got a good hand—and if the world doubles us, let's redouble! And win!"

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Drawn by Neysa McMein

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Do You Envy the Health of Others?

*Read these remarkable statements of what
one simple food can do*

There is nothing mysterious about the action of Fleischmann's Yeast. It is not a "cure-all"—not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach, and general health are affected—this simple natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion and assimilation, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active. *Health* is yours once more.



ABOVE

"A YEAR ago found me morose and irritable, with a nervous, rundown body and . . . an exceptionally bad complexion. Horrid pimples on my face were the bane of my existence. One day while sitting at a soda fountain I read this ad: 'Try Fleischmann's Yeast for your Health's Sake,' and concluded to give it a trial . . . Within a week I slept better, and everyone complimented me on my improved appearance. Today I am a picture of health, have a wonderful complexion, and everyone says I look five years younger."

(A letter from Miss Jane Branch of Houston, Texas)



AT RIGHT

"RUN-DOWN and ill from overwork, I had local neuritis, stomach acidity and insomnia; a formidable array of enemies for the brave little yeast cake to tackle! Yet in two weeks friends began to take notice . . . In a month my complexion was clear and lovely, stomach in perfect condition, nerves 'unjangled,' gone the 'All worn out' feeling, and I was able to sleep like a top."

(Extract from letter of a Chicago business girl, Miss Dorothy Deane)

AT LEFT

"IRREGULAR hours, eating in snatches, desperate hurry . . . nervous, little or no appetite, slept poorly, and worst of all suffered from constipation. Then I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. Almost at once 'evacuation was easier, no stomach pains, no heartburn.' Today—'practically complete elimination of bowel trouble, clearer skin, sounder sleep, better health.'"

(Extract from letter of a New York reporter, Mr. A. Kandel)

EAT 2 OR 3 CAKES A DAY REGULARLY

—before or between meals—plain, dissolved in water or milk or spread on crackers or bread. A cake dissolved in a glass of warm water before breakfast and at bedtime is especially beneficial in overcoming or preventing constipation. Fleischmann's Yeast comes only in the tinfoil package—

it cannot be purchased in tablet form. *All grocers have it.* Start eating it today! And write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. F-1, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.



ABOVE

"UP to a couple of years ago I never have had regular intestinal action. I worked on this defect in many ways—abdominal exercises, vegetarianism, occasional medicine, Dr. Coué . . . Fleischmann's Yeast has been the only agent that, with me, ever produced normal movement continuously. And as a natural consequence, I now feel finer in other ways—enjoy everything more: food, work, play. Even my pipe seems to smoke better!"

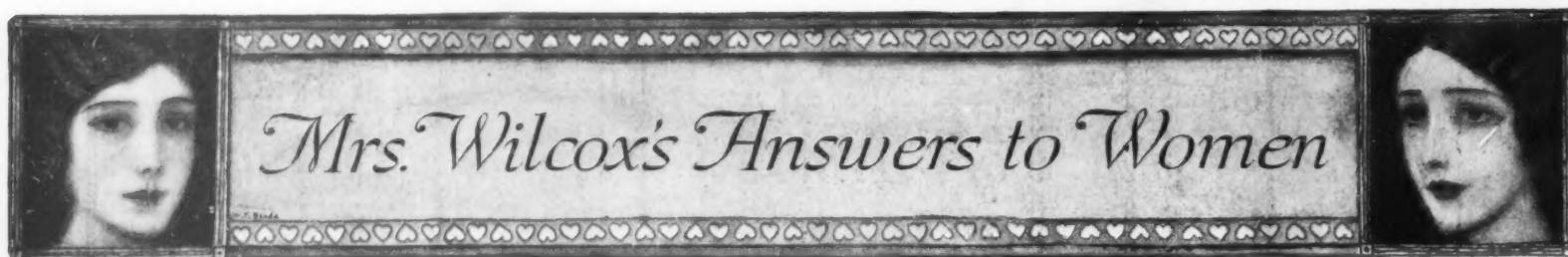
(A letter from Mr. Henry J. Carrell of St. Louis)

AT LEFT

"I AM a graduate nurse. Back in 1911 while in charge of an operating room, I was afflicted with boils. I tried many remedies—still boils came, and I got run down and unable to carry on. Finally a physician told me to take Yeast . . . That was twelve years ago, and I have never had a boil since. I have used Fleischmann's for hundreds of patients and for any number of different ailments. I am glad to say that twelve years have not dimmed my enthusiasm for Fleischmann's Yeast, or staled my appreciation of what it has done for me and for others in the course of my professional life."

(Miss Ann Batchelder of New York)





Mrs. Wilcox's Answers to Women

THE SPHINX among women is the Unpopular Girl. The minds, hearts, and methods of the socially and matrimonially successful flapper, pettee, fusser, show girl, "day-time wife," and mature "vamp" are neither complicated nor mysterious.

They are as obvious as the glitter of cut glass.

It is your dove of a girl who is your real feminine riddle, that demure or spiritual or intellectual maid who ardently and humanly desires her lover yet is driven to ask:

"Why does no man ever look at me twice? Why am I unpopular?"

Who can supply an answer which will either satisfy her or save her?

No one can truthfully assert that the unpopular girl is not as good looking as the average girl who becomes the average wife. Beauty is by no means the sole determinant of a girl's matrimonial chances. The homeliest woman I ever knew outlived three contented and devoted husbands.

The unpopular girls are in no way so different from the average that they can be set in a class apart. Then what is the matter? Why do they miss all the dances? Why do they not wed?

No more frequent and no more harassing letters reach me than those from the girl who is left out of everything. Sometimes she is a high-school freshman reaching out eagerly for first love; and sometimes she is a successful business woman of thirty or more who realizes that her hour for being loved is swiftly passing.

From hundreds of letters I have selected one written by a girl of twenty:

Dear Winona Wilcox:

I'm neither homely nor beautiful. I have a better education than most girls and a splendid musical training. Being endowed by nature with some wit and much good humor, I am called constantly to conspicuous places in our church and community activities.

But with my full share of assets, I don't attract men at all! I've never had a beau in my life!

At parties, I am quick to furnish fun for the crowd but I, who can break the monotony of any social group with a new stunt or a fresh joke, am never invited to go off "on a bat" with any set of boys and

girls. All the boys are nice to me but no man ever puts himself to a little extra trouble just for me.

I'm utterly miserable. I crave the companionship of men and I can't understand why girls who are neither

pretty nor talented nor even "nice" have hosts of admirers, while I wait and wait for some one—who never comes. Oh, I'm simply not there somehow!

Solve my problem and I will be eternally grateful.—N.C.B.

How easy it would be to quote Emerson:

"Insist on yourself; never imitate."

And how tactfully one could enlarge the idea until the girl became convinced that by cultivating her own individuality she could rely upon the delightful assurance of Burroughs:

"For, lo! my own shall come to me."

Perhaps that line does cover a small proportion of the cases of unpopularity, but for scores of others there seems to be no cure by way of philosophy. When the latter fails, psycho-analysis has been found to succeed—sometimes. For example, the daughter of a tyrannical father is liable to loathe all men and to make her antipathy so plain that men keep away from her. For such an obsession, there are mental cures.

NEW SCIENCE MAY SUPPLY LACK OF SEX ATTRACTION

The tragedy is world-wide. From a pile of letters postmarked "India," "Egypt," "Hawaii" and "Alaska" I select one from Australia with this presentation of our problem:

Dear Winona Wilcox:

Is there any possible way in which an intelligent girl can change her own nature?

In my life I have no serious troubles. I should be happy, but for the fact that I, myself, am just my own big trouble.

I have more than my share of good looks and accomplishments but in social life I fail miserably. I have no gift of attracting company to my home and elsewhere. I am reserved and shy. If I could chatter about nothing like some girls, I should be satisfied.

Recently I deliberately set out to achieve popularity but I have no confidence in my own power. I dread going among people for I feel I am a nuisance.

Something in myself stands between others and me. Perhaps it is some charm I lack and cannot imitate. I simply cannot make myself at home with men. After two or three calls, no man ever came to see me again. I will not stand for petting—that may be one reason.

Is my case hopeless?—Alice M., Sydney, Australia.

"I, myself, am my own big trouble," she asserts. Doubtless she is right. From the symptoms noted in her letter, although they are few, it is possible to surmise that the big trouble lies deep within herself—but not entirely in her subconscious mind. Rather, some inadequate functioning of the ductless glands may be the sole secret of her wretchedness.

Endocrine therapy might cure her but only an expert, in a personal interview, could determine which one or how many of the ductless glands was secreting too much or too little of those mysterious chemicals which have been proved essential to the health of the body and brain.

Her failure to interest men may result from the deficiency of the adrenals, which are the glands of pugnacity and courage; or of the pituitary, a gland situated at the base of the brain, which affects curiously the tone of the sex cells; or of the thyroids, called the accelerators of the body, also glands of the emotions.

Human emotions, especially love, are acted upon by other of the ductless glands; in fact, they all interact, so that when one of them is disturbed, some other makes an effort to maintain the normal endocrine balance; when the thyroids

are enlarged, the adrenals often dwindle in size. All of the ductless glands effect the mind and the mind effects all of them. Only an endocrinologist could decide what lack in these bodily chemicals might be responsible for the physical state which deprives a girl of her charm.

PRACTICAL TREATMENTS

Common sense and courage, combined with a determination to make the most of her good points and to adapt herself to the customs of the social set in which she moves, provides many a girl with a simple and practical solution of the problem of unpopularity.

The removal of complexes and inhibitions by psychoanalysis, and re-education along new lines may help others. Some may require glandular treatment but one's local physician may possess the necessary information and yet be unable to obtain the extract required to restore the balance of the endocrines. At present there are in the world not enough of some glandular extracts to cure all the deficient.


Fortunately, most persons can help themselves to a great extent in almost every human difficulty. Whatever mode of living—exercise, diet or mental interest—will improve the general tone of the body inevitably raises the tone of the ductless glands and makes the solution of personal problems an easier matter.

Even so simple a suggestion as an increase of vitamins in the food is not to be overlooked.

According to the late Andre Tridon, vitamins have been proved essential to the tone of the ductless glands. And it is necessary to assert here—silly though the idea may appear to many—that a low pulse, low temperature and general lack of physical tone due to a lack of vitamins in the diet, may explain some of the problems of unpopularity.

SOCIAL FAILURES FROM VARIOUS OTHER CAUSES

I know of but two types of women predestined to unpopularity with men. It has long been acknowledged that the masculinoid woman, she who affects the manners of men, invariably repels the opposite sex. The type is easily distinguished but as it cares nothing for the approval of man, it never complains of his neglect.



YOU can improve this page by contributing to it. What problems would you like to see discussed on it?

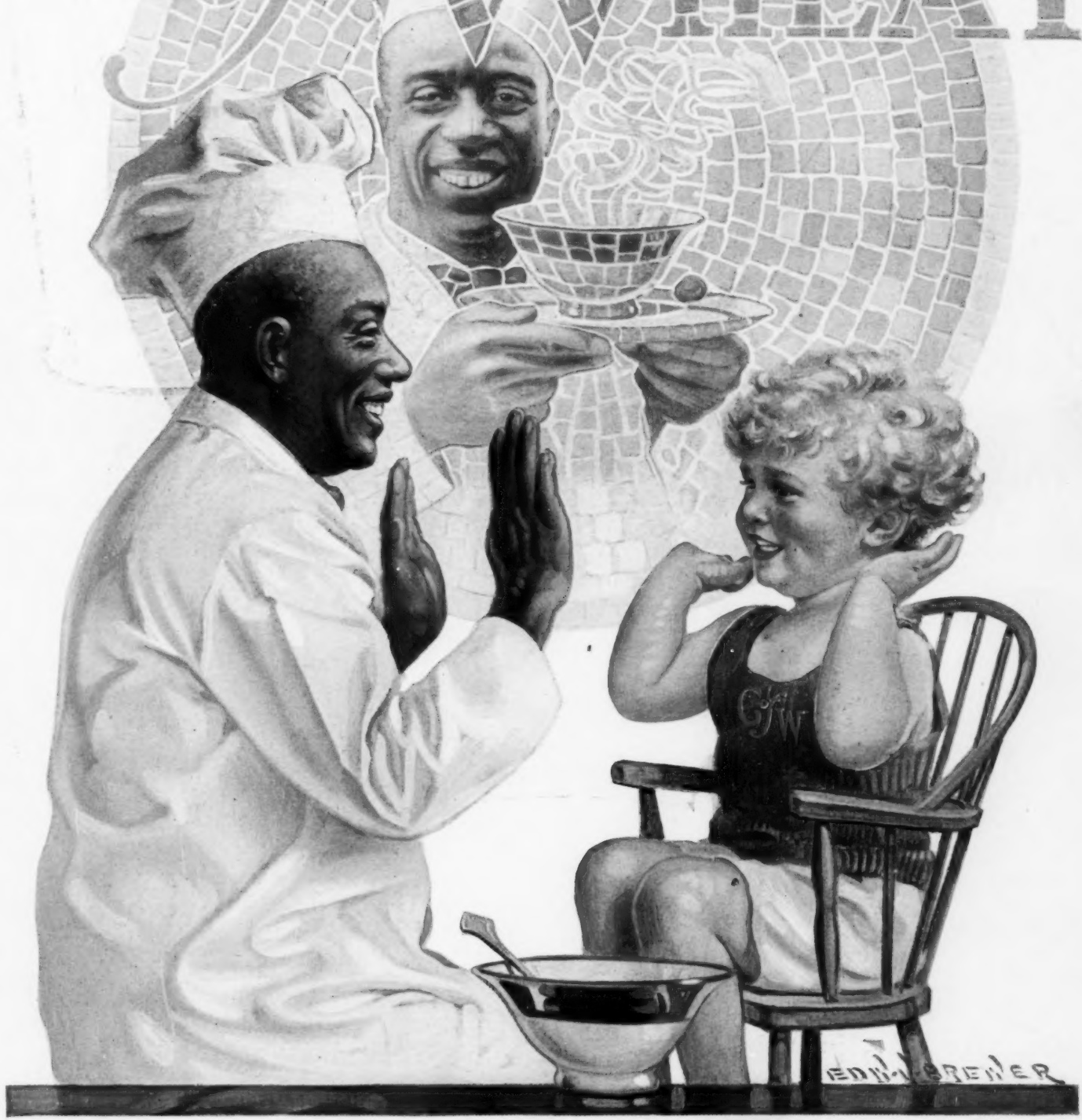
Questions will be answered by personal letter when stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Write to Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

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CREAM OF WHEAT



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Easier Cleaning on Baking Day

Each dish and pan
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